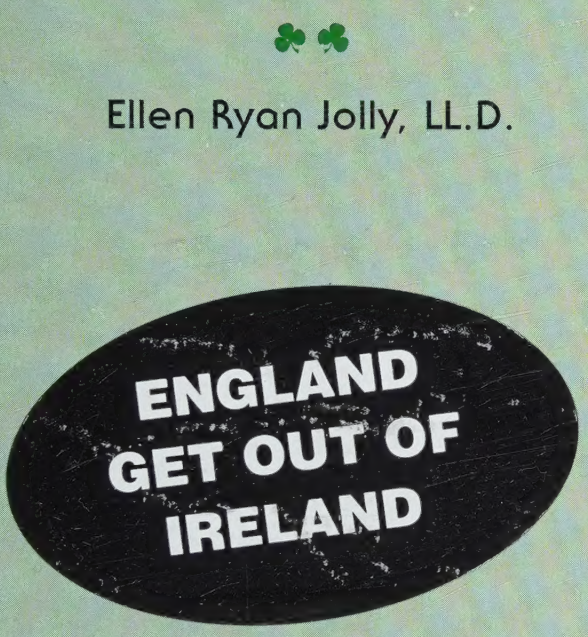
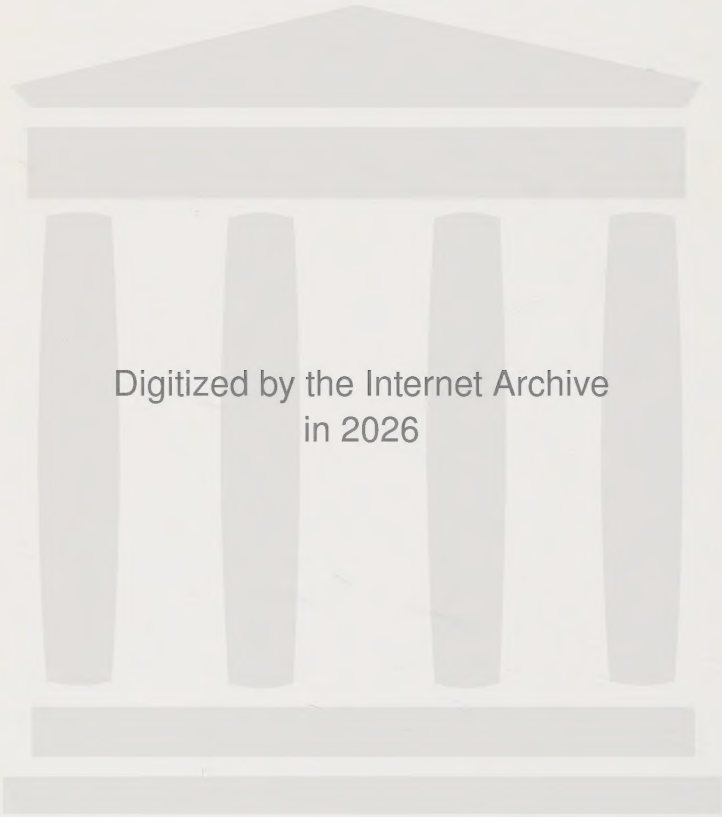
Nuns of The Battlefield



Ellen Ryan Jolly, LL.D.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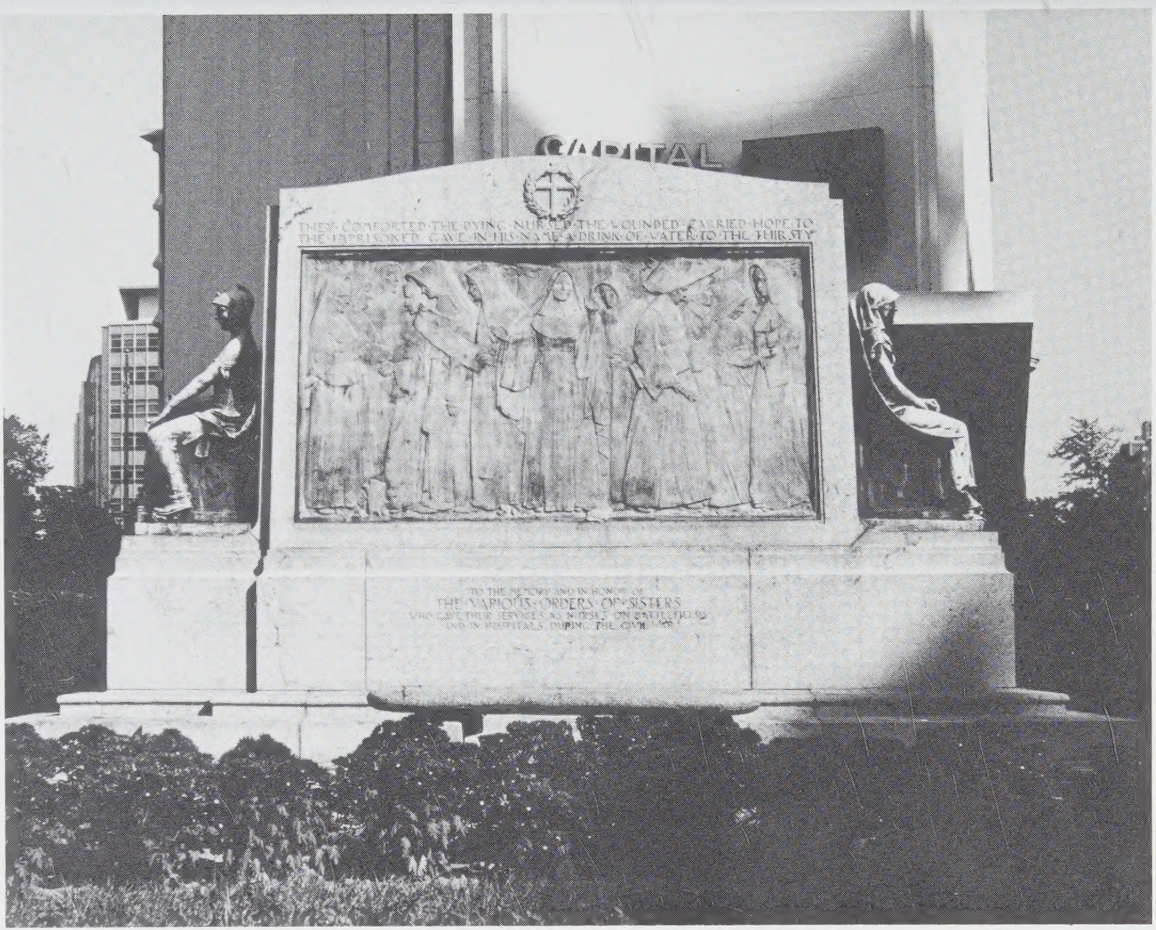
Nuns of The Battlefield


CAPITAL
THEY COMFORTED THE DYING, NURSED THE WOUNDED, CARRIED HOPE TO
THE IMPRISONED, GAVE IN HIS NAME A DRINK OF WATER TO THE THIRSTY
TO THE MEMORY AND IN HONOR OF
THE VARIOUS ORDERS OF SISTERS
AND

Monument Erected in Washington, D. C., to the Memory and in Honor of the "Nuns of The Battlefield" of the Civil War by the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Ladies' Auxiliary of America.

Nuns of The Battlefield

By

Ellen Ryan Jolly, LL.D.

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BY
ELLEN RYAN JOLLY, LL.D.

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FOREWORD

TO Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly, LL.D., the compiler and author of this book, the praise and commendation of her Bishop would appear unnecessary to obtain for her work of love and loyalty an instant and most cordial reception by the reading public. Already most favorably known throughout the land for her arduous and successful efforts in searching the records of the nation and of every state, as well as the annals of the twenty religious Communities represented among the Sister-Nurses who ministered to our soldiers in the Civil War, her name is inseparably entwined in the history and the realization of the monument to the "Nuns of the Battlefield," which stands at the junction of Rhode Island and Connecticut Avenues in the National Capital, Washington, D. C.

The great organization under whose auspices the author, as chairman, brought this splendid enterprise to successful achievement, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H., as well as the Men's Order of that name, will undoubtedly welcome with joy and pride the publication of these stirring chapters of American history. Their inspiration and endorsement, unanimously given at the Norfolk Convention of 1914, constitute a telling proof of an unfailing loyalty to their faith and their patriotism. Both monument and book are due, in large part, to their warm admiration of the true Christian charity and the genuine American devotedness to duty, displayed by the

religious women of their Church and Country on every occasion, in the sad days of war, as in the quiet times of peace.

In addition to the lasting memorial in stone and bronze, the living story of these noble, patriotic and self-sacrificing religious women is here consigned to immortal pages. It merits the careful reading of all who have any interest in the subject of the patriotism of the Catholics of America. This fervent, warm-hearted Irish-American woman gives us this tale of heroism and devotion after her own earnest manner, and no one will say that the story has lost aught in the telling.

That this valuable record may bring enlightening information to the unknowing and to the doubting, as well as abundant consolation and comfort to the sympathetic, in ever increasing numbers and measure, is the sincere wish that speeds the book upon its way, together with a fervent blessing upon the author.

✠ WILLIAM A. HICKEY,

Bishop of Providence.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,
JUNE 27, 1927.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

In sunny "Norfolk-by-the-Sea," in July, 1914, the National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Ladies' Auxiliary convened. The fourth session of the Ladies' Auxiliary marked the occasion upon which, by unanimous vote, was adopted the recommendation of the writer, then the National President of the Auxiliary, to erect a monument in Washington, D. C., to the memory and in the honor of the Sister-Nurses of the Civil War. In that historic city and out of the abundance of their great hearts the assembled delegates with one voice empowered their National President to proceed with the work. And so with a hearty God-speed from her brother Hibernians, and a carte blanche authority from her sister delegates, the National Chairman hastened to Washington to present to the officials of the War Department the petition of the great Order she had the honor to represent.

During the first audience it was made very clear to the envoy that absolute proofs of the services rendered by the Sisters during the Civil War must be submitted to the War Department before it could conscientiously approve the granting of a site and the permission to erect the Nuns' Memorial on government property. This was the law and like a true American the National President accepted the ruling and began her labor of love, the assembling of data which would reveal to the world the story of the nearly-forgotten heroism of the brave and saintly women, the "Nuns of the Battlefield" who served the soldiers of the two armies in the dark days of a great nation. This first interview was held on August 2, 1914, and on September 20, 1924, ten years later the monument to the "Nuns of the Battlefield" was unveiled in Washington, D. C., with religious and military splendor.

During the intervening ten years the chairman gathered authentic data relating to the Soldier-Sister-Nurses from every reliable source which was submitted as gathered to the former Secretaries of War, the Hon. Lindley M. Garrison, the Hon. Newton D. Baker, the late Hon. John W. Weeks, and even to this hour proofs of individual service of Sister-War-Nurses are being placed before the Hon. Dwight F. Davis, the present Secretary of

AUTHOR'S NOTE

War who, like his three above mentioned predecessors has manifested a kindly interest in the Sisters' cause, but requests verification of each case. In our campaign for Congressional recognition of the Sisters we rejoice in the friendly attitude of the late United States Presidents—Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding and the present Chief Executive, Calvin Coolidge. The interest and influence of many others who sat in the seats of the mighty were enlisted. Among them the outstanding figure is the late Hon. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, through whose co-operation the Hon. Ambrose Kenndy, member of Congress from the First Rhode Island District, presented the Nuns' Monument Resolution, No. 154, which had been buried in committee for nearly two years.

The bill was debated and passed by the House of Representatives on Monday, March 18, 1918, the legislative feast of St. Patrick.

After the monument had been presented to the Government many men and women of distinction within and outside the Hibernian ranks urged me to put into book form the results of years of research thus revealing the submerged section of our nation's history. Finally the voice of my own immediate superior, the Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D.D., Bishop of Providence, was heard. To the suggestion of my Bishop I pleaded my inability to do justice to a story which only the hands of a recording angel should inscribe. In his own kindly and encouraging way, the great prelate said: "You love the Nuns. Then look into your heart and write." Sure of the guiding hand of this beloved Ordinary who, for more than a score of years has been a member of our great Order, I began the task which in its finished form and bearing the Episcopal blessing is before you. Without the aid of Bishop Hickey the Sisters' story would still be in embryo.

That this history of the Gentle Doves of the Church is far below what my heart would have it, and what its readers from the theme have a right to expect, I am most painfully aware. To temper a too severe criticism, however, the author would plead that had her ability been the equal of her love and veneration for the Sisters by whom her early years as well as those in "the sere and the yellow" were intimately touched then would I place at the shrine of the Angelic Soldier-Sister-Nurses of the Catholic Church and of the Civil War a gift worthy of acceptance by our beloved "Nuns of the Battlefield."

ELLEN RYAN JOLLY, LL.D.

TO THE

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS

AND

LADIES' AUXILIARY IN AMERICA

"WITH DEEP AFFECTION AND RECOLLECTION"

OF MANY FAVORS RECEIVED

FROM THEIR

"KINDLY, GENEROUS IRISH HEARTS"

AND FOR

THEIR YEARS OF UNFAILING DEVOTION

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE ANGELIC

AND IMMORTAL

"NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD"

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

This book is reprinted to commemorate the Centennial Year of the Ladies Ancient Order of Hibernians. It is dedicated to the many women who have participated in a century of dedication to Religion, Heritage and Charity.

Ellen Ryan Jolly

CHAPTER I

Sisters of Charity, Nazareth, Ky.

NAZARETH! A name beloved in heaven and upon earth, was the hallowed title given by Bishop Flaget, and his beloved Father David, to the tiny log-cabin of two rooms, which had as its shelter the leafy canopy of the Kentucky woods, where on November 12, 1812, a year of memories, and in the midst of waving forests, the foundation of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth was established.

"Today," wrote Anna Blanche McGill, the distinguished historian, "one of the nation's greatest highways leads to a Kentucky cabin, Lincoln's birthplace at Hodgenville: the monument there erected is in a sense a memorial to hardihood, idealism, noble simplicity. And now from year to year pilgrimages are made to a similar shrine, another log house in a Kentucky field, where a hundred years ago were pursued the humble careers of the generous Sisters of Charity who founded Nazareth."

The infant Community was formed by two fearless daughters of Kentucky, who were of "distinguished respectability," as the old phrase goes. They were Miss Teresa Carrico, "a woman of mature age, deep spirituality, and great strength of character," and Miss Elizabeth Wells. This co-founder of Nazareth was a Kentuckian by birth, and sister of General Wells and also of

Captain Wells, officers in the War of 1812. Nazareth's history, therefore, and that of America's second war, are intimately related to each other. We may easily believe that while the Sisters toiled, they also whispered their prayers to the God of Freedom and of Justice, imploring Him to bless the patriotic cause and enable their Countrymen to strengthen the arm of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, at Lake Erie.

To France, this country and Kentucky, in a special manner, shall forever be indebted for the arrival in 1792 of three Saintly Sulpicians, exiles of the French Revolution, the Abbe Benedict Joseph Flaget, the Abbe John Baptist David, each destined to wear the Mitre as a Bishop in Kentucky, while the name of the Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the proto-priest of the United States, their companion in exile, is affectionately interwoven with Nazareth's early history.

In their native land, the sinister, the infamous lawyer of Arras—Maximilian Robespierre—was scourging the ancient kingdom of Saint Louis by a Reign of Terror, while Madame Guillotine was about to be enthroned upon her blood-stained dais, and setting a keener edge on the cruel blade which was soon to fall in all its horror upon those who preferred death to dishonor.

Immediately after the arrival of the French refugees in Kentucky, one great activity followed another with increasing success. These achievements included the establishment of a new religious order under the title—The Sisters of Charity.

With this rugged and militant background, including the French Revolution and America's second war for

Independence, it is easy for us to place a full valuation upon the spirit and the record of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, whose self-effacing and impartial duty in prison, camp, regimental and floating hospitals during the entire Civil War, induced high officials in the Federal and Confederate armies to place tributes of appreciation at the Shrine of Nazareth.

In the tragedy which follows in the wake of the war, the Sisters of Charity served with sanctified tenderness and, as in the cholera plague of 1832, Nazareth contributed its full quota of martyrs, who, without a thought of complaint, gave up their lives in the cause of God and humanity. This record, and the fortunate preservation of several official war documents, gave to Nazareth a clear title to a place among the twelve representatives of Catholic Sisterhoods who appear in bas-relief upon the monument erected to the memory and in honor of the "Nuns of the Battlefield," the immortal Sister-nurses of the Civil War, which was unveiled in the nation's Capitol on September 20, 1924.

Early in 1861, Louisville was the scene of war's activities. The roar of the first guns had not ceased when Bishop Martin John Spalding sent a formal communication to General Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, then in command of the department in Kentucky, to whom the Bishop offered the services of the Sisters of Charity to minister as nurses in the government hospitals. To this patriotic offer General Anderson sent the following reply, still preserved in Nazareth's archives:

> The Sisters of Charity will nurse the wounded under the direction of the army surgeons without any intermediate authority or interference whatever. Everything necessary for the lodging and nursing of the wounded and the sick will be supplied to them without putting them to expense; they giving their services gratuitously. So far as the circumstances will allow, they shall receive every facility for attending to religious and devotional exercises.
>
> ROBERT ANDERSON,
> Brig. Genl. U. S. Army.
>
> M. J. SPALDING,
> Bishop of Louisville.

The Louisville hospitals were composed principally of three large manufacturing establishments which had been converted by the government to the use of the sick and wounded soldiers. Upon the arrival of the Sisters, they found the three great institutions filled with soldiers of the two armies, brought in at various times after the skirmishes of Louisville and Bardstown. To their horror, the Sisters found the soldiers writhing in agony produced largely by neglect, for which no one, under the existing conditions was to blame.

A conference was immediately held between the Sisters and resident surgeons and physicians, and plans were made by which an improved system was at once established and a Sister placed in charge of each section. With the help of willing and capable orderlies, before the close of the first day of the Sisters' services there was seen a gleam of joy in the eyes of those whom they had offered to serve, and who watched the Sisters with satisfaction as the "Handmaids of the Lord" brought order out of confusion. Nourishment was the first order of the day, after which cleanliness became the watchword. Louis-

ville Hospital under the Sisters' care was soon recognized in military hospital circles as a model institution.

Conscientious surgeons again called upon Nazareth to supply Sister-nurses to minister to the Confederate soldiers, sick and wounded, huddled in hundreds in the Baptist College in Bardstown. These soldiers of the South were anxious to be again on the march. Promptly Mother Columba Carroll assigned a second corps of Sister-nurses to duty in College Hospital, where they performed services which merited the gratitude of the soldiers and the admiration of the nation. The last convalescent had barely uttered his grateful "God bless you, Sister," when the irregular tramp of other troops was heard approaching. Soon the empty wards with their long lines of comfortable beds were filled by the sick and bruised lads of the North who, too, blessed the Sisters in their hearts as these devoted Nuns worked heroically, untiringly and unselfishly. Ella Loraine Dorsey has well said, "Nurses of the more recent, Spanish and World Wars who have advanced with the movement of science, who have been trained in the most approved school of medicine and surgery, can readily understand how much of themselves these Sisters and all the devoted secular nurses of the two wars had to expend in the interest of their patients. Wounds that 'first-aid' would heal now were then open doors for death to enter. Even sponge and bandage were fraught with danger. Today the means of saving lives are so multiplied and the proportion of nurses who can serve through a campaign is so increased that the whole race benefits by it."

At Calhoun two Protestant churches sheltered the

sick and wounded, among them little drummer boys and buglers groaning in pain, alongside seasoned fighters, all of whom without distinction as to rank or color of uniform, were receiving the tender and reverential care of these Sisters of Charity.

Paducah in the southwestern part of the state, sent in its emergency call for nurses. Immediate attention was given by the "Soldier's Angel," Mother Columba Carroll. The arrival of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth in their dainty black habit and picturesque white cap brought a blessing to the Marine Hospital and to the Court House, later to be known as the Central Hospital, as well as to many adjacent smaller hospitals established for the shelter of suffering human beings.

Early in 1861, General Smith, who had command over seven thousand men, at the suggestion of Doctor Hewitt, made an appeal to the Sisters in Paducah for nurses. Doctor Hewitt was a brother of Father Hewitt, the distinguished Superior of the Paulist Fathers in New York. Sister Martha Drury, the valiant pioneer of 1822, was local superior of Saint Mary's Academy, and, ordinarily, would not have authority to act without instructions from her Superior. Communication with Nazareth was at this time, by war conditions in Kentucky, impossible. It was a crisis which forbade delay and demanded prompt and charitable response. Fort Donelson and Fort Henry and other battles had supplied tens of thousands of war's victims who were distributed among various hospitals. Paducah Hospital opened wide its portals to the sick and shattered men; some had been brought in on cattle trains, while others made the journey northward on the Ohio or

Cumberland rivers on the hospital ships, which carried bleeding burdens to Paducah and to the warm-hearted Sister Martha Drury and the band of Sisters who had gathered about her, many of whom had gone down to the battlefields on the hospital boats and returned with men in sore need of nursing. Unfaltering services were required, for Paducah's hospitals were filled with the sick, the dying and wounded soldiers, officers and men in the ranks. Daily the trains and transports were arriving and the heart-breaking announcement "more wounded" told tersely the tragic story. During this period gunboats could be discerned on the horizon, while in one building, on the river's bank, there was stored powder enough to blow up the town.

A story is told of a faithful Negress, a domestic in Paducah's hospital, which indicates that she was blessed with a degree of prudence equal to her fidelity. An Army Officer having asked her whether the Sisters' sympathies leaned toward the Union or the Confederacy, she replied: "De Sisters dey ain't for de Noff nuh de Souf; dey's for God."

Among many fine hospitals in Paducah honorable mention must be given to the spacious one which in times of peace had been a Baptist Church. The Sisters of Nazareth were given charge and did noble work. Sister Lucy Dosh, with her youth and zeal, was a distinct success in the contagious atmosphere of the fever wards. By her skill and care the young Sister again and again had snatched from the jaws of death many a soldier whose case had been pronounced hopeless. One morning the patients looked in vain for the "Angel Guardian of the

Fever Ward." Sister Lucy was unable to conquer the fever in her own young veins, "contracted," the doctors said, "from one of her patients who was convalescing."

On Christmas eve, with the help of a few soldiers, the young heroine decorated the fever ward with streamers of Kentucky's green, "to remind them of home," said Sister Lucy. The ladies of Louisvalle brought to the devoted religious, for the soldier boys, a bountiful supply of Christmas delicacies. Saint Stephen's day, Sister was still at her post of danger, evidently not quite well. Saint John's day it was evident that death was near. Then upon the third day after Christmas, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, Sister Lucy's war service was at an end. The soldiers found their only consolation in the belief that the soul of Sister Mary Lucy Dosh was safe in heaven "where there will be no more war or rumors of war" and had at once received from the hands of the Great Commander, His Crown of the Legion of Martyrs.

The bereaved soldiers, Federal and Confederate, Catholic and Protestant, with one voice decided that to Sister Lucy a military funeral should be accorded. With muffled drums and noiseless tread several files of soldiers, some in the Union Blue and an equal number in the somber Gray of the Confederacy, marched from the Baptist Church Hospital, in which Sister Lucy had died, to the Ohio River where a gunboat, under a flag of truce, especially designated for the purpose, awaited the precious remains of their cherished friend and nurse, who had given up her young life in the service of her countrymen. With reverent hands the plain coffin was placed upon the deck of the solemnly draped ship-of-war which slowly

steamed away on the Ohio in the darkness of the night, while its flag of truce could be easily seen by the light of blazing torches of pine knots, which sent their rays over the dark deck and deep waters while soldiers kept their lonely vigil.

Sister's innocent wish to rest in death with the friends of childhood was fulfilled when she was laid in the "Sisters' Circle" of her beloved Alma Mater of St. Vincent's Academy, Louisville, situated in one of the garden spots of Sister Lucy's "Old Kentucky Home."

The following letter, one of Nazareth's treasured autographs, is a manifestation of the long continued interest of the War President in the protection due to the Sisters:

> Let no depredation be committed upon the property or possessions of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth Academy, near Bardstown, Kentucky.
>
> ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Here a vision arises of the little drummer boy in the Louisville General Hospital, a victim of war upon whose face the shadows of death were fast gathering, while dim eyes are resting upon the face of the Sister of Nazareth bending over the child, whose heart ached for her "lamb" but who bravely conceals her anguish of soul. "Sister," whispered the young hero, "I want my mother. "Sure, you do, asthore, and it's small wonder." Again the feeble voice, this time to ask Sister if she will put her head on the pillow beside him, and "I'll try," said the lonely lad, "to believe you are my mother." Soon the little lad was resting near the great heart of the Sister of Charity while

the boy, child-fashion, tucked one tiny hand under the Sister's head which rested on the pillow, and after the manner known only to childhood, the delicate fingers patted the back of Sister's neck. Soon the touch was very weak and irregular, then, suddenly, it ceased entirely. "Sister's lamb" had fallen asleep, yes, fast asleep, in the arms of Him Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The following letter sent to Mother Frances Gardner in 1862 is characteristic and reveals the respect and gratitude which were won by the unselfish lives of Nazareth's Sisters of Charity:

> I regret very much to have to inform you of the death of Sister Catherine Malone, in the General Hospital in this city (Louisville.) She, as is true of the other Sisters at the hospital, has been untiring and most efficient in nursing the sick soldiers. The military authorities are under the greatest obligations to the Sisters of your Order. Very obediently
>
> Your respectful servant,
> JOHN MURRAY.

Early in the second year of the war the Sisters had already established a chain of military hospitals in northern, central and western Kentucky, when an additional appeal came from the northeastern section for a corps of Nazareth's Legion of Charity to nurse soldiers of the Southern army in Lexington, Kentucky. One September evening in 1862, twelve Confederate soldiers appeared at Nazareth and presented their request to Mother Columba Carroll who, immediately, gave a favorable reply. "Sister, how many can you spare?" asked the leader. "Six now, and more later if necessary," was the sympa-

thetic answer. "When will they be ready to return with us?" was the next question. "This very night, and at once!" was the reply of the Superior. The next morning after an early Mass, a procession, unique even in war time set forth from the portals of Nazareth. "The cavalcade," said an aged Nun who had made the journey, "consisted of twelve armed soldiers on horseback, each wearing the uniform of Lee's army, acting as guard of honor to six Sisters of Charity. We had little baggage save our rosaries and our books of devotion, and these we carried in hempen bags which had been made from our home-spun aprons. Under a flag of truce we journeyed on until nightfall and spent the first night in a farm house. The proverbial hospitality of the Kentucky farmers had already been well-established, and in Frankfort, where we spent the second night of our journey, we were made welcome by a non-Catholic farmer. The night's shelter was primitive, but the cordiality was royal. The next evening, just at sunset, we arrived at our destination, the crowded Confederate Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, where during many months the Sisters labored incessantly."

Sister Blanche Traynor was Superior of this band, and until her death in 1920 was often the centre of a group of young Sisters whose delight it was to coax the veteran to tell the story of her journey on horseback to Lexington. Within a very short time another official communication to Mother Columba revealed the sad condition of the Union soldiers who were suffering in the over-crowded wards of the Lexington Transylvania College Hospital. The promise to send "more Sisters, if

needed" was kept and soon Nazareth's Sisters of Charity were seen bending over other cots, on hospital duty.

After the battle of Shiloh, the Tennessee River was thickly dotted with ships carrying sick and wounded to hospitals in many sections. Kentucky, true to its glorious traditions, again responded to this call of distress and soon great hospitals in Owensboro and Calhoun became scenes of Sisters' additional labors. In *"The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth,"* Anna McGill writes:

"After the battle of Shiloh, the hospitals could scarcely accommodate the victims of bullet, powder and disease. Wherever and whenever it was possible to give succour, the Sisters did so—thus immortally enrolling themselves in their country's and Nazareth's roll of honor. Unostentatiously, as they passed from one field to another, dispensing charity and mercy to men of the Blue or the Gray, these humble nurses were making some of the greatest history of the tragic epoch, and because of their humility, many of their noble deeds failed to be chronicled. Yet many episodes then and since recorded give some idea of what the Sisters accomplished and what they endured. Many of the soldiers had never seen a Religious; some had known but few Catholics, but mere ignorance was not the worst condition to be met with—distrust, suspicion and prejudice." These soon vanished, however, by the magic of the Sisters' sweetness and gentleness of manner, which were preserved under the strain of incessant work and tremendous responsibility.

Several years ago, at a time when a few politicians managed to keep the Kennedy House Joint Resolution, No. 154, buried in committee to which the bill has been re-

ferred, it became necessary for the Hibernian Auxiliary to seek the assistance of men of importance in national affairs who could compel the lesser lights to release the Nuns' Memorial Resolution and permit Congress to decide this truly American question. The following extract is from the letter written at the time by Gen. R. B. Brown of Ohio, a soldier of renown and former Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, to Ohio representatives in the United States Senate and House of Representatives:

> There is written only in Heaven the true story of the holy devotion of the various Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church and other religious societies to sick and wounded soldiers of both Union and Confederate Armies, during the early months of the mighty struggle. I was a boy in 1861-2, sick unto death at the Planter's Hotel, Louisville. But for the unceasing zeal of the Sister of Charity the issue of the illness might have been different. I do not admit that I owe my life to human ministration, but if I do, I owe it to a sweet-faced Sister of Charity whose name I do not know, and from whence she came I only learned during the campaign of 1912—a Sister from the Mother House at Nazareth, Kentucky. Of the eight who served in the hospital, but one and she eighty years old, is alive at this time (October, 1912).
>
> I was moved to write you without delay, asking that this long-delayed bill receive your support, as I do not for a moment doubt that it will. All honor to the Loyal Ladies' Auxiliary, Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, in initiating this movement. I shall consider it a great privilege to contribute to the proposed monument to the memory and in honor of the "Nuns of the Battlefield," I feel very certain that the American Congress will promptly make Kennedy House Resolution, 154, a law.
>
> Very cordially yours,
>
> (Gen.) R. B. Brown.

It will interest the reader to learn that at this writing, May 21, 1927, the gentle Sister to whom the grate-

ful soldier referred is still living, Nazareth's sole surviving Sister-war-nurse of 1861-65. By unanimous consent of her community, Sister Lauretta Maher is Nazareth's "Queen of Hearts."

And so the great war went on. Four years of sorrow, of strife, of suffering and of slaughter! Four of the darkest years that our nation has ever seen—may such years never come again! And for the Sisters, four years of ceaseless toil beside hospital cots where shattered wrecks of humanity lay suffering. The flower of our country's manhood was enrolled either in the defense of the Union or in the ranks of the Southern Confederacy; and in hospitals of the North and South the good Sisters toiled with a spirit of heroism equal to that of the men in Blue and in Gray, with an ideal that was even greater than theirs—the ideal of the Good Samaritan, of the Saviour to Whom they had consecrated themselves.

A Reunited Country. At last, peace came—peace for the gallant South which had fought bravely until its strength and resources were gone; peace for the North, which had fought with equal heroism that

"The flag that was rent in twain
Should be one again
And without a seam!"

The war work of the Sisters of Charity was ended. Back to their convent homes they went, the schoolroom, the hospital, the academy, to do God's work in other ways, to further the cause of Christian education, to labor for souls zealously in years of peace as they had done amid the horrors of war.

The following pen-picture of a scene upon which

Angels must have smiled has been taken from *The Record,* the official publication of the Diocese of Louisville, Kentucky, under date of June 2, 1927:

"One of the most beautiful and touching of the many ceremonies witnessed at Nazareth during recent years, was that which took place in the Convent Cemetery, on Monday, May 30, 1927, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in honor and loving memory of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, who served our Country as nurses in Government Hospitals during the Civil War.

"For the first time, National Decoration Day was officially observed by the entire Community and the student bodies of the College and Academy. At four o'clock the Community bell was rung and the procession formed at the Chapel entrance. The students, wearing white veils and singing the praises of God as they marched, passed slowly from the Chapel to the Presbytery where they were met by Rev. Richard Davis, the beloved chaplain, and eight little girls, white-robed and flower-crowned, who were to have the privilege of decorating the graves of the beloved dead. The third group in the line of march was made up of the school children of Holy Cross, Ky., who, led by their pastor, Father Hayden, were spending a day of recreation at Nazareth, and the last and most significant contingent was a long and silent line of the "white cap" Sisters of Charity of the present day, worthy successors and imitators of the heroic dead whose inspiring lives these ceremonies so vividly recalled. In the lines were five Ursuline Sisters, guests of Nazareth on that day.

"A picture, more beautiful or more thought-provoking than that made by this procession as it moved slowly

through the riotous spring beauty of Nazareth's trees and shrubs and flower-bordered avenues, is rarely seen in this busy world. The hymns of praise continued until all had passed through the arched gateway and were assigned places inside the Convent Cemetery. At a sign from the director, the National Anthem was intoned and the little girls passed up and down, among the long rows of white headstones, decorating, with a large spray of flowers and the flag of our country, the grave of each of the twenty-nine Sister-nurses who served in the Civil War. As they moved silently and rapidly among the grass-covered graves they reminded one of little angels of peace—symbols of the perfect rest which is now the lot and recompense of the Angels of Mercy, whose graves they sought out.

"When this central part of the ceremony was finished, the Rev. Father Davis, in beautiful and well-chosen words, explained the significance of what had taken place, and recalled in glowing terms the heroic, Christ-like lives of those lovers of Charity who had gladly sacrificed all for the suffering members of Jesus Christ. This inspiring discourse being finished, all joined in the singing of 'Holy God We Praise Thy Name' and slowly and thoughtfully began the return homeward. They marched back to the cares and distractions of present-day life but they carried with them a little store of Heavenly peace and serenity, garnered from reflection on holy lives of service and love which had been lived for God alone, brave women who are our own American Nuns of the Battlefield."

The venerable Sister Lauretta Maher, the only surviv-

ing veteran of the original group of volunteers, was among those participating in the Memorial exercises, seated very comfortably in a wheel-chair, her warm Celtic heart evidently touched by this loving tribute to the memory of the Civil War, Soldier-Sisters beside whom this aged gentlewoman, whose kindly eyes are sightless, had served her countrymen of the North and the South, with a charity which scorned discrimination.

The precious remains of Sister Lucy Dosh, our child-martyr of the soldiers' fever ward, still reposes in the Louisville of her choice and over her grave, with its mantle of ivy and myrtle, there floated the silken folds of the "Flag of Washington."

Coincident with the ceremony at Nazareth, the same memorial service in miniature was conducted in Saint Vincent's Cemetery, Louisville, Ky., where the youthful Sister above mentioned was laid at rest by soldier hands during war days.

At this writing (June 6, 1927) the Star Spangled Banner is still proudly waving over the graves of Nazareth's "Hospital Sentinels of Charity" in the garden spot of Kentucky.

The following list of names of faithful Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, have been enrolled with grateful remembrance upon the war records of the "Blue Grass State" and on the files in the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Gaudentia Beatie	Ireland
Sister Mary Peter Brady	Ireland
Sister Mary Angela Brooks	Kentucky

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Ida Brophy	Ireland
Sister Mary Dominica Byrne	New York
Sister Mary Mark Byrne	New York
Sister Mary Sophia Curton	Ireland
Sister Mary Lucy Dosh	Kentucky
Sister Mary Regina Drumm	Maryland
Sister Mary Martha Drury	Ireland
Sister Mary Humbaline Fagan	Ireland
Sister Mary Scholastica Fenwick	Kentucky
Sister Mary Patricia Grymes	Ireland
Sister Mary Clarecene Hanley	Ireland
Sister Mary Vincent Hardie	Kentucky
Sister Mary Louis Hines	Ireland
Sister Mary Joseph Hollihand	Ireland
Sister Mary Erminilda Kelly	Ireland
Sister Mary de Chantal Kenny	Ireland
Sister Mary Justine Linnehan	Ireland
Sister Mary Alexia Mackay	Ireland
Sister Mary Lauretta Maher (living)	Ireland
Sister Mary Alexia Highon	Ireland
Sister Mary Catherine Malone	Ireland
Sister Mary Constantia Malone	Ireland
Sister Mary Appolonia McGill	Kentucky
Sister Mary Borromeo McKenny	Ireland
Sister Mary Phillippa Pollock	Ohio
Sister Mary Placida Sisness	Louisiana
Sister Mary Mildred Travers	Ireland
Sister Mary Blanch Traynor	Ireland

CHAPTER II

Sisters of Charity, New York City

"SISTER of Charity! There is no dearer name on God's fair Earth; dear alike to the lonely orphan in the great city, to the patient on the hospital cot, and dear, too, unspeakably dear, to the soldier wounded on the field of battle." This tribute may be applied in a very particular manner to the Sisters of Charity of New York, the story of whose participation in the care of the sick and the desolate, dates back many years before the Civil War began, when in 1817 there arrived in New York City, three professed Nuns from St. Joseph's in the Valley of Emmitsburg, Maryland, the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity—an order whose foundress was Elizabeth Bayley Seton—the New York-born Daughter of the American Revolution, under whose authority and with whose blessing upon them they entered upon the mission to the Empire City.

Here, true to the spirit of Saint Vincent de Paul, their patron, their first care was for the City's orphans, whom they gathered around them in a part of a dilapidated and scarcely habitable house, which stood on Prince Street, under the shadow of the old Saint Patrick's Cathedral.

This vast building which was used during the Revolutionary War as a military hospital still bore dark blood-

stains on its walls and worn floors when the Sisters took possession. These were heroic days, days of big achievements, which included the erection of what was long known as the Prince Street Asylum (now St. Patrick's School) to which the Sisters and orphans of the primitive Asylum went with gratitude in their hearts.

The direst poverty prevailed, Sisters and children sharing the same hardships of insufficient food and clothing, and notwithstanding these conditions and with only five dollars in the Community purse, but, with an abiding faith in the "Father of the Fatherless" again they put the "Community hand to the plough" and soon the New York Foundling Asylum proudly took its place on Charity's New York list.

In 1842 Saint Patrick's Male Orphan Asylum was erected at 51st Street and 5th Avenue. In the meanwhile the Sisters had established (1832) an asylum in Brooklyn—and had taken over (1835) the half-orphan Asylum in West Eleventh Street.

Eighteen forty-nine saw the establishment of the nucleus of the world renowned Saint Vincent's of today. The only other hospitals in the City at that time were the New York Hospital and Bellevue, the first free hospital in New York depending upon voluntary contributions.

In those distant days, and those which followed foundation years, each of the Sisters' institutions was conducted under medical supervision, and each had its corps of visiting or resident physicians and surgeons under whose direction, combined with forty-five years of practical experience in the care of the sick, the Congregation of the Sisters of Charity of New York, was fully pre-

pared to supply scores of scientifically trained Sister-nurses for military hospital service during the Civil War.

Nursing the sick had not yet come to be recognized as among the most honorable of professions. Skilled nurses were then unknown except among the Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church. The truth of this *strong statement* is sustained by the fact that not until 1872, seven years after the close of the war the *first* class of trained nurses in the United States was graduated from Bellevue Hospital, New York City.

In this connection it is worthy of note that the first member of this class to don a nurse's uniform was Miss Van Rensselaer, then a non-Catholic, but subsequently Sister Mary Dolores of the Congregation of Sisters of Charity, of Mount Saint Vincent-on-Hudson.

The Sisters' ambition to establish an Academy for the higher education of young girls was realized in 1847 when the community purchased an eminence at One Hundred Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. The spot, now included within the limits of Central Park, and formerly called "McGowan's Pass" soon was known by its new name, Mount Saint Vincent. Upon the rock which formed this eminence stood a "quaint little house, with a few rooms," about which there were clustered many memories associated with the Revolutionary War.

Ten years later when the "quaint little house" of historic memories had developed into a capacity which provided accommodation for several hundred resident students and when the barren and uncultivated grounds of Mount Saint Vincent had developed into the Garden spot on the Hudson, the Central Park became an assured fact.

This necessitated the removal of the Sisters, as their estate was within the contemplated park limits.

Then it was necessary to select another, and a suitable location. The merest chance directed their steps to the Fonthill demesne which became their future home.

This magnificent estate on the "Lordly Hudson" was once the home of Edwin Forrest, whose princely generosity made possible the acquisition of this regal property. Here, the gifted tragedian, had caused to be built for himself a sort of Feudal Castle, which stands before us today, one of the most picturesque objects upon the banks of our historic river.

When the Norman Castle of Font Hill assumed its new title, Mount Saint Vincent-on-Hudson, the approach of Civil War was darkening the horizon. The following item clipped from a contemporary issue of the *Evening Telegram* of New York City reads: "In the event of war a large force of Sisters of Charity will take the field. . . In the city the Sisters have no knowledge of the plans of the Mother Superior, but if these plans are made and the Sisters are ordered to the field, they will simply go and ask no questions. . . 'The order is given, and we go, that is all there is to it,' say the Sisters."

The Sisters of Charity of the new Mount were not to go to the battlefields but, in obedience to authority, they performed their full share of service in the city and in the neighborhood in which their Mother Foundress, the gentle-hearted Elizabeth Bayley Seton had first seen the light of day.

In the early autumn of 1862, the clouds of war hung low and heavy over our beautiful country. Southern

battlefields already ran red with the blood of brave men of the North and the South. The boom of the cannon and the flash of musketry echoed over a divided nation, while in many a home there was at least one vacant chair, and women's hearts throughout the land were suffering as only the hearts of women can suffer.

During that particularly dark period of the Civil War, the first eight months of 1862, the need for hospitals was the cry of the hour. From January 19, 1862, the date of the Battle of Mill Spring, Kentucky, to September 1, which recorded the desperate struggle at Chantilly, Virginia, there had been fought twenty-one important battles and innumerable skirmishes. These encounters left their toll of dead and, more horrible, living dead, shattered shells of humanity. The sick and wounded soldiers of the Blue and Gray alike crowded every hospital whether it was a field, floating, permanent or temporary one. And, with more body-worn and body-torn men being brought from the battlefields with each new hour, the cry "more room" resounded throughout the nation.

Cities and towns everywhere, above and below the Mason and Dixon line, responded. Public buildings and churches of every denomination were converted into hospitals. In many instances private homes were commandeered for use in the caring of the sick and wounded of the North and South.

New York had answered every call for men, money and supplies since the beginning of the conflict. Now, in September, 1862, the Imperial City again heard its country's call and again, New York responded gloriously.

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

New activities brought old Mount Saint Vincent Academy to the fore, and with it the Black-Cap Sisters of Charity of New York. The old academy building was given to the government for use as a military hospital upon the action of the Commissioners of the new Central Park. The park body requested of the Secretary of War that the Sisters of Charity, whose Mother House the academy had been, be permitted to return to Mount Saint Vincent's and there administer to the suffering. The request concerning the Sisters of Charity of New York follows:

16 Wall Street, New York City.
September 9, 1862.

Hon. Edwin Stanton,
Secretary of War.

The Commissioners of the Central Park of this city have given a very large building for a government hospital for the reception of sick and wounded soldiers. This building was formerly a Catholic school of high order. The point is this: We want the nurses of this hospital to be the Sisters of Charity, the most faithful nurses in the world. Their tenderness, their knowledge and religious convictions of duty render them by far the best nurses around the sick bed which have ever been found on earth. All that is asked is that they be permitted to be nurses under the direction of the War Department and its physicians.

Alderman Farley, of this city, will take this letter. I beg you to consider this matter and to do what is possible, and you will oblige your numerous friends, especially

Your friend, very truly,
EDWARDS PIERPONT.

Within forty-eight hours the zealous envoy returned from Washington, D. C., bearing with him the Sisters' official credentials as regularly enlisted nurses. The document bore the signature of Hon. Edwin Stanton,

Secretary of War, in the Cabinet of President Lincoln.

With the conversion of the academy to a hospital, Saint Joseph was chosen as its patron and his name was given to the institution. Even before the hospital was ready for the reception of patients, groups of soldiers, principally emergency cases, were admitted to the hastily prepared wards in Saint Joseph's. These men were in a sad condition and had come North on hospital trains or on the transport or hospital boats.

Through the royal liberality of the officials and citizens of New York this hospital had an abundance of supplies. Its Medical and Surgical Departments under the supervision of eminent men were perfectly equipped. Its main and diet kitchens were lavishly stocked, while its well-filled linen closets made it easy to keep the men and their beds of pain spotlessly clean.

Upon the arrival of the soldiers, suitable nourishment, when permitted, was invariably the first order of the hour, and was always ready in abundance for distribution. Many of these poor men were exhausted and prostrated by excessive work, performed often on half or quarter rations. Others were victims of many a forced march. One officer explained to Sister, but without any suggestion of a grievance, "that the brave men of his company, not one of whom ever uttered a complaint, were racked with physical agony and lack of nourishment, and crippled from marching all day and fighting all night."

Scores of the disabled men in those early days staggered in on crutches or were led between their comrades, frequently falling from weakness or, refusing assistance, crept feebly and haltingly into this haven of peace.

Hundreds of other war victims were carried from the ambulances on stretchers, mangled almost out of human form. Others, faint from loss of blood, physical agony and lack of nourishment, who in their weakness were crying like children, were to find aid in this place of refuge.

The Reverend Doctor Edward McGlynn, who had been appointed Chaplain to this Government Hospital by the War Department at Washington, through its Secretary, Honorable Edwin Stanton, served with honor to himself and with paternal solicitude for every inmate of this great institution. To each soldier, regardless of his faith, color or political allegiance, the cheery welcome of Doctor McGlynn was heartily extended. With the Government Officials, the Sisters, Surgeons, Physicians and the Park Commissioners, the young and devoted Chaplain worked zealously for the soldiers' comfort. Without attempting to interfere with the faith of any man, his real devotion to all the boys had a marked result upon non-Catholic as well as Catholic men, who recognized in the priest a father as well as a friend. It is the occasion that shows the man!

Some of the wounded men, whose mutilated legs or arms had been amputated, and many others who had been shot in the lungs or other parts of the body were suffering from fever, in the agonies of which the brain often became involved.

To the crippled, especially the dangerously wounded, who formed the majority of the invalids, the "Black Cap" Sisters of Charity were strength and sweetness, and the gallant men vied with one another in manifestations of gratitude. Under this hospitable roof, with its freight

of human misery, there were many soldiers sick unto death, who had fallen out of the ranks on the roadside during some battle or on some midnight march and thus, in the frenzy of the hour, became separated from their companies. Towards these "lonesome laddies" the Sisters manifested a heavenly pity.

On their journey northward these men had suffered tremendously but the hope inspired by the confidence of humane treatment under the Sisters' care kept the light of hope and courage glimmering in their hearts. Upon their arrival at this "Refuge of the Afflicted" every soldier had the blood and mire of the battlefield cleansed from him as far as his condition would permit; and the stiffened and horribly unclean and ragged uniforms were exchanged for soft and clean hospital garments.

To the stricken men raving in the delirium of brain fever, the Sisters' services were a blessing, and many a man in that dangerous ward was spared to those at home by the untiring devotion and strict attention to duty of these self-sacrificing Daughters of Mother Elizabeth Bayley Seton. Even in his weak mental condition the man sinking in the faintness of death realized that the dark-robed Sister of Charity was, in thought, word and deed, "The Angel Nun of the Army."

As the Sisters passed by doing deeds of heroic charity, they often paused in response to the appeal of the shrunken and outstretched hands of the victims of consumption. For these patient and faithful heroes there was little hope of recovery, and yet the Sisters nursed the wasted men, striving to keep the light of hope alive.

Men who had a natural fear of dying were given

courage and seemed to take on a new life as the Sisters assured them that they would continue to care for their needs. The Sisters advised them to offer their sufferings to God their Father, Who had tasted the bitter dregs of loneliness in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Even when almost overwhelmed with duties, Sisters would sit a while beside the beds of men whose hours were numbered. For these they wrote letters to dear ones and spoke words of cheer and piety which lifted the soul of each hero out of the depths of despair and upward to the throne of "Our Lady of Pity."

It was perhaps in the operating rooms and in the surgical wards that these Nuns, with more than Spartan courage, did violence to their delicate sensibilities. The nurses in these departments were not amateurs, as they had served a long novitiate in the infirmaries of their Asylums or in the renowned Saint Vincent's Hospital, then, as well as now, one of the glories of New York City.

More than once with the horror of the scene and the sickening odor of blood and of wounds that refused to heal, a Sister was seen to reel in a deathly faintness and was hurried from the ward to the outer porch for pure air and recovery. Each time the Sister returned and valiantly remained at her post of duty, which was at the surgeon's side, in that long ward which gave a shelter to more than two hundred fearfully wounded men.

After one of the Sisters, who had been overcome, had returned to the ward, a surgeon asked her how she managed to gather up sufficient strength to resume her work.

Quietly, the Sister replied: "I thought of the cruel wound in the side of our dear Lord, and my strength was restored."

These nuns of "The Mount" were of heroic stock and many among them, as their roster indicates, were allied by ties of blood to the pioneer parishioners of "Old Saint Peter's" on Barclay Street, or "Old Saint Patrick's Cathedral." These daughters of Mother Seton formed a "Battalion of Charity" and nobly conquered themselves and lent heart and hand to the healing of the wounds of war.

Chantilly was a desperately fought battle in which the death-toll of the New York regiments was heavy and included General Isaac Ingalls Stevens, who fell while bearing aloft the colors of one of his regiments and cheering his men of the 79th New York Highlanders.

In death, Stevens had a valiant companion in the Major-General of Volunteers, New York's own "Fighting Phil Kearney," the hero of five wars, in one of which, near the City of Mexico, where he served as aide to General Winfield Scott, he lost his left arm in battle.

To add to the horrors of the encounter of September 1st, 1862, a fearful storm including thunder, lightning and rain in torrents, increased the sufferings on the men of the two armies. Many of the wounded, in their rain and blood-soaked uniforms, remained where they had fallen and scores of these men were later carried to hospitals in the Southland, hundreds found shelter in the field hospitals, while others, as soon as they were able to

make the journey were included among those who received a welcome from the Sisters of Charity, on duty in the "Old Mount" Hospital.

In this institution, common sense, instead of red tape, was the guide, and so, when the ambulances came to the portals there was no time lost in trying to secure from any soldier the "history of his life." To avoid confusion each patient was given a number under which his identity was enshrouded.

The story is told of a young man, found lying on Chantilly's field, who had been twice seriously wounded during the battle and was fast bleeding to death. Temporary treatment was given in a regimental hospital, where his recovery was uncertain. Then, and providentially, with other heroes of his regiment, the Forty-first New York Volunteers, French's Division, Sumner's Corps, he was transferred to the Sisters' Hospital, in his native New York and placed among the seriously wounded in a ward over which Sister Mary Ulrica O'Reilly was the executive.

Through weary days and many a lonely vigil the Sister betsowed motherly attention upon the patient, and finally the surgeon removed his "number" from the list of those who were included among the dangerously ill.

In the hour in which the soldier was placed in her care, Sister Ulrica was impressed by the exceptional refinement of her patient of whom she knew only his hospital number, and was rewarded for all her devotion, when, in a brief conversation with him, Sister learned incidentally that the convalescent soldier was Captain William Seton in the United States Army, and therefore,

Sister reasoned, he must be the son of Captain William Seton of the United States Navy.

Burke's peerage (1900) recognized William Seton, this naval officer, as the head of the Setons of Parbroath, Senior Cadets of the ancient and illustrious Scottish Earls of Winton, a title forfeited because of the loyal adherence of this noble family to their unfortunate, but beloved sovereign, Mary, Queen of Scots.

Then the devoted spiritual Daughter of Mother Seton realized she had been nursing the grandson of the Mother Foundress of the New York Sisters of Charity of which Sister Ulrica O'Reilly was a valiant member.

By an unusual coincidence, Sister Mary Ulrica O'Reilly, the unassuming nurse to the high-born soldier, was also of distinguished ancestry, and through the O'Reilly's, Princes of Brefney, she could trace her royal lineage to the founder of the family, Hugh the Fair, King of the Irish Province of Connaught, A. D. 630. Like the Setons of Scotland, the O'Reillys of Ireland were punished for their devotion to "Mary Stuart, the Bride of France and Scotland's Queen."

From the hospital the young hero returned to his father's home in Cragdon, Westchester County, New York, but went back to the front to be Captain of the 16th Artillery in Grant's Campaign against Richmond.

Sister Ulrica remained on duty in the Military Hospital until long after peace had been proclaimed, then without ado she returned to her orphans.

When the Sisters' Protectory was destroyed by fire during the night of July 25, 1872, this Princess of Brefney stood an epic figure against the background of flame,

and by her trumpet-like command, "Let no big girl pass this way without a baby in her arms!" aroused a kindred spirit of heroism in the breasts of the children, so that not a single life was lost.

Immediately after the disaster the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, cabled words of blessing and sympathy especially commending the Sisters, who, to save the Blessed Sacrament and the lives of the children, had risked their own. Nor was this all; the paternal message was accompanied by a substantial gift for the benefit of a new protectory building.

While other pathetic scenes were numerous in the wards of the main hospital the recording angel must have lingered long over the isolation building in a distant section of the campus. In this separated hospital, with soldiers writhing in the agony of contagious diseases, the Sisters who volunteered for this dangerous service fought against fearful odds to save the reason as well as the lives of tortured men and nobly performed the task to which they bent their energies.

It was in the junior ward, reserved for the drummer boys, buglers and other brave youths who loved the flag, that a gifted young Sister, known in her community as the "Irish Nightingale," was to the boys, not only the nurse, but the big sister. Before the roar and the blaze of the cannon and with "bombs bursting in air" these tiny soldiers were recorded by their superior officers as among the bravest of the brave; and yet in the safety and seclusion of Saint Joseph's Hospital, they were sobbing out their young hearts for their mothers. By a wise arrange-

ment this convalescent ward was in a secluded tower of the hospital, originally a Revolutionary Mansion.

In Sister's hour of freedom, armed with the doctor's permission, the warm-hearted Nun tried her luck at making home-made candy and cunning little cakes, to which were added delicious and nourishing drinks for the youthful convalescents. As a grand finale to each evening's party, the gifted musician and song bird of Mount Saint Vincent, touching her guitar very softly, sang in tones which were sweet and low the war songs of the day.

The doctors said, "Sister's concerts are better than medicine for the lads," whose health visibly improved under the magic of the stirring:

"Oh! the army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue."

At other times when Sister, with her trained eye, saw that a lad would soon be away from all future pain and sorrow, she was the lonely child's real consolation. She spoke to the little warrior of the boyhood of our Lord and of His love for the young. When the soul of the child had at last gone to the Good Shepherd it was the Sister who closed his tired eyes, folded his tiny hands and smoothed back the damp locks. Then, away to keep her promise to write a letter to his mother. A little later when Sister returned to the ward the cot was empty—and tears rolled down the face of this worthy daughter of Mother Seton—a foundress, who, in her day, had worn, uncomplainingly, "Sorrow's Crown of Sorrow."

It is possible that Manchester's *"Mercedes"* may have found in scenes like the above the inspiration for the fol-

lowing poetic description of one who tried to soothe the sorrows of brave, yet lonely, young soldiers:

She shares in the hopes of those that sow,
In the gladness of those that reap,
She smiles for the joys that the joyful know,
And she weeps with those who weep.

She prays for the living, she prays for the dead,
And joins in the children's fun
And grief-worn hearts have been comforted
By words of the gentle Nun.

This Military Hospital was still overcrowded with patients when the news of the Surrender of Lee at Appamattox was officially announced to the Sisters. With one voice the Sisters volunteered to remain on hospital service as long as the soldiers required their care, so we find the Sisters, long after the war, still nursing the sick and dying soldiers in the "Old Mount."

Statistics state that the Nuns were not relieved from duty until 1866. They were then still on official hospital duty on April 25, 1865, when the venerated remains of President Lincoln passed the convent en route to Springfield, Illinois. Mount St. Vincent Station was heavily draped in mourning, and flags at half-mast were displayed on the Castle. Near the railroad the students, dressed in black, were ranged in long lines, and the funeral train slackened its speed as it passed by, while the great bell in its lofty convent tower of Mount Saint Vincent-on-Hudson pealed forth its solemn requiem in loving memory of

Abraham Lincoln—the well-beloved of John Hughes—first Archbishop of New York, then only recently deceased.

When these daughters of Mother Seton were, with honorable mention, finally released from hospital service they quietly returned to their former duties, thanking God in their hearts for having given them the privilege of relieving the pain of mind and body of thousands of their countrymen.

The following are the names of the patriotic dead, the war nurses of Mount Saint Vincent-on-Hudson which have been checked and found to agree with the records of the War Office in Washington, D. C.:

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Perpetua Drumgoole	Ireland
Sister Mary Emerentia Hanaway	Ireland
Sister Mary Antoinette Kelly	Ireland
Sister Mary Columba Lawrence	Ireland
Sister Mary Assisium Madden	Ireland
Sister Mary Teresa McCloskey	Ireland
Sister Mary Justine McGlynn	Ireland
Sister Mary Francesca Molitor	Germany
Sister Mary Christine Myers	Germany
Sister Mary Ann Cecilia Nealis	New York
Sister Mary Ulrica O'Reilly	Ireland
Sister Mary Scholastica Quinn	Ireland
Sister Mary Rosina Wightman	Germany

CHAPTER III

Sisters of Charity, Cincinnati, Ohio

IT was "Lady Day in the Harvest" (August 15, 1812), and Catholic Ireland, true to its ancient custom, arose with the sun to fittingly observe the festival particularly dear to Irish hearts. "Lady Day in the Harvest." One likes to repeat the sweet, poetic title under which the children of the *Gael* still observe the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to pause in admiration of the race, which, having worn for more than a thousand years the crown of thorns, as the "Niobe of Nations," has still retained, in all its majesty, the soul of Ireland.

In an ivy-covered home, which nestled among the verdant hills surrounding historic Lough Gur in the heart of the "Golden Vale" of Limerick, there was born on that distant "Lady Day," a daughter of Clan O'Connell, a child of destiny. Her kinswomen have often told the writer that the history of Ireland, even in her youth, held a special fascination for this unusual child. We may, then, well believe that at her father's hospitable fireside Maureen heard the true history of the Siege of Limerick, of its "violated treaty," and of the bravery of Erin's daughters, whose names shall be forever associated with the "Siege of the City on the Shannon." Gazing upon the blazing turf, in fancy, she may have seen Patrick

Sarsfield and his picked troops at the nearby Hill of Ballyneety and heard the echoes of his immortal slogan, "Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man."

Prophetic visions indeed!—for this young dreamer was destined to cross the sea, to come to America, and by noble deeds to write in the annals of the "Queen City of the West" the name of Sister Anthony O'Connell, the "Angel of the Battlefield."

With her parents, Mary O'Connell came to America in 1821. On June 5, 1835, under the direction of the distinguished convert, the Reverend William Tyler, later Bishop of Hartford, Connecticut, but residing in Providence, R. I., she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Maryland—the great order established by Mother Elizabeth Bayley Seton. In 1837 the zealous young novice pronounced her vows of profession, and was almost immediately sent by her Superiors to Cincinnati, to begin an extraordinary career which covered a period of sixty-one years.

The war-story of Sister Anthony O'Connell, and her thirty-seven zealous Sister-companions, began on the hour in which the peace and joy of the Eastertide of 1861 were disturbed by bitterness between the men of the great nation. The exultant "Hosanna to the Son of David!" was succeeded by the "Onward, March!" of commanding officers in a "house divided against itself." The President's proclamation was dated Washington, Sunday, April 14, 1861, and signed, "Abraham Lincoln, President, and William H. Seward, Secretary of State." Within a few hours on the fateful April 15, Ohio sent its response in the proclamation of Governor Dennison and the call for

volunteers. The War Governor promised the President that Ohio would furnish the largest portion of the required force.

Just at this time came the patriotic command of the Archbishop, Most Rev. John Purcell, D.D. His Grace said: "The President has spoken and it is our duty to obey him as the head of the nation. Moreover, Ohio, the state in which we are, has also spoken on the subject. It is then our solemn duty as good and loyal citizens to walk shoulder to shoulder with all our fellow-citizens in support of the national honor."

In *"The Daughters of Mother Seton"* from the graceful pen of Sister Mary Agnes McCann, Ph.D., around which much of this chapter has been woven, we have read that: "Religious went forth from the quiet of their convent homes, timid of the world's gaze when not called upon to appear, but bravest of the brave and least shrinking when the needs of suffering humanity come to them. The roar of the cannon they hear not above the agonizing moan of the dying; the tramp of cavalry, the shouts of the enemy, even the whizzing of bullets, cannot deter them from duty's call, to comfort, to bring relief, to whisper God's name into the ear of him about to meet his Judge. The Religious, the Sisters of every Order, hurried forth where danger was greatest and the needs of the body and soul most pressing. Their companions at home, whether in the hospitals, orphanages, or schools, were performing double, nay fourfold work, and the midnight lamp cast shadows on the walls of the hospital ward, in the asylum corridors, or on the Academy porticoes; for the domestic work was performed when wearied nature should

have had its rest. While busy fingers were plying the needle or other instruments of manual labor, soft voices were heard in prayer for their Sisters on the battlefield and for the noble thousands sent forth to war's uncertain fate, but certain miseries. Long and fervently did they pray, for were not their fathers, their brothers, and friends among that needy multitude and did they not joyously take up the extra burden of duty left by the experienced nurses!"

The very flower of the hospital nurses of these Daughters of Mother Seton was sent by their Superior into war service. In their efforts to provide a complete corps, each group included expert executives, composed of medical and surgical nurses, trained dietitians, insanity experts, and, when possible, immunes for contagious cases. Each group was complete, when organized, and could, and often did, set up a temporary hospital on a bare field outside the line of battle.

The Civil War Records of the Sisters of Charity of Mount Saint Joseph-on-Ohio, supply the following data: "In response to an official call on June 1, 1861, six Sisters from Cedar Grove Academy and Saint John's Hospital went to Camp Dennison to wait upon the sick—Sisters Anthony O'Connell, Sophia Gillmeyer, Bernadine King, Alphonsa Gordon, Laurence Donaher, and Magdalen Cooper as German interpreter. Camp Dennison was fifteen miles from Cincinnati on the Little Miami Railroad. More than two hundred sick soldiers from Kanawha reached Cincinnati Friday night and some had to wait until Saturday morning for proper accommodations, for the army hospital was not sufficiently provided.

Saint John's Hospital had beds everywhere and the Sisters and nurses seemed ubiquitous in their ministrations of tenderness and healing."

The religious and secular press of those days paid many tributes to the Sisters from which the following selections are culled.

The Catholic Telegraph of June 8, 1861, commenting upon the hardships awaiting the Nuns, says: "There are now seven Sisters of Charity engaged in the care of the sick at Camp Dennison. The visit of the different hospitals is equal to a journey of two or three miles. There are about twelve thousand men in the encampment. The Sisters have to walk in mud and water over their shoe-tops in heavy rains to attend to their no sinecure duties. They want a horse and light wagon and sundry other things for their own accommodation and to enable them to care better for the sick soldiers, the chief object of their charitable solicitude. We hope a generous public will find means to lighten their toil and to share their reward. Religion, charity, gratitude to the devoted troops who leave comforts at home to suffer, bleed, die for our security and our interests, require that the Sisters and the sick be promptly supplied. Donations for these purposes will be thankfully received at Saint John's Hospital."

The Cincinnati Commercial at the same time says: "The Hospital at Camp Dennison is the least attractive feature of the camp, and therefore, is too often passed unnoticed. As yet, we have visited but one of the regimental hospitals, that of the 5th under the direction of Surgeons Ball and Greenleaf. It is far removed from the bustle of the Camp and is in all respects well ap-

pointed and a model of neatness. It will afford satisfaction to the friends of sick soldiers to know that they could not be more pleasantly situated and better cared for. Sister Anthony and a number of Sisters of Charity are acting as nurses and do much of the cooking for the sick, who are thus supplied with palatable food prepared in the very best manner by those whose hearts are devoted to the soldiers' comfort. The services of these good women cannot be estimated. They are the Florence Nightingales of America."

Very Reverend Edward Collins, Mother Josephine Harvey, and Doctor McMahon left Cincinnati, on February 15th, taking with them Sisters Sophia Gillmeyer, Ambrosia Schwartz, Jane Garvin, Mary Ignatia Mulcahey, Agnes Phillips, Etienne Bonner, and Gabriella Crowe. Father Collins was detained and missed the train. The Sisters in the meantime were at the station waiting for their escort. Sister Anthony, who wished to be one of the party, was shopping, and hurrying to the depot, supposing all on board but herself, boarded the train which immediately started. She had journeyed as far as Columbus, when she received a telegram from Archbishop Purcell: "Return at once. Two boat loads of wounded soldiers from Pittsburg Landing, to be cared for!" The party left Cincinnati at eight o'clock that evening and reached Wheeling, West Virginia, at noon the next day. The group left that city in a blinding snowstorm on the morning of February 17, 1862, and reached Cumberland in the evening. There they met Doctor Seekley who conducted them into a house formerly owned by a Doctor Healy. There were no beds and but few

accommodations of any sort. The Sisters tried to rest on the floor the first night; after that bunks were procured. Twenty-two hundred sick soldiers were lodged in fourteen old warehouses, and here the Sisters went to perform their labor of love. The first story of each building was used for general purposes; the second and third as wards for the sick, each containing fifty beds. At headquarters the Sisters watched all night, but in the wards they retired for a little rest, leaving night nurses on duty. Sister Sophia was so ill that she was confined to her bed nearly the whole time she was in Cumberland.

A communication from Pawpaw, Virginia, February 23, 1862, to the Sisters of the Cincinnati Community will show with what pleasure the arrival of the Sisters was hailed: "How the friends of soldiers of this department will rejoice to hear that the sick in Cumberland Hospital are now nursed by Sisters of Charity! Eight of them have already arrived, and more are expected to the number of forty. Mrs. Petronilla P. Byrne deserves the place she holds in the affections of many a sufferer who has been relieved by her untiring personal attentions, and it was through her agency that the Sisters of Charity came to Cumberland. The hero who wins a battle is honored by his countrymen; but the heroine who sacrifices every interest to alleviate suffering, is honored by the angels who sound her praises in Heaven."

According to *The Catholic Telegraph* of October 19, 1861: "The Tenth Regiment Hospital at Camp Dennison was remarked for its splendid condition. Two or

three soldiers considered hopelessly ill had been nursed back to life by the devoted Sisters and skillful care of the physicians."

The Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York under Colonel Michael Corcoran did brave fighting in the battle of Bull Run and many soldiers lost their lives. Battles near Gawley Bridge, West Virginia, and other places brought their sad returns, for the report says: "Fifty or sixty of our sick soldiers from Western Virginia lately arrived in Cincinnati have been placed in Saint Joseph's Hospital. They are nearly all young men of respectable families, well-mannered and grateful for the care of the devoted and skillful Doctor Blackburn, the house physician, and the good Sisters of Charity. The change in their appearance and feeling since their arrival is a source of much gratification to themselves and to all who see them."

The year 1861 closed with the horrors of war still weighing heavily upon the hearts of the people. Brows of generals and other officials were being encircled with bay wreaths or robbed of them as adverse or favorable events followed their course. The country at this time was one vast battlefield.

It will be of interest to weave into the fabric of this story the slender strands of a letter published in *The Baltimore Catholic Mirror*:

Cumberland, Feb. 25, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:

It is with great pleasure I tell you that eight Sisters of Charity have recently arrived in our Mountain City from Cincinnati. They have come to take charge of the military hospitals here. A con-

siderable number of soldiers from General Lander's division have fallen sick, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, to which they were more or less exposed, while encamped on the banks of the Potomac, and Patterson's Creek. Mr. George Seekley, the worthy and zealous medical director of the medical department, knowing the worth of the good Sisters of Charity, dispatched a request to the Most Reverend Archbishop of Cincinnati to send some of the good Sisters on, to which request Archbishop Purcell gladly consented, and wrote immediately to the Quartermaster General of the State of Ohio, signifying his disposition to gratify the wishes of the medical director at Cumberland. Mr. Wright wrote the Q. M. G., thanked the Archbishop and said: "I will have the Sisters forwarded to Cumberland. God bless the good Sisters of Charity and their kind ministrations to our brave soldiers. It will afford the Governor great pleasure to respond promptly to any such calls." Our community was much gratified and delighted at the unexpected appearance in their midst, of those estimable and most praiseworthy ladies, who have so devoutly received the appellation of "Angels of Mercy."

Already, I have been informed, the good fruits of the Sisters' labors are manifest with regard to the patients confined in the two hospitals under their charge. The sick men seemed astonished and cannot comprehend the devotedness, the zeal and unwearying patience of the Sisters. Some declared that had the Sisters been here from the beginning, not a man would have died. The cleanliness of these two hospitals, the improvement in the patients, the great change for the better in the cooking and preparation of food suitable for the delicate constitution of the sick, are subjects of grateful remark by the patients, and all combine to sound the praises of their inestimable nurses. No doubt the citizens of Cumberland of all denominations, will, ere long, be convinced of the justness of the praise accorded to the Sisters of Charity, and that those generous-hearted soldiers, now the object of the Sisters' care, will ever remember with sentiments of deep and heartfelt gratitude, the kind ministrations, attentions and labors manifested towards them by their charitable and devoted benefactresses. Would that the wishes that I myself have heard expressed by brigade and hospital surgeons, could soon be gratified, by the arrival of more Sisters to take charge of two or three more hospitals.

The Sisters escorted the wounded soldiers in the steamboats and flatboats fitted up for that purpose. Sis-

ter Constantia Dolan gave an account of one trip she made when the boat took fire. How they succeeded in transferring the disabled men and in escaping the flames was truly miraculous, but the Sisters all have given credit to officers and men whether in camp, or on the boat, or in the hospitals, and have attributed to their greatness of soul the success of the work everywhere.

Sister Anthony herself tells the story of Shiloh as follows: "At Shiloh we ministered to the men on board what were popularly known as the floating hospitals. We were often obliged to move farther up the river, being unable to bear the terrific stench from the bodies of the dead on the battlefield. This was bad enough, but what we endured on the field of battle while gathering up the wounded is beyond description.

"The soldiers were remarkably kind to one another. They went around the battlefield giving what assistance they could, placing the wounded in comfortable places, administering cordials, etc., until such time as the nurses could attend to the wounded and sick. I remember one poor soldier whose nose had been shot off, who had almost bled to death and would have been missed had we not discovered him in a pen, where some kind comrade had placed him before he left the field, every other place of refuge being occupied.

"Day often dawned on us only to renew the work of the preceding day without a moment's rest."

In a soldier's diary we find this tribute to Sister Anthony: "Amid this sea of blood she performed the most revolting duties for those poor soldiers. She seemed like a ministering angel, and many a young soldier owes

his life to her care and charity. Happy was the soldier who, wounded and bleeding, had her near him to whisper words of consolation and courage. She was reverenced by Blue and Gray, Protestant and Catholic, alike; and we conferred on her the title of the 'Florence Nightingale of America.' Her name became a household word in every section of the North and South."

To Sister Anthony we may well apply a stanza of the exquisite poem entitled, *The Sister of Charity,* written by Gerald Griffin:

> Unshrinking where Pestilence scatters his breath,
> Like an angel she moves mid the vapor of death,
> Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword
> Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
>
> How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
> With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
> How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
> For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Almost in the same words the New York *Freeman's Journal* and the *Baltimore Catholic* graphically describe the work of the Sisters. The latter journal reported: "'The Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of Mercy, with members of other religious congregations of Catholic women, are hurrying by scores to the hospitals that stretch all along General McClellan's base of operations. God bless them in their ceaseless labors of healing and of love!"

Sister Anthony was personally acquainted with many of the officers who took part in the war, among them Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, and

Rosecrans. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, was also well-known to her.

In *Battles and Leaders* of the Civil War is found an article by Major-General Jacob D. Cox, of the United States Volunteers, ex-Governor of Ohio and ex-Secretary of the Interior. He wrote: "The Sisters of Charity, under the lead of Sister Anthony, a noble woman, came out in force, and their black and white robes harmonized picturesquely with the military surroundings as they flitted about under the rough timber framing of the old barn, carrying comfort and hope from one rude couch to another."

Winchester was a fatal but victorious field. There General Shields had brilliant success but many of the gallant Fifth Ohio, which did such noble fighting, were killed or wounded. Fourteen dead bodies were brought to Cincinnati at one time and many others were buried in the East. One of the soldiers wrote to friends of a companion who had died from his wounds: "Tell the friends of ——— that he died on the 3rd inst. He received the sacraments the day before. The boys from our hospital paid all attention to him whilst living, and although Protestants these fine fellows insisted on taking charge of the funeral and digging the grave, placing at its head the dear symbol of our redemption."

The "Old Soldiers" have always given great praise to the Sisters. The name of Sister Anthony O'Connell has been blessed countless times as the "Angel of the Battlefield." Her recollections of war days were interesting. Her acquaintance with several Generals, enabled her to use her influence in times of need. Nor did she allow

such an opportunity to pass. On one occasion, a Southerner—just a slip of a lad—had come across the lines. For what purpose he came was not known—boyish romance, perhaps. He was taken before General Rosecrans and sentence was passed according to the laws of war. Some one brought word to Sister Anthony, who hastened to the General and in her own way of pleading, begged pardon for the boy. The General told her that it was impossible, that his duty demanded the sentence he had passed. "What!" said Sister Anthony with streaming eyes, "can you, a father, think of your own boy at his mother's side, and then changing the picture find her prostrate at the news that a Rebel General had put him to death for boyish enthusiasm?" The tear-dimmed eyes of the General and his Staff showed that pardon for the Confederate youth was possible. The General spoke, "Take him, Sister, and place him beyond danger." This she did with gladness of heart and had him sent under guard to his mother.

The President of the Southern States, Mr. Jefferson Davis, and Sister Anthony often sat down to the same spare meal and not twice in succession was his hair the same color. She was very reticent about telling how she knew him, whether by her own cleverness or because he acknowledged to her his disguises and trusted the Nun. As a hospital nurse she often saved a soldier's arm or leg when the surgeons would wish to amputate. She would beg them: "Wait and let me see what I can do for him." Only her wonderfully persuasive powers would have succeeded, for the number of sick and wounded and the urgency of action made the doctors often appear harsh.

The Sisters cared for Unionists and Confederates alike—knowing no difference, making no distinction.

Sister Agnes Phillips, who went with Sisters Sophia Gillmeyer, Ambrosia Schwartz, Jane Garvin, Mary Mulcahey, and Etienne Bonner, remained three months in Cumberland and then returned to Cincinnati to nurse the wounded who came from Richmond and Nashville. It was in Saint John's Hospital that Sister Anthony witnessed the most appalling sight—men without arms and legs; men pale and haggard, worn out by long fast and forced marches. She firmly believed that many died of broken hearts. Their faces haunted her for years and she could hear them calling for home and the dear ones whom they were destined never to see on earth. She would tell with a shudder that the streets of Cincinnati witnessed extreme suffering and misery and often saw fine young men, seated on their own coffins, brought through on their way to some neighboring hill-side for execution.

Sister Ambrosia describes the journey to Cumberland, and speaks of the kindness of Doctor and Mrs. McMahon. "Hotels, warehouses, and barns were converted into temporary hospitals and two thousand and two hundred poor soldiers suffering from typhoid fever, erysipelas, and other diseases were crowded into these twelve buildings. It made it very difficult for seven Sisters to give the poor sufferers proper attention." She relates that their duties, fatiguing, and often revolting to flesh and blood, were amply repaid by conversions, repentances, and the removal of prejudice against our Holy Faith. Often they would hear: "Surely, those ladies are working for God. Money is not their motive." In the presence of the "good

ladies" even the most unlettered were careful and the respect they evinced for the Nuns was remarkable. The Redemptorist Fathers, whose monastery was on the opposite bank of the Potomac, attended to the spiritual wants of the Sisters. To hear Mass it was necessary for them to make a very early start, even before dawn. Often, on account of the darkness, the sentinels, unable to distinguish the Nuns, would demand the countersign. It happened once that sentinels crossed bayonets upon their breasts, and then, indeed, they trembled.

Sister Gabriella Crowe, was another of the happy band to receive the hasty call for service one bleak Saturday morning. Sister had but one-half hour for preparation. Arriving at Wheeling she was cheered by the hospitality of the Visitation Nuns. The departure from this city amid a storm of sleet and snow made them realize what the poor soldiers were enduring on the march. As they walked in procession through the streets to the hotel where they remained that night, crowds of men, women and children gathered to see the "strange ladies." While awaiting supper, the windows were besieged from without; children, white and black, peeping in to get a glimpse at the "curiosity." Rooms were scarce and several of the Sisters slept on the floor of a reception room. Mother Josephine Harvey had a cot, and Doctor McMahon was thankful for a rug in front of the parlor fire. Father Collins went to the Redemptorist house across the river. Their presence in Wheeling was due to the efforts of Major Seekley of Cumberland who petitioned for the Sisters to come there.

Sister Beatrice Hastings was one of the nurses at New

Creek. Her companions were Sisters Ann Cecilia McDonald, Etienne Bonner, Benedicta Cain, Stanislaus Ferris, and Lawrence Donaher. Sister Sophia Gillmeyer had charge and Father Corcoran was chaplain. They left home, June 9, 1862, and took charge of the military hospital for a month, and then moved with the army to Culpeper Court House. The Sisters followed the troops in ambulances and nursed the sick in pitched tents on the camp grounds. Typhoid fever was prevalent. Many of the soldiers died; others recovered and rejoined the army.

Sister Bernardine King in describing the "Sisters' Military Career," as she termed it, said that they took up their abode in a small wooden church at Camp Dennison using the pulpit for a store room, boards for a table, and the floor for lodging. The hospitals were far apart and it took much time to pass from one to the other. While on their rounds, at first, they would hear themselves called "The Pious Marias." It was not long when the terms "Sister" and "Mother" became the title of address. Even the quality of the voice had changed. In the beginning of the war Sister Seraphine McGrane was employed in the State Hospital at Nashville, caring for the sick and wounded of the Confederate Army. As the building was very large, hundreds of soldiers, besides other patients, were accommodated. After several months Sister Seraphine and another Nun were sent to Memphis. Here, assisted by four Dominican Sisters, they nursed the sick soldiers for a year and then returned to Nashville to Hospital No. 14.

Later Sister Seraphine McGrane accompanied Sisters Louise Barron, Ambrosia Schwartz, Euphrasia Mc-

Gary, Basilia Applegate, Laurence Donaher, and Gonzaga Sheehan to Gallipolis, where the soldiers, wounded in skirmishes, had been sent. The hospital unit consisted of tents in a cornfield. After the battles of Winchester and Lynchburg, the sick and mangled were sent thither, but it took fourteen days to reach the place. The misery and suffering were unparalleled. Doctor Stone was the physician. In the Gallipolis band was Sister Euphrasia McGary, who nursed a soldier from Philadelphia. He had been very severely wounded and was too ill even to speak. As strength returned he noticed the ministrations of the Sisters and said to his comrades: "I never saw such disinterested charity." Later he called the Sister to his bedside and told her that he would like to learn something of the Catholic religion, for, "if its teachings make the Sisters what they are, it must be good."

Sister Constantia Dolin went to Nashville on March 19, 1863. Father Tracey accompanied her and the other Sisters. There were four hospitals and Sisters Louise Barron and Constantia Dolin were placed in Hospital No. 1, an old cotton factory on College Hill.

The Sisters of Nazareth had preceded the Cincinnati Sisters, for their journey and ministrations lay farther South. Sisters Anthony O'Connell, Laurence Donaher, Gabriella Crowe, and Dominica Lavan were in a hospital which had been a young ladies' boarding school. The Sisters, like the soldiers in those days, were ever ready for the command: "On, March!" Twice they had gone to Cumberland. On every journey they were attended by a priest or physician, often by both. Doctor Blackman, the famous surgeon of old Saint John's, accompanied

them to the Battlefield of Pittsburg Landing. After the battle, the Sisters journeyed up the river with the wounded who were able to be carried on flat-boats.

The Sisters' services were extended to, and far beyond Appamattox, and like the soldiers in the field, the hardships of war had reduced their ranks, and completely shattered the health of many of these Daughters of Mother Seton.

On December 8, 1897, the Feast of the Immaculate Mother, Sister Anthony O'Connell, died in her eighty-sixth year, having worn the religious habit of a Sister of Charity for sixty-three years. Synchronizing her departure with the soft and sweet harmony of the convent bell announcing the evening Angelus, the "Angel of the Battlefield" answered the call of the God of Battles. This happy co-incidence brought consolation to the Irish hearts about her, as there is an Irish legend which has it that those souls which depart to the ringing of the Angelus go straight to heaven. Her death brought forth expressions of regret from many military organizations, which took formal action in manifestation of their regard for this faithful Nun. The William H. Lytle Post, Grand Army of the Republic, passed the following resolution of respect:

> *Whereas*, the venerable Sister Anthony departed this life on Wednesday afternoon, after a life of usefulness in taking care of the sick and doing boundless charity; and
>
> *Whereas*, she was one of the most active nurses during the war, doing many kind, silent acts; and
>
> *Whereas*, she will be buried from Saint Peter's Cathedral Saturday, at 9 o'clock; therefore be it
>
> *Resolved*, That in order to show our gratitude and affection

for her and appreciation of her services as an Army nurse, we attend her funeral and invite all other posts to participate with us.

"In the Cathedral," according to the *Cincinnati Commercial,* "the temple of the religion she loved and worked and prayed for, two veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, bearing aloft flags of their country draped in somber black, stood sentinels at the bier. There was the procession of prelates and priests and companies of Sisters of Charity instead of the rank and file of soldiery; there were the embroidered robes and black habits in place of the Blue and the Gray; there were candles instead of camp fires; there was the chime of bells and the chanting of the choir instead of the call of trumpets and the beat of drums; there was the organ pealing instead of the musketry roll; there was the fragrance of incense instead of the smoke of the battlefield; there was the counting of beads instead of the binding of wounds; there was the bier and the sable pall instead of the hospital stretcher; there were the whispered prayers of two thousand people on bended knees for the repose of the soul of Sister Anthony. The morning light streamed dimly and softly through the stained-glass windows, and electric lights took the place of the stars in heaven's blue canopy, but it was the bivouac of the dead. The ministering angel to soldiers, the comfort of widows and orphans, come to do her honor, were soldiers, orphans, and widows; those who had been poor and sick and unfortunate, her greatest care in life."

Far up on the Ohio, on a beautiful plateau and in a grove of birches and evergreens is the grave of Sister

Anthony O'Connell. Within this "Cloister of the Dead" are the graves of thirty-six of her thirty-seven war companions. Sister Ann Joseph Hughes, one of the heroines of a burning hospital ship, is still living in her ninety-seventh year, the only veteran left to light the Annual Campfire at the Mount.

In the following list we give the name in religion, as well as the family name and birthplace of each Sister whose honorable discharge papers are carefully protected by the Sister Archivist of Mount St. Joseph-on-Ohio:

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Anthony O'Connell (Superior)	Ireland
Sister Basilia Applegate	Pennsylvania
Sister Augusta Barron	Ireland
Sister Louise Barron	Ireland
Sister Etienne Bonner	Ireland
Sister DeSales Brady	Ireland
Sister Cephas Bray	Massachusetts
Sister Benedicta Cain	Ireland
Sister Clotilda Cain	Ireland
Sister Magdalen Cooper	Ohio
Sister Gabriella Crowe	Ireland
Sister Cleophas Cummins	Ireland
Sister Winifred Cummins	Ireland
Sister Constantia Dolan	Ireland
Sister Laurence Donaher	Ireland
Sister Clement Doyle	Ireland
Sister Philomena Erwin	Ireland
Sister Theodosia Farran	Ireland
Sister Stanislaus Ferris	Kentucky
Sister Mary Garvin	Ireland
Sister Jane Garvin	Ireland
Sister Sophia Gillmeyer	Ireland
Sister Alphonsa Gordon	Ireland
Mother Josephine Harvey	New York
Sister Beatrice Hastings	Ireland
Sister Ann Joseph Hughes (living)	Ohio
Sister Bernardine King	Ireland

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Dominica Lavan	Ireland
Sister Mary Ignatia Mulcahy	Ireland
Sister Ann Cecilia McDonald	Ohio
Sister Euphrasia McGary	Ireland
Sister Seraphine McGrane	Ireland
Sister Eugenia McMullen	Ireland
Sister Camilla O'Mara	Ireland
Sister Agnes Phillips	Ireland
Sister Veronica Phillips	Ireland
Sister Ambrosia Schwartz	Ohio
Sister Gonzaga Sheehan	Ireland

The influence of these gentlewomen lives on, and even from their humble cloistral graves, it will continue to be felt, and their memory held in sanctified veneration by those capable of appreciating high ideals.

To each of those patient self-effacing Sisters we may again apply Griffin's eulogy:

Behold her ye worldly, behold her ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasures your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise;
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,
Ye fireside philanthropists great at the pen,
How stand in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of this high-born maid?

CHAPTER IV

Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul, Emmitsburg, Maryland

"AN angel furnished the designs, the scribe copied." This was the exclamation of Giraldus Cambrensis when he first saw the "Book of the Gospels," familiary known as the "Book of Kildare." This document was inscribed by Saint Brigid in the renowned scriptorium of Cill Dara.

According to Cambrensis, the Welsh sage of the Twelfth Century, nothing that he had ever seen was comparable to this wondrous "Book of Kildare." Each page was illuminated and in it there seemed to be set jewels, rich and rare. Small wonder that Gerald Barry assumed the book to have been written night after night as Saint Brigid prayed.

The Chronicler, while sure of her heart's warmest devotion to all that relates to the Sister war-nurses, is also deeply conscious of the fact that no ordinary pen can portray the spiritual beauty and practical charity of their lives, and, therefore, longs for the use of the sanctified quill of "Mary of the Gael." For how else could one relate, even in small part, the war activities of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Joseph's in the Valley of Emmitsburg, Maryland?

The Daughters of Saint Vincent de Paul, since their

inception, have followed in the wake of wars. They have been found on many foreign battlefields, commingling their blood with the blood of those they came to succor.

Within a few days after the official declaration of the Civil War, the Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg were in charge of two large military hospitals in Richmond. Many other hospitals were soon established in the war zone, and were quickly filled with the sick and wounded for whom the Emmitsburg Nuns stood at the post of duty in the gap of death.

In these hospitals, hundreds of which were tents, widely separated, the Sisters of Charity served the patients of the two armies with a devotion and a trained ability that won for them the commendation of high officials in the Federal and Confederate Armies.

According to incomplete Civil War data, Emmitsburg's generous quota of nurses numbered two hundred and thirty-two Sisters, of whom only two Sisters are still living. After years of careful research, the writer has abundant reason to believe that at least a similar number of these Nuns, in response to emergency calls from officials in the Northern and Southern armies, went into the hospital service from the Mother House at Emmitsburg, and from many other convents. Their names, in the haste of departure, were not entered upon the community records. The Nuns had no ambition for earthly honors, but their hearts ached in sympathy for the bruised and bleeding, the sick and dying of "a house divided against itself."

The following extract is from a letter written to the chronicler, in 1918, by the late Mother Margaret O'Keefe, Superior of Saint Joseph's Convent, Emmitsburg. "The

enclosed names of our Sister nurses are all that could be gathered. Our records make mention of the number of Sisters who left Emmitsburg at different times, but the names have not been written in the archives. The Sisters often went out in large groups in response to emergency calls from various sections, and while in the service, they frequently changed from one camp to another. This may, in part, account for the missing names."

Another excerpt, dated September 26, 1925, one of the many graciously contributed by the present Mother Superior of the Emmitsburg Community, is of historical value.

"The list," writes Mother Paula Dunn, "is not as complete as one would wish. The names of all the Sisters who nursed the soldiers during the Civil War are not given in the accounts we have. We do know that two hundred and twenty Sisters were sent to the different ambulances. The names we give are those we obtained from various authentic sources."

These Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul nursed with equal compassion, the officer and the private, the rich and poor, the native and foreign born, the Jew and Gentile, the white man and the Negro, above and below the line of separation. We find them on the floating hospital ships and transports, in the tent and field and permanent hospitals, and even in the isolated camps reserved for contagious cases, and in the military prisons. In the treatment of the insane, these Sisters were very successful; a department in which they had received special training. In the busy ambulances and the hospital trains they attended the men who were journeying

with the army, or from one battlefield hospital to another. To the dejected in the over-crowded military prisons, who, in their dark despondency had groaned in agony and had turned their faces to the wall, these Nuns seemed like angels in human form.

On September 6th, 1900, during the sessions attending the organization of the Spanish War Nurses' Association, Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey related the following incident which is of historic importance:

"During the Civil War," said the speaker, "it was the privilege and happiness of my dear mother, Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, to lay before President Lincoln the offer of the Rev. Mother Ann Simeon, Superior of the Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg. On being asked when they could start for the front, he was told they could start in an hour; whereupon Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, sent a telegram and more than two hundred of them left immediately for Virginia by as many routes as led into the line of battle, for they had the double privilege of serving not only in the hospital but on the firing line. My brother-in-law, Major Robert Langdon Eastman, was with his regiment at White House Landing at the time of their arrival, and writing home he said: 'News came that the old transport was bringing Sisters to nurse the sick and wounded, and when the whistle sounded off the wharf hundreds rushed to the shore lining the banks, as a band of gentle, devoted women stepped ashore, their white bonnets waving like the wings of pigeons, a laneway opened through the crowd and as they marched to the ambulances, hats flew off and words of welcome and blessing filled the air; and as they drove to the various

camp hospitals an enormous cheer went up that brought the enemy to alert watchfulness, thinking, as they said afterward, that we had received news of a great victory, or that some new campaign movement was begun.'

"This is but one of a thousand incidents, and was a happy introduction to the grim five years during which these Sisters of Charity and their associate Sister nurses of eleven other religious orders followed the red line of death and anguish from the Gulf to the Lakes, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi."

In his appeal to Congress for a tangible expression of a Nation's gratitude to the Sister-nurses of 1861-65, the Honorable Ambrose Kennedy of Rhode Island in his tribute to all the Nuns of the Battlefield, mentioned in detail, the labors of the Charity Nuns, of the White Cornette. "Out amidst the mountain scenery in one of the most beautiful portions of Maryland," said he" there stands the Central House of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul, about half a mile south of the village of Emmitsburg. A log house on the mountain side was the original home of this benevolent community. From here, the Sisters began their work of charity half a century before the outbreak of the Civil War. Little did Mother Seton, the foundress of this institution then realize that within that neighborhood would one day be fought the bloodiest battle in American history. Little too, did she realize that the Sisters of this community were destined during the progress of that battle and afterwards to give to the world one of the grandest exemplifications of Christian heroism ever displayed on this continent.

"The village of Emmitsburg is but ten miles distant from the memorable battlefield of Gettysburg, the scene of the great military drama which marked the turning point of the Civil War. History records the fact that more than 140,000 men were engaged in that sanguinary struggle. In the three days of fighting 2,834 Union soldiers were killed and 14,492 were wounded. On the Confederate side 5,500 were killed and 25,500 were wounded.

"On the Sunday morning after the third day, Reverend James Francis Burlando, accompanied by a group of Sisters, left Emmitsburg to go through the rain-drenched and mud-clogged roads which led to the scenes of carnage. After great difficulty they arrived. Never did human eyes behold such a spectacle! Soldiers, slain or half dead, lay before them, groaning in ghastly heaps, some calling for aid and others gasping alongside hundreds of breathless steeds, whose nostrils no longer scented the grimy smoke of battle. Here, among these ruins of life, thousands of guns, side arms, wheels, projectiles, and all sorts of military accoutrements were promiscuously scattered. Into the midst of these grim ravages of war went these noble messengers of peace and charity, with hardly an inch of ground to step on, and helped to pick up the wounded and carry them to farm wagons which had been requisitioned as ambulances."

Around this field of blood and desolation, according to an eye witness, "the White Cornette of the Sisters of Charity fluttered like Angels' wings. At one place a Sister administering a cordial, at another, her companion, whispering the Holy Name in the ear of a man whose life was fast slipping away. Seated upon a low stump of a

shattered tree, was a valiant young Nun, known in Religion as Sister Petronilla Breen, who was hurriedly preparing the compresses necessary to staunch the flow of bullet-spilt blood. To supply a shortage of bandages these 'Angels of Gettysburg' removed many of their own garments, which were quickly torn into strips and applied to the bodies of bruised and broken and bleeding men."

The companion to Sister Petronilla in this tragic hour, was the gentle-born Sister Juliana Chatard, sister by blood to the late well-beloved Rt. Rev. Francis S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Indianapolis, Indiana.

The following scene was copied from the war diary of Sister Emerito Quinlan and presents the scene which confronted her one Sunday morning as the Nuns rose to go to Holy Mass. "Saturday evening," wrote Sister, "the quiet solitude had been broken only by the timid call of the night birds and rustling weave of the wind through the trees. Now, what had been a blanket of clover and wild flowers was a city of tents—an army was encamped at the gates.

"General De Trobriant, one of the commanders, was a Catholic and took care to place guards about the Sisters' property. One Nun approached a guard and said: 'Would you like something to eat?' The soldier's face shone, 'Reckon I would, ma'am, but I can't unless the General gives permission.'

"The good Sister speedily obtained the required permission. Squad after squad of soldiers—men and mere boys—came to the convent kitchen and dispatched amazing quantities of real bread and real coffee. Their gratitude was expressed, not so much by the 'Thank you,

ma'am, 'Thank you, Sister,' as by the honest smile that mellowed their gaunt faces.

"A day came, and a sudden order was given to strike tents and march to Gettysburg. In fifteen minutes it was done, and Saint Joseph's Valley relapsed into quiet. Father Gandolfo, the chaplain, coming out early to say Mass, unaware of the departure of the Northern Army, he was stopped by Confederate pickets. 'But,' protested the good Father, not knowing his men, 'I am going to say my Mass at St. Joseph's Convent. We have General Meade at our house.' This profession of loyalty was not likely to advance his cause much; however, a few more words straightened matters and the soldiers discovered they might meet many a worse friend than good Father Gandolfo. The country now changed hands for a little time, and the Southern Gray swept round St. Joseph's, not in large force, but detachments of cavalry and scouts."

The Chaplain of the Emmitsburg community wrote to Father Etienne, his Superior General, under the date of July 8, 1863: "At a distance of six miles we were stopped by a barricade, and at about 360 yards there was another to intercept all communication. At this second one was stationed a company of Federal soldiers who perceived us from afar. I descended from the carriage and raising a white handkerchief, advanced to the second barricade, and announced the purpose of our errand. Immediately several soldiers were sent to open the way, and our two vehicles continued their route without danger. At some distance, we found ourselves again in face of another barricade, which compelled us to make a long detour. Behold us at last upon the scene of combat!

What a frightful spectacle! Some ruins of burned houses, the dead of both armies lying here and there, numbers of dead horses, thousands of guns, swords, vehicles, wheels, projectiles of all dimensions, coverings, hats, habiliments of all color covered the fields and the roads. We were obliged to make circuits in order to keep from passing over dead bodies. Our horses were terrified, recoiled, or sprang from one side to the other. The further we advanced, the more abundant were the evidences presented to our eyes of a terrible conflict, and tears could not be restrained in the presence of these objects of horror. At last we halted in the village of Gettysburg. There was found a good portion of the Federal Army in possession of the field of battle. All the streets and roads around the town were crowded with soldiers, horses and carriages, wagons or artillery. All was in confusion; each house, each temple, the Court House, the Protestant Seminary were filled with wounded; and still there were many thousands upon the field of battle; it was impossible to attend to all. I placed two of our Sisters in each of the largest improvised hospitals, I heard some confessions and then returned to Saint Joseph's.

"Very early the next day I started with more Sisters and reinforcement of provisions. Meanwhile, supplies had been sent by the Government. Many Sisters are employed in this town transformed into a hospital to solace and relieve suffering humanity.

"The Sisters were also placed in charge of the Methodist Church Hospital, by the medical authorities, and during a prolonged period of service they received from the members of the congregation and lay nurses the greatest

courtesy and assistance. The Sanitary Commission was also very prompt and generous in filling each requisition for supplies made by the Nuns."

The historic Catholic Church of Saint Francis Xavier was hurriedly transformed into a military hospital whose walls re-echoed the moans of the battle-scarred soldiers of the armies of Meade and Lee. The bodies of these brave men covered nearly every available spot on the floor, in the nave, and in the gallery of the church, while stretched on every pew was some victim of the mailed fist of war.

Even the sanctuary became a refuge for the suffering, and the little flickering light, which still burned, cast its soft gleams upon the upturned, pallid faces, distorted with anguish, of many upon whom the icy hand of death had laid its finger. The vestibule of the church was used as a surgical room, in which the White Cornettes were seen hovering over this pitiful scene.

In all sections of the church, these skillful nurses, picking their steps along the blood-coated boards of the overcrowded floors, bound up the bleeding wounds, moistened the parched lips, and from their own great hearts poured faith and courage into the souls of soldier patients passing into eternity.

"Under the roof of Saint Xavier's," said Archbishop Canevin, "thousands of non-Catholics were given abundant proof that the Roman Catholic Church was not the sworn enemy of free institutions; that the Sisters of the Church are kind, earnest, hardworking, useful and devoted women in the service of Him, whose doctrine is that we should love one another."

A quotation from *"Battle Reminiscences,"* by Colonel

H. S. Huidelkoper, graphically describes the heroic work of the Nuns: "I do not know just when the devoted Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg came to the aid of the wounded in the Catholic Church, but it was probably Saturday, the third of July, while the battle was still raging. Oh, how tender and welcome were their services to the poor suffering boys, to whom a gentle hand was everything in their wretchedness! They were constant in their work and devotion to the wounded."

According to conservative estimates there were in the town of Emmitsburg 113 hospitals. Many private homes were transformed into relief stations. To reduce the congestion, thousands who were able to make the journey were taken in train loads to Satterlee Hospital, West Philadelphia, and to the care of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace and her brave companions, composed of ninety Religious, who, with an unfaltering devotion, alleviated the sufferings and sorrows of fifty thousand Union and Confederate soldiers.

No narrative of the labors of these Sisters at Satterlee Hospital could be more edifying than the journal kept by Sister Gonzaga which appeared in December, 1897, in the records of the American Catholic Historical Society, edited by the late Miss Sarah Trainor Smith, and reproduced by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly in her "Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace."

"The work of these Sisters began in the hospitals June 10, 1862, as a result of a requisition made for Sisters of Charity by Surgeon General Hammond. The hospital grounds covered an area of fifteen acres. The buildings, when completed, contained thirty-three wards, each ac-

commodating seventy-five patients. On August 16, 1862, over 1500 soldiers were brought in, most of them from the Battle of Bull Run.

"Besides the usual maladies to be found in such an institution there were a number of cases of smallpox, and the patients afflicted with this disease were removed to the smallpox hospital several miles from the city. But, in the course of a short time, the surgeon in charge obtained permission to keep the smallpox cases in the camp some little distance from the hospital. Accordingly, an order was issued, much to the joy and gratification of the patients who were afflicted with this contagious disease. During a period of seven months there were ninety cases of smallpox, and all of them, including the number removed, as well as the number allowed to remain near the camp, were entirely under the care of the Sisters.

"From June 9, 1862, until August 3, 1863, ninety-one Sisters had been on duty at Satterlee. Though the war was over in April, 1865, the Sisters remained at the request of the physicians until the hospital was finally abandoned. In the three and a quarter years that were spent by the Sisters in this institution, uniform harmony prevailed; not a single discordant note ever sounded to mar the concord and co-operation among the officers, the physicians, and the Sisters."

With the advancing years many names of Sisters who silently and uncomplaingly solaced the stricken soldiers in the Satterlee Hospital have been lost to history. Fortunately, ninety-three names have been found among "the fragments that remain."

Sister Gonzaga is resting within the shadows of "Old

Saint Mary's Church" in Philadelphia. Among the patriot companions of this great war nurse who are interred in the consecrated soil of Saint Mary's Cemetery, we may mention Commodore John Barry, of County Wexford, the Father of the American Navy; General Stephen Moylan, of Revolutionary fame, brother to the Catholic Bishop of Cork; the Dublin-born Thomas Fitz-Simons, Signer of the Constitution of the United States; and the Irish-born grandfather of General George Gordon Meade of Gettysburg fame.

From the archives of Emmitsburg we learn that in the early days of the Civil War, the City of Washington, through its hospitals, established shelter for the soldiers brought in thousands from the various battles and skirmishes in the vicinity. Among these was the Lincoln General Hospital. Doctor Lindsley, Assistant Surgeon of the United Army, was the executive officer of this vast institution which consisted in part of thirty large buildings, uniform in size. In addition to this, there were many smaller structures and hundreds of tents scattered over the fields. The isolated camps for contagious cases, in which the Sisters of the White Cornette also served as nurses, were built in the distance, away from the administration buildings.

Thirty volunteers from Saint Joseph's Valley, each holding an executive position, were distributed among the different buildings. Upon their first tour of the hospital, the Sisters found every ward filled with soldiers brought directly from many battle grounds. The Nuns were almost overwhelmed at the sight of this flood of misery which they wished to alleviate.

In one ward lay many men who were in an emaciated condition from hunger, forced marches, and other hardships of war. Out of this multitude of badly wounded only a small percentage had all their limbs. Some died en route from the battlefield and many others breathed their last during their removal from the ambulance to the ward, and yet many more answered the final command during the lonely hours of this, their first night, in "The Lincoln." Here, on beds and cots, or on their blankets on the floor, were men, young and elderly and men of middle age, representing many nations and speaking many tongues, their wasted bodies only partially covered with tattered rags, often adhering to, or embedded in the painful wounds.

During the night of which we write, there were eight deaths, and from the "Annals of the Lincoln" we learn, "that as many as thirty were in the charnel house at one time awaiting burial." Thousands recovered sufficiently to return to their regiments; others, absolutely unfit for further duty, returned home, each patient carrying in his heart the kindest feelings for the Sisters of Charity.

Sister Helen Ryan, who was, according to the Chief Surgeon, "great of heart and noble of mind," served as Superior of this hospital. She brought to the work an expert knowledge of nursing acquired during long years of service in medical and surgical wards of charity hospitals of renown.

Associated with Sister Helen were twenty-nine other Sister-nurses. Of this band of thirty who labored unceasingly, the Surgeon-in-Chief of the Lincoln Hospital expressed his deep appreciation in these words: "The

Sisters of Charity lessened the labors of the physicians and surgeons by their humane and sympathetic labors for the welfare of thousands of suffering human beings committed to their care."

President Lincoln was a frequent visitor at the hospital which bore his honored name, and a warm welcome was always extended to the man who was, indeed, "heavily laden." Mrs. Lincoln, in the stately carriage of the period, often arrived at the hospital, and according to Sister Mary Ellen Reardon, who only recently died in the Sisters' Home for Destitute Catholic Children in Boston, Mass., "The First Lady in the Land never came with empty hands. Many of the delicacies which Mrs. Lincoln brought to Sister Helen Ryan for distribution to the patients had been taken from the pantries of the White House."

During the long and perilous years of the war several pathetic incidents occurred in the lives of these faithful Sisters of Charity, many of whom, without complaint, gave up their lives in the service of others.

At this moment arises a vision of the young Sister Consolata Conlon, who, in her early womanhood, earned the martyr's crown.

This is the story as it is found in the records at Emmitsburg: "On June 16, 1862, the Surgeon General at Washington wrote to Emmitsburg asking that one hundred Sisters be sent to White House, Virginia, then in possession of the Northern forces. So many Sisters were already among the war-stricken districts that it was impossible to send the number requested. However, within a few days, sixty Sisters sailed from Baltimore to the

hospital encampment at White House, which was at that time caring for many thousands of sick and wounded Federal soldiers and Confederate prisoners brought there from various battlefields.

"General McClellan, who was at that time Chief in Command of the Union Army expressed his joy over their arrival and issued orders 'that every possible care and attention be extended to the Sisters of Charity.'

Through the Sisters' skill, the mental as well as the physical condition of the suffering men improved, and the immense hospital reservation assumed a more sanitary, and more comfortable aspect.

The quiet of this isolated hospital was disturbed one day by the announcement that the Southern Army was approaching. Hurriedly the sick, wounded and dying men were assembled in a place of safety and the work of transportation began, and continued for several weeks.

"When men, Sisters, provisions, horses, etc., were on board," wrote Sister Euphrasia Mattingly in her diary, "we were more like sinking than sailing. Here, misery was in control and its victims testified to its power by the thousand-toned moans of bitter woes. The Sisters were directed to accompany their soldier patients on the hospital boats to the various cities where other military hospitals were situated."

Here the Sisters shared with their patients every horror, but that of feeling their bodily pains. They were in the lower cabin, the ceiling low, and lighted day and night by lamps, or candles, the men lying on the floor, with only space for the Sisters to stand or kneel between them.

Sister Consolata was placed in charge of this lower ward, and was so persevering in her zealous, untiring attentions, that even the doctor declared that he knew not how "human nature could endure or support such duties." But Charity was to the Sister's energies what the oil of the lamp was to her vision and self was forgotten.

Late in July, 1862, Sister Consolata was one of twenty-six Sisters who sailed from Baltimore to another military encampment, this time at Point Lookout, at the southern extremity of Maryland. Here, and with the same spirit which characterized her labors in other hospitals, the Nun, fused mind and head and hand into an effort to mitigate the sufferings of the soldiers. The young Sister was assigned to night duty. Many a time, and long after midnight, Sister Consolata was often the solitary figure kneeling beside the death bed of some soldier where, with humility and earnestness, she consigned the departing soul to God's infinite mercy.

Sister's youth—she was not yet twenty—and her great strength, finally yielded to the prolonged strain of her heavy and long service, in the fetid atmosphere of the crowded hospital boats.

"Typhoid fever contracted on the transport" was the sad statement made by the physicians to the soldiers when Sister's illness was discovered. Within a few days this heroic "Nun of the Battlefield" was released from all her cares, and she closed her eyes in death as a tired child might fall asleep in the arms of a loving father. Military honors were accorded this youthful martyr. The highest

officials in the encampment served as bearers of the rude coffin which contained the precious remains of the soldiers' friend and nurse.

There in the southern extremity of the "Land of Mary," and in the company of hundreds of soldier dead who had been buried without shroud or coffin, they placed the war-worn Sister of Charity. The solemn silence of the early hour was broken by the low tones of the Chaplain's voice as he read the committal service—and by the suppressed sobs of her bereaved Sisters in religion. Over Sister's grave taps was sounded, a military salute given, and as a finale, the military band played, "Jerusalem, My Happy Home," one of Mother Seton's own compositions.

On the register of the dead at Saint Joseph's, the following simple entry was made—Sister Mary Consolata Conlon—born in East Boston, Massachusetts, November 17, 1842, entered the community March 29, 1861, died at Point Lookout, Maryland, July 30, 1862. After the war, the remains of Sister Consolata were exhumed and taken to Washington, D. C., where they were placed at rest in the Sisters' enclosure in Calvary Cemetery.

The reverence which the soldiers felt for the Sisters, and the gratitude which they treasured in their hearts for these devoted nurses, often found manifestation, during, and even long after the end of the war. And out of a long and impressive list of noteworthy events, we have selected the following which had its source at the battle of Fredericksburg, or Marye's Heights, on December 13, 1862.

"Marye's Heights," the veterans tell us, "was crowned by a solid stone wall four feet high, which sheltered the Southern Army. In the assault, Meagher's Irish troops

especially distinguished themselves leaving two-thirds of their number on the field of action."

The *London Times* correspondent, who watched the battle from the heights, speaking of their desperate valor, said: "Never at Fontenoy, Albura, nor at Waterloo, was more undaunted courage displayed by the Sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. That any mortal man could have carried the position, defended as it was, seems idle to believe. But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty-eight yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battlefields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Heights, on the 13th day of December, 1862."

One of the most pathetic episodes of Marye's Heights relates to the devotion of a Sister of Charity from Emmitsburg, in caring for a wounded soldier who had been carried from the battlefield to one of the many hospitals in charge of the nuns. Thomas Trahey, of Detroit, a member of Company H, Sixteenth Michigan Volunteers, had fought valiantly in many engagements. At last he was struck down and carried, dangerously wounded to the emergency hospital. As he tossed and moaned the kind soothing hand of Sister Louise lay upon his forehead. Her nursing, and more, her solicitude, was in great measure responsible for his cure. Sound and well, he was sent home.

But the memory of the Nun who had fought the grave

for him remained in his thoughts. He must go to her and convey his gratitude. Where to find her? He wrote to the Motherhouse. A sad reply came. Sister Louise, a French-Canadian by birth, who had been known in the world as Regina La Croix, had died two years after the war and was buried in St. Louis. Thither the veteran made annual pilgrimage, and today, on the grave of this one of many hero-nuns, one may see the unique cross erected on her grave by the soldier whose life she had saved.

The following reference to the Sisters of Charity is from the pen of Father Corby, C.S.C., the immortal Chaplain of the 88th New York Volunteers, Meagher's Irish Brigade, who, under the shot and shell of rival armies at Gettysburg gave absolution to brave men facing death, and like Thomas Trahey was stricken during the battle of Fredericksburg: "To members of this order I am personally indebted. When prostrate with camp fever, insensible for nearly three days, my life was entrusted in their care. Like guardian angels these Daughters of St. Vincent watched every symptom of the fever and by their skill and care I was soon able to return to my post of duty."

In the closing years of the war the Rev. George W. Pepper, a Methodist clergyman, eulogized these Sister nurses: "The war has brought out one result—it has shown that numbers of the weaker sex, though born to wealth and luxury, are ready to renounce every comfort and brave every hardship, that they may minister to the suffering, tend the wounded in their agony, and soothe the last struggles of the dying. God bless the Sisters of

DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY

Charity in their heroic mission! I had almost said their heroic martyrdom! And I might have said it, for I do think that in walking those long lines of sick beds, in giving themselves to all the ghastly duties of the hospital, they were doing a harder task than was allotted to many who mounted the scaffold or dared the stake."

The names of some of the Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul of Emmitsburg, Maryland, who served as nurses on the battlefield and in the hospitals in the town of Gettysburg are incorporated in the list which follows:

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary Ann Simeon Norris	Charles Co., Maryland
Sister Mary Gertrude Balfe	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Petronilla Breen	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Catherine Chrismer	Emmitsburg, Maryland
Sister Mary Matilda Coskery	Frederick, Maryland
Sister Mary Genevieve Dodthage	Sear, Hanover
Sister Mary Adele Durm	New Bervan, Germany
Sister Mary Farrell	Co. Kildare, Ireland
Sister Mary Anastasia Felix	Reading, Pa.
Sister Mary Aloysia Daley	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Serena Klemkiewiez	Washington, D. C.
Sister Mary Loretta Mullery	St. Louis, Mo.
Sister Mary Joseph Murphy	Co. Wexford, Ireland
Sister Mary Victorine Petry	Irenes, Sarlonis
Sister Mary Gabriella Rigney	Kings Co., Ireland
Sister Mary David Salamon (living)	Alsace, France
Sister Mary Ameliana Schroeder	Germany
Sister Mary Elizabeth Schroeder	Prussia
Sister Mary Anselm Shaw	England
Sister Mary Raphael Smith	Opelousa, La.
Sister Mary Oswald Spalding	Prince George Co., Maryland
Sister Mary Ann Steckel	Baden, Germany
Sister Mary Angela Walsh	Co. Down, Ireland
Sister Mary Genevieve McDonough	London, England
Sister Mary Annie McShane	Co. Tyrone, Ireland
Sister Mary Camilla O'Keefe	Co. Cork, Ireland

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

Of the Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul of Emmitsburg, Maryland, who formed a part of the Ambulance Corps, and who served on land and on water in the South and in the North, the following are the names which shall shine forever in the history of the Catholic Church:

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Philip Barry	Georgetown, D. C.
Sister Mary Donata Bell	New Orleans, La.
Sister Mary Euphenia Blenkinsop	Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Susanna Brandel	Germany
Sister Mary Martha Bridgman	Martinsburg, W. Va.
Sister Mary Thomas Bridgman	Jefferson Co., Va.
Sister Mary Amie Butterly	Donaldsonville, La.
Sister Mary Margaret Carr	Co. Roscommon, Ireland
Sister Mary Laura Carroll	Williamstown, Ireland
Sister Mary Henrietta Casey	Co. Limerick, Ireland
Sister Mary Marie Louise Caulfield	Co. Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Juliana Chatard	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Matilda Comstock	Donaldsonville, La.
Sister Mary Consolata Conlon	East Boston, Mass.
Sister Mary Mary Cummiskey	Co. Monaghan, Ireland
Sister Mary Felicita D'Aunoy	Louisiana
Sister Mary Agatha Devlin	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary John Douglass	Co. Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Baptista Dowds	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Vincent Doyle	Co. Kildare, Ireland
Sister Mary Catharine Driscoll	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Vincent Fleming	Co. Clare, Ireland
Sister Mary Marianna Flynn	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Walburga Gehring	Bavaria, Germany
Sister Mary Dorothia Hanigan	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Rosalie Harrington	New York
Sister Mary Teresa Healy	Boston, Mass.
Sister Mary Angela Heath	Edonton, N. Carolina
Sister Mary Aloysius Daley	Co. Donegal, Ireland
Sister Mary Angelica Halloran	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Aloysia Kane	Co. Wexford, Ireland
Sister Mary Frances Karrer	Switzerland
Sister Mary Mary Agnes Kelly	Hagerstown, Maryland

DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Maria Landry	Donaldsonville, La.
Sister Mary Valentine Latourandais	Baltimore, Md.
Sister Mary Michaella Laurent	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Ellen Leddy	New York
Sister Mary Vincentia Leddy	Detroit, Mich.
Sister Mary Remi Lee	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Teresa Maxent	Co. Armagh, Ireland
Sister Mary Louise Le Gros	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Mary Thomas Maynes	Co. Armagh, Ireland
Sister Mary Frances Meakin	London, England
Sister Mary Ambrosia Morrisette	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Rose Mullin	Co. Tyrone, Ireland
Sister Mary Aloysia Morgan	St. Mary's Co., Maryland
Sister Mary Geraldine Murphy	Lynchburg, Va.
Sister Mary Mary Ann McAteer	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Ambrosia McDevitt (living)	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Clotilde McIlhenny	Glasgow, Scotland
Sister Mary Beata McFaul	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Eulalia McKenna	Co. Tyrone, Ireland
Sister Mary Clotilda McSweeney	Co. Kerry, Ireland
Sister Mary Thomas McSwiggin	Co. Tyrone, Ireland
Sister Mary Rose Noylan	Castlebar, Ireland
Sister Mary Madeline O'Brien	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Mary Joseph O'Brien	Co. Wicklow, Ireland
Sister Mary Ann Louise O'Connell	Co. Limerick, Ireland
Sister Mary Georgiana O'Connor	Albany, N. Y.
Sister Mary Eustolia O'Donnell	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Florence O'Hare	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Mary O'Neil	Queens Co., Ireland
Sister Mary Leontine Poirer	St. James Parish, La.
Sister Mary Urbana Pole	Carroll Co., Maryland
Sister Mary Emerito Quinlan	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Rosina Quinn	Emmitsburg, Maryland
Sister Mary Simeon Quinn	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Alexia Raynice	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Catharine Rectanwald	Buffalo, N. Y.
Sister Mary Aloysia Reed	Co. Cavan, Ireland
Sister Mary Ellen Relihan	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Stanislaus Roche	Co. Waterford, Ireland
Sister Mary Mary Romer	Baumberg, Germany
Sister Mary Blanche Rooney	Ireland
Sister Mary Elizabeth Rooney	Ireland

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Marcelline Salamon	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Philomena Scholl	Germany
Sister Mary Vincent Shea	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Elizabeth Sheil	Co. Westmeath, Ireland
Sister Mary Agnes Slavin	Co. Donegal, Ireland
Sister Mary Francis Smith	Co. Cavan, Ireland
Sister Mary Regina Smith	Grant Coteau, Maryland
Sister Mary Josephine Swope	Taneytown, Maryland
Sister Mary Appolonia Tiernan	Co. Westmeath, Ireland
Sister Mary Clara Trigant	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Joanna Turley	Co. Waterford, Ireland
Sister Mary Catherine Ulrich	Germany

The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul of Emmitsburg, Maryland, who served at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.:

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Helen Ryan, Superior	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary Rosalie Bouligney	New Orleans, La.
Sister Mary Petronilla Breen	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Loretta O'Connell	Co. Kerry, Ireland
Sister Mary Marie Cosgrove	Kings County, Ireland
Sister Mary Ammia Dougherty	Co. Armagh, Ireland
Sister Mary Joseph Doughterty	Pittsburg, Pa.
Sister Mary Amelia Duffy	Co. Westmeath, Ireland
Sister Mary Genevieve Emers	Illinois
Sister Mary Henrietta Forestall	Co. Carlow, Ireland
Sister Mary Elizabeth Frass	Longforden, Germany
Sister Mary Aloysia Freckert	Pittsburg, Pa.
Sister Mary Genevieve Garvey	Co. Roscommon, Ireland
Sister Mary Annie Gately	Co. Roscommon, Ireland
Sister Mary Martha Grant	Co. Down, Ireland
Sister Mary Alphonsus Groell	New York
Sister Mary Sienna Harty	Co. Clare, Ireland
Sister Mary Maria Kenny	Co. Waterford, Ireland
Sister Mary Alphonso Kortzman	Prussia
Sister Mary Stanislaus Mahoney	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Fidelis Manning	St. Louis, Missouri
Sister Mary Clara Maloney	Co. Clare, Ireland
Sister Mary Francis Mullin	St. Louis, Missouri
Sister Mary Loretta Mullery	St. Louis, Missouri

DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Urban McNeill	St. Louis, Missouri
Sister Mary Lucina Oliver	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Clotilda O'Neill	Co. Tyrone, Ireland
Sister Mary Leontine Pfaff	Germany
Sister Mary Mary Ellen Reardon	Co. Tipperary, Ireland

The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul of Emmitsburg, who nursed the Soldiers in Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace (Superior)	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Clestine Adelsburga	Loretta Co., Pa.
Sister Mary Adeline Byrne	Co. Kerry, Ireland
Sister Maria Boniface	Luxemburg, Germany
Sister Mary Rosalie Bouligney	New Orleans, La.
Sister Mary Petronilla Breen	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Genevieve Cavanaugh	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Louise Collins	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary Philippa Connolly	Co. Down, Ireland
Sister Mary de Chantal Costello	Little York, Pa.
Sister Mary Mary Cremen	Little York, Pa.
Sister Mary Joseph Cummin	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Aloysia Daley	Co. Donegal, Ireland
Sister Mary Amelia Davis	Germantown, Pa.
Sister Mary Alice Delahunty	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary Amie Dougherty	Co. Armagh, Ireland
Sister Mary Ann Joseph Dougherty	Pittsburg, Pa.
Sister Mary Eliza Dougherty	Huntington, Pa.
Sister Mary Jane Douglas	Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Josephine Edelin	Newport, Maryland
Sister Mary Bernard Farrell	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary Bernardine Farrell	Co. Waterford, Ireland
Sister Mary Marcella Finnigan	Co. Louth, Ireland
Sister Mary Julia Fitzgerald	Washington, D. C.
Sister Mary Generosa Foley	Co. Kildare, Ireland
Sister Mary Vincent Foster	Alton, Illinois
Sister Mary Elizabeth Freze	Germany
Sister Mary Josephine Gamel	Germany
Sister Mary Genevieve Garvey	Co. Roscommon, Ireland
Sister Mary Francis Griffin	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Cecilia Groell	New York

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Magdalen Groell	New York
Sister Mary Cecilia Harty	Co. Waterford, Ireland
Sister Mary Edna Heney	Albany, New York
Sister Mary Margaret Hepp	Germany
Sister Mary Mary Harmer	Co. Carlow, Ireland
Sister Mary Laurentia Kane	Co. Wexford, Ireland
Sister Mary Josephine Kelleher	Co. Kerry, Ireland
Sister Mary Gabriel Kraft	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Eloise LaCroix	Chatain, Canada
Sister Mary Martha Lynch	Co. Westmeath, Ireland
Sister Mary Angela Mahoney	Georgetown, Maryland
Sister Mary Neri Mathews	New York City
Sister Mary Alex Merceret	France
Sister Mary Bernard Moore	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Martha Moran	Co. Limerick, Ireland
Sister Mary Stella Moran	Co. Cavan, Ireland
Sister Mary Marie Mulkern	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Euphrasia Mattingly	Allegheny Co., Maryland
Sister Mary Alphonsa McBride	Pittsburg, Pa.
Sister Mary Gabriella McCarthy	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Irene McCourt	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Clementine McCaffrey	Co. Fermanagh, Ireland
Sister Mary Agnes McDermott	Co. Roscommon, Ireland
Sister Mary Francis McDonald	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Cornelia McDonnell	Williamsburg, N. Y.
Sister Mary Loretta McGee	Ireland
Sister Mary Clare McGerard	Co. Antrim, Ireland
Sister Mary Teresa McKenna	New York City
Sister Mary Alphonsa McNichols	Derry, Ireland
Sister Mary Catharine McQuaid	Co. Wicklow, Ireland
Sister Mary Felix McQuaid	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Maria Noonan	C. Longford, Ireland
Sister Mary Anastasia O'Donnell	Co. Donegal, Ireland
Sister Mary Deonysia O'Keefe	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Annie O'Leary	Co. Kerry, Ireland
Sister Mary Sylveria O'Neill	Co. Tyrone, Ireland
Sister Mary Felicita Puls	Germany
Sister Mary Angeline Reilly	Co. Westmeath, Ireland
Sister Mary Ann Teresa Roche	Co. Waterford, Ireland
Sister Mary Severina Relihan	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Onesime Rosenthal	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister Mary Dolores Smith	Co. Down, Ireland

DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Vincent Saudners	Charles Co., Maryland
Sister Mary Joseph Sinnott	Co. Wexford, Ireland
Sister Mary Ann Mary Shaughnessy	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Julia Sheehan	Co. Kerry, Ireland
Sister Mary Martina Tragesser	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Eleanor Tyler	Vermont
Sister Mary Pacificia Ulrich	Germany
Sister Mary Augustine Valentine	Germany
Sister Mary Xavier Van Drome	Belgium
Sister Mary Vincenta Waltzing	Belgium
Sister Mary Agnes Weaver	Washington, D. C.
Sister Mary Clotilda Welty	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Henrietta Wise	York Co., Pa.
Sister Mary Euphrasia Wittenanes	Baltimore, Maryland
Sister Mary Delphine Wivelle	Germany

Of the two hundred and thirty-two Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul—Nuns of the Battlefield—whose names have been rescued from the soil of oblivion, there are only two surviving Soldier-Sisters; these are Sister Mary Ambrosia McDevitt, who will soon observe her ninety-fourth birthday, and Sister Mary David Salamon, who is, to use Sister David's words, "only ninety-three."

In addition to the two survivors of the Emmitsburg Community, there are still with us the following aged veterans, "Gentle Doves of the Church," whose average age is ninety-two years. They are:

Sister M. Paula Casey, Sister of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind.
Sister M. Ignatius Farley, Sister of St. Joseph, Wheeling, W. Va.
Sister M. Ann Joseph Hughes, Sister of Charity.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
Sister M. Anselm Jennings, Sister of St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Phila.
Sister M. Lauretta Maher, Sister of Charity.....Nazareth, Ky.
Sister M. Madeline O'Donnell, Sister of Mercy, Mt. Mercy, Baltimore.
Sister M. Bernard O'Kane, Sister of Mercy, Mount Mercy, Baltimore.
Sister M. de Sales O'Neill, Sister of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind.

When the war was at an end, the Sisters of Charity remained on duty until they were released by the authorities. Then, and with military precision, the Nuns resumed the work from which the war summoned them. These duties included, in part, service in their many foundling asylums, orphanages, deaf-mute institutions, Negro schools, training schools, grade schools, academies, colleges, hospitals, insane asylums, homes for the aged, and even to this day, and to the veterans' delight, the Nuns of the White Cornette are on duty at the Government Soldiers' Home, at the National Capital.

CHAPTER V

Sisters of Saint Dominic, Springfield, Kentucky

WITH the halo of a century surrounding its brilliant history, and in the midst of verdant hills which shelter Sienna Vale, a garden spot in the Blue Grass Section of fertile Kentucky, stands the historic Saint Catharine's Convent, the Mother House of the Dominican Sisters in the United States. Its patron Saint is Catharine of Sienna, one of the most illustrious women of the fourteenth century, whose name takes rank with the great rulers of Europe, while Saint Rose Hill, crowned by a Dominican Church and Priory casts its sheltering shadows on the "Valley beautiful" in which, like Killarney, "Angels fold their wings and rest."

When, in 1806, the Dominican Friars established the Order of Saint Dominic in the forests of Kentucky, they gave a distinct proof of their Americanism by placing their infant institutions under the patronage of the Dominican Saint Rose of Lima, the "Rose of America," the first native American to be honored with canonization.

The seclusion of this seat of holiness and learning was seriously disturbed when, on October 8th, 1862, Generals Bragg and Buell "crossed swords" at Perryville, where a desperate battle was fought almost at the door of Saint Catharine's Convent. Even before the battle of Perry-

ville, "General Bragg and his Confederate soldiers camped along the creek in front of Saint Catharine's and a little later, the same site became the camping ground for General Buell and his northern troops; while in the Guest House of St. Catharine's, which was successively used as headquarters by opposing officers, many plans of attack and defense were discussed."

The distinguished historian, Anna C. Minogue, from whom we shall frequently quote in this chapter has written: "Well the Sisters of Saint Catharine realized that they were as safe with an army encamped around them as when alone, since that army was made up of their countrymen, and though their hearts were bowed by grief, they were untouched by fear, as the armies of the Blue and the Gray thundered past their convent, or stopped if necessity demanded." Again the same gifted annalist says: "We who in our own day and on our own continent as well as in Europe, have beheld the infamous treatment of religious communities, especially of women, have received from soldiers of war, may well be proud of the fact that never were American arms disgraced by men of the North or the South making war upon women." It is a recorded fact that "not once during the long years of strife did Dominican Sisters of Kentucky receive the slightest offence from any soldier. The men realized that the Sisters were their own countrywomen who were expending their lives in the service of others, with charity as their beacon light."

The story is still told of an awful night before the battle when a raider, while encamped near Springfield, sent out his men to Saint Catharine's to commandeer the

pride of the stables, thoroughbreds, of the superb quality which made Kentucky then, as well as now, the envy of the nation. The horses had been removed from their stables. The Sisters were silent. To their praise, be it written, the young ladies, students at St. Catharine's, with the spirit and the blood of "Old Kentucky" in their hearts, threw down the gauntlet, and commanded the unwelcome visitors to return to the stables the confiscated property of the Nuns, stating that it "required little courage to attack women and children." Southern chivalry capitulated. The command was obeyed. Then the Sisters invited the soldiers to supper, and the horses were saved.

At another time, Morgan and his men in rapid pursuit passed the door of Saint Catharine's and again in hot retreat. General Sherman, on his march through Kentucky, with his staff were guests at Saint Catharine's, and during their brief visit, refreshments were served by the Sisters. The half-famished Texas Rangers were also made welcome at Saint Catharine's. They brought their flour and other provisions and respectfully asked permission to "cook one good meal." The permission to use the academy kitchen was heartily given, and the Sisters' own pantry provided delicacies which gave to the soldiers' substantial dinner a "touch of home." Texas need never blush for the conduct, that day, of "the Rangers of the Lone Star State."

Perryville! Let us pause a moment in which to observe critically its geographical position in the heart of Kentucky's war district. Lying in the line of march for contending armies, Kentucky became the highway

for the men of the South, who questioned the sincerity of her profession of neutrality; while the North doubted the loyalty of the "Blue Grass State." Alternate victories drove her people across the Ohio and Big Sandy rivers on the Northern boundary, while at other times with defeated armies, Kentuckians were rushed over its Southern line, and Saint Catharine's Cloister felt the sorrows and the ravages of each encounter.

In the midst of this desolation, the Dominican Sisters quietly yet firmly remained at their post of duty which was certainly the post of danger. "Their armor was Love, their guerdon, Charity." Strong men, seasoned soldiers, wondered at this fearlessness, which had its source in a devotion founded on the Sisters' love of God and a compassion for bruised human beings, "forlorn ones" for whose sake centuries ago there was endured the loneliness of a Gethsemane.

In the archives of Saint Catharine's we find only a brief and modest reference to the services rendered by the Sisters before, during, and long after the battle of Perryville, while only ten short lines have been given to the story of their all night duty on the "Plain of Death" when the blaze from the cannon cast an unearthly glimmer on the upturned faces of the prostrate heroes of the two armies.

A veteran has told this story: "The Dominican Sisters who came to the battlefield of Perryville under the protection of Bragg's troops walked through this field as if they were invulnerable, and had a charmed life. Along the lines they went on the muddy, blood-slipping ground, giving to one lad a drink of cold water, which a Nun had

carried in a bucket from a distant spring; to another, a kindly word; stopping again to move the head of a man, sick unto death, out of the roadside and, therefore, in great danger of being trampled upon by some terrified and rampant war horse; here binding up a gaping wound; there administering a stimulant to a fainting man who had just been carried from the surgeons' field hospital; again helping to lift soldiers from the debris into a nearby shed, in which heaps of hay, already saturated by mingled streams of the blood of the North and the South, made a temporary couch for the high officer and the little drummer boy, while from trembling lips there arose that awful night a prayer of thanksgiving to God for having implanted such devotion in human hearts."

It was a time which demanded executive ability as well as sympathy, and both were found in abundance in Saint Catharine's quiet convent, which was hastily transformed into a military hospital. Early in the combat, the Sisters' and students' large dormitories, with their rows of snowy white beds, the long corridors, the class and recreation rooms, were filled with the men who had been carried from the field of strife in every kind of available farm vehicle which served as crude ambulances.

Long after the midnight hour of that memorable October 8th, 1862, wagon loads of bruised and shattered heroes were still being brought to Saint Catharine's, where many Sisters were on duty receiving the soldiers, while others remained for additional service on the battlefield, helping to lift the sick and wounded upon the wagons.

When each rumbling cart had its full quota for the convent hospital, the last seat was reserved for a Domin-

ican Sister who sat there, the embodiment of Mercy. At the convent, the iron strength which seemed miraculous was again called upon, and, when, under obedience, a few Sisters at a time retired for brief rest, their bed was the floor, and their pillows, bags filled with leaves.

Edward Henry Hobson, a Kentuckian by birth and a veteran of the Mexican War commanded a brigade at Perryville, and many of his officers and men were among those "forlorn ones" taken from the death-swept field where at night they were discovered prostrate on the battle ground by the light of a lantern or the brighter glow of a pine torch held aloft in the hand of a Nun.

Many soldiers of the two armies died in Saint Catharine's convent hospital, comforted by the prayers of the devoted Sisters. It was a principle of the Sisters not to obtrude their religion upon their patients and yet, many a careless lad influenced by the holy lives of the Nuns who served with a mother's love and a sister's tenderness, and absolutely without thought of earthly recompense, reverently held the crucifix of the Sister's beads to his dying lips, and closed his eyes in death, softly repeating Sister's prayers. In the dim lantern-light of the battlefield or the dull glow of the hospital lamp or candle, we can also distinguish the Dominican Fathers of the Saint Rose Monastery as they too moved to and fro to alleviate the distress of the soldiers of the two armies.

In death the remains of the soldiers who breathed their last on the battlefield, or in the shelter of the Sisters' hospital, were respectfully, if hastily, prepared for burial, and with impartial charity were laid at rest in the "Soldiers' Circle" in the old Cemetery of Lebanon, Kentucky.

SISTERS OF SAINT DOMINIC

The horrors of Perryville did not intimidate the Dominican heroines, or quench the fire of Christian charity which filled to overflowing the hearts of the Daughters of Saint Dominic, whose pity for the wounded knew no boundary lines, and whose angelic ministrations on the battlefield were bestowed with equal zeal upon the soldiers under the command of the Confederate General Bragg and of his opponent, General Buell.

Their Academy, closed to pupils at the time, was opened to the service of the armies. Food, shelter and first-aid were given to hundreds, perhaps thousands, as the armies camped for rest and safety on the Sisters' own farming grounds. Everything the Sisters possessed was at the disposal of the soldiers. The Academy dining halls were thrown open to the officers and leaders, while the Sisters served the famished soldiers reclining on the Academy lawns. Their words were suited to every sufferer, conversing about home, the wife and the children he was soon to see again, encouragement being offered to each and all.

These few incidents are memory fragments from the wonder war stories told by pioneer Sisters to younger members of their Community, and transferred by the junior Sisters to the writer.

The "Roll of Honor" represents only some of the names of the white robed "Nuns of the Battlefield" who served God, the nation and their countrymen during, and long after, the Battle of Perryville, and who, incidentally, placed a new jewel in the crown of the "Saint of the Rosary" their own Saint Dominic.

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Teresa Caho	Kentucky
Sister Mary Cecilia Carey	Wisconsin
Sister Mary Clement	Kentucky
Sister Mary Rachel Conway	Canada
Sister Mary Francois Coppe	France
Sister Mary Magdalen Edelen	Kentucky
Sister Mary Rose Fennelly	Kentucky
Sister Mary Francis Kennedy	New York
Sister Mary Catharine Kidwell	Kentucky
Sister Mary Angela Lynch	Ohio
Sister Mary Agnes Maguire	Ireland
Sister Mary Josephine Meagher	Ireland
Sister Mary Aquin Montgomery	Kentucky
Sister Mary Imelda Montgomery	Kentucky
Sister Mary Vallina Montgomery	Kentucky
Sister Mary Ann O'Brien	Tennessee
Sister Mary Regina O'Meara	Ireland
Sister Mary Margaret Queen	Kentucky
Sister Mary Benven Rumph	Washington, D. C.
Sister Mary Augusta Thomas	Kentucky
Sister Mary Columba Walsh	Ireland
Sister Mary Helen Whelan	Kentucky
Sister Mary Thomas Wight	Kentucky
Sister Mary Catharine Young	Kentucky

CHAPTER VI

Sisters of Saint Dominic, Memphis, Tennessee

WHILE war with its tragedies was wringing the hearts of valiant, yet gentle Dominicans in Kentucky, their Sisters in Memphis, all of whom had made their vows in Saint Catharine's, the Mother House in Sienna Vale, were also feeling the burdens of the hour, and bravely they stood the test.

Sister Margaret Hamilton, O.S.D., the Archivist, has spoken very modestly about the hospital services rendered by her Sister Dominicans of Memphis. Sister said in substance:

"On June 8th, 1861, Tennessee seceded from the Union, and Memphis was recognized as a strong point and became a military center and the headquarters of Major-General Pillow, Commander of Tennessee. By Kentucky remaining neutral it was evident that this state would be one of the fields of action.

The Confederate victory at the Battle of Manassas, July 21st, 1861, followed by the report of another Northern defeat at Belmont, Missouri, became a source of great rejoicing in the City of Memphis. The rejoicings were greatly reduced by the sad letters which followed, and the official reports giving the number of the dead and wounded. Hospital boats were quickly equipped and sent up the river from Memphis, and returned loaded with

sick and wounded men. The battle of Belmont, fought on November 7th, 1861, was in the region of Memphis. The death roll of the Memphis Regiments, the 2nd, 21st and 154th Tennesse, was heavy. This loss of their own flesh and blood brought great grief to the people."

The soldiers were immediately taken to the hospital of the Southern Mothers in the Irving Block or to the City Hospital on the corner of Main and Poplar Streets, where the Auditorium now stands.

At the request of the Right Reverend Bishop Whelan, Bishop of Nashville, who had offered his Cathedral for hospital purposes, the Sisters from Saint Agnes' Convent took charge of the City Hospital. Mother Ann Hanlon and a corps of Sister-nurses assumed the charge of this vast institution, which the Sisters soon discovered was in great need of supplies. This condition was at once corrected. An appeal was made through the daily papers for contributions, to which Southern hearts responded at once by generous donations of money, furniture, food and other necessaries. Out of this abundance the sick and wounded of the two armies, and many Federal prisoners, were the beneficiaries. In addition to the kind and efficient nursing of the Sisters, they were now in a position to give to the men the nourishment prescribed by the physicians. Many of the soldiers had never seen a Sister before coming to the hospital. They soon began to recognize their nurses as their devoted friends. The local press of the day made this statement: "The soldiers receive the best medical attention and the kindest and most efficient nursing. The conduct of the soldiers has been, without exception, a manifestation of gratitude for service

and high appreciation of the motives of those engaged in the work of mercy. It is most pleasing to see the trust and confidence they place in the Dominicans. Even the roughest and hardest faces soften into child-like simplicity and eagerness as the white-robed Nun approaches."

Again the Annals tell us: "When Nashville was taken the State Government was moved to Memphis. The State Legislature was convened here and preparations made for the defence of the State and City. After the battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, train loads of soldiers were brought to Memphis and a full quota of these sick, disheartened and wounded men found shelter, repose and consecrated service in the City Hospital directed by the Daughters of Saint Dominic."

In this group of valiant Sisters, none was more zealous than Sister Mary Alberta Rumph who was sister by blood to Sister Mary Benven Rumph—one of the heroines of the battlefield of Perryville. One evening the all too familiar "more wounded" was heard. Sister Alberta at this time was in charge of the emergency ward. At once, Sister responded to the call to find among those in immediate need of surgical care her younger brother. Obedience, however, called Sister to another cot and to another soldier. The Nun was seen to pause only an instant. She loved her own. Then, lifting her eyes as if in prayer as she pressed her crucifix to her lips, there was no more hesitation. Sister knelt beside the cot and was soon busily, and tenderly, laving the wounds of the mangled and mutilated stranger, her brother's foe at Shiloh, to whose bleeding and emaciated body frozen garments were still clinging.

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

From *"War and Weather,"* written in 1890, by Edward Powers, Civil Engineer in the war service, who was an eye witness to the sufferings of Shiloh, we quote the following: "And to add to the horrors of the scene, the elements of Heaven marshaled their forces, a fitting accompaniment to the tempest of human devastation and passion that was raging. A cold, drizzling rain commenced about nightfall and soon came harder and faster that turned to pitiless, blinding, hail. The storm raged with unrelenting violence for three hours. I passed long wagon trains filled with wounded and dying soldiers without even a blanket to shield them from the driving sleet and hail which fell in stones as large as partridge eggs until it lay on the ground two inches deep."

Archbishop Martin John Spalding said of the Dominicans: "They did much and wrote little." This is a matter of regret to the historical student. We do know, however, that after Shiloh the work of the Sisters was doubled and trebled; all of the Sisters who could be spared from Saint Agnes' Convent, and many secular ladies were pressed into service for relief of the wounded soldiers.

The dreadful front of war was fast drawing nearer to Memphis. For several weeks in May, 1862, the deep bellowing of the big guns of the Federal mortar fleet could be counted by the citizens through the night; then on the morning of June 6th, 1862, the war cloud burst in uncontrolled fury over Memphis. Again, the overcrowded ambulances arrived at the gates of the Sisters' Hospital, where the Dominicans faithfully and well, served the soldiers and sailors of the two armies.

SISTERS OF SAINT DOMINIC

General W. T. Sherman came to control the city on July 24th, 1862, and pitched his tents in Saint Agnes' grounds, just east of the convent. He often assured the Sisters that the North was not making war on women, much less on the Sisters. Mrs. Sherman was an alumna of the Dominican Academy of Somerset, Ohio, while her adopted sister and classmate was Sister Mary Aloysius O'Neill, one of the founders of San Raphael Dominican Convent in California.

The Sisters of Saint Agnes' were permitted to visit the Federal Hospital and the many hospital homes of Memphis where the Federal soldiers were being cared for, and to whom the Dominicans extended a double sympathy which included the compassion for a sick man, who was also a lonely and discouraged prisoner of war.

The following are the names of the Dominican Sisters of Memphis who voluntarily tendered their services to the military authorities, and with self-sacrificing zeal comforted the stricken soldiers of the Blue and the Gray when war laid its heavy hand upon Tennessee:

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Louise Cain	Springfield, Ky.
Sister Mary Magdalen Clark	New York
Sister Mary Francis Conlon	Kentucky
Sister Mary Pius Fitzpatrick	Ireland
Sister Mary Rosalie Gonzague	Paris, France
Sister Mary Ann Hanlon	Ireland
Sister Mary Bernard Madigan	Kentucky
Sister Mary Joseph McKernan	Indianapolis, Ind.
Sister Mary Magdalen McKernan	Indianapolis, Ind.
Sister Mary Vincent Nicholas	France
Sister Mary Thomas O'Meara	Ireland
Sister Mary Veronica Ray	Ohio

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Alberta Rumph	Washington, D. C.
Sister Mary Ann Simpson	Kentucky
Sister Mary Imelda Spangler	Germany
Sister Mary Josephine Whelan	Kentucky

The work of the Nuns, however, was not finished in 1865. The yellow-fever scourge visited Memphis, and the Dominican martyr-roll was opened. On September 14th, 1873, the fever was again pronounced an epidemic in Memphis, and additional names were engraved on the Dominican Martyrology. The years 1878-1879 claimed a death-toll of twelve Dominicans. Among these was Sister Imelda Spangler, a fearless battlefield Nun of Tennessee.

During these epidemics of Memphis, this noble veteran of the War between the States, flooded many a sick chamber with the glory of her life. With her Sister-Martyrs, twelve apostles of Charity, they went down before the reaper Death like ripened chaff.

During these tragic years the North, in its prosperity, was royal in its sympathy and in its generosity born of brotherly love for the South.

Again we quote from the Dominican historian of Saint Agnes': "It was while Father Ryan, the beloved poet of the South, was stationed at Knoxville, Tennessee, that the news of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox reached him. His love for the South, in whose cause he served as Chaplain in the Confederate Army, and for which his brother, Captain David Ryan, died on the field of honor, coupled with the utter hopelessness of the Cause he so dearly loved bore so heavily upon him that he was

deeply moved and much excited. Retiring early to his room he walked the floor all night. When morn at last dawned he fell upon a lounge and was soon sleeping as only a weary person could. Upon his writing desk were found the lines of *'The Conquered Banner,'* the gem that could only be wrought by a human mind subject to the agony of such sorrow as was his."

Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy;
For it droops above the dead.

Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

There is a tradition that the manuscript of this Epic of the South became one of many treasures cherished by the Dominicans of Memphis who were among the most devoted friends of the poet-priest.

But how differently Father Ryan wrote when the great heart of the North went out in sympathy towards the South in its dire affliction during the awful visitation of the yellow fever, when death reaped a rich harvest in Memphis and elsewhere, and a sorrow-stricken land was once more buried in ruin and desolation. It was then, indeed, that Father Ryan and all good men beheld the whole North coming to the rescue of the afflicted South with intense and sublime admiration. He then saw for certain the rainbow of peace span the heavens; and though his section was wailing under the hand of affliction, he yet took down his harp, which for years had hung on the

weeping willows of his much-loved South, and, with renewed vigor and strength of heart, again touched its chords and drew forth in rich tones and glorious melodies, his *"Reunited."*

The great heart of Father Ryan, the "Soldier, Poet-Priest of the South," was touched. *"The Conquered Banner"* was written in his heart's blood, while *"Reunited"* was a hymn of gratitude, in the chanting of which, Love was reinstated upon her throne and under her sceptre the line of division vanished forever.

No hand might clasp from land to land—
Yea—there was one to bridge the tide;
For at the touch of Mercy's hand,
The North and South stood side by side;
The Bride of Snow, the Bride of Sun,
In Charity's espousals, were made one.

CHAPTER VII

Sisters of Saint Dominic, Springfield, Illinois

WHEN the Civil War was history, and the Sister war-nurses who had served on the battlefields and hospitals were evidently forgotten, six Nuns were sent from Saint Catharine's, the Dominican Mother House in Kentucky, to Jacksonville, Illinois, there to establish a Dominican foundation. This was Lincoln County. "The six veterans selected for this Northern mission were among the choicest flowers in the garden of Saint Catharine's, and included Sister Mary Rachel Conway, Sister Mary Osanna Rowell, Sister Mary Cecilia Carey, Sister Mary Agnes Maguire and Sister Mary Benven Rumph, whose sister by blood, known in religion as Sister Mary Alberta Rumph, we have met in the Memphis Hospital to which her wounded brother had been carried. The Superior of this distinguished group was Mother Mary Josephine Meagher only recently deceased (January 12th, 1925). In Saint Catharine's it was recently stated upon authority that 'we may well believe that Sister Josephine, who was always a leader in good works, was the first among the Sisters to reach the battlefield of Perryville.' "

The Honorable James M. Graham in his *"History of the Dominicans of Illinois,"* to which source we are indebted for valuable data, has written: "These Sisters had

proved their courage on more than one occasion. They had nursed the sick and wounded and the dying soldiers at Saint Catharine's, Kentucky, where their academy was converted into a military hospital during the Civil War. They had scraped lint and made bandages, and bound the wounds of those who fell at Perryville, Kentucky, not far from their convent home."

In writing the names of Mother Josephine Meagher and Sister Rachel Conway a vision arises before the mind's eye of an illustrious group, in which, in distinct relief, we see President U. S. Grant, Vice-President Henry Wilson, former Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, and many other notables representing all sections of this nation, who have assembled in tens of thousands in the Capital of Illinois. General William Tecumseh Sherman and the veterans of his command—the Army of the Tennessee—are also in the picture. In the midst of these illustrious men, in the inner circle between President Grant and General Sherman is seen the Rev. P. J. Macken, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of Our Saviour, Jacksonville, Illinois, his clerical black making a contrast to the gorgeous uniforms of the officers who surround him. By a happy coincidence this informal gathering met within sight of Camp Yates, which was named in honor of the Illinois War Governor, from whom President Grant had received his first command in the Civil War. Graham says, "It was from Camp Yates that Colonel Grant marched at the head of a single regiment, on that march which led eventually to the command of all the armies of the Union and finally to victory and peace at Appomattox" where, without bravado, Grant modestly

received and at once returned the sword of the chivalrous Robert E. Lee. In the distance and towering above the vast multitude, and against a clear October sky, is seen the monument to Abraham Lincoln, erected by the American people to the memory of the "Nation's Martyred Chief," in whose great heart there was "charity for all, and malice towards none." Notwithstanding the gathering twilight, the silken Star-Spangled Banners, which enveloped the bronze figure of Lincoln, may still be discerned. This is the eve of October 15th, 1874, the day set apart for the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Lincoln Monument, at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois. Long before this memorable hour, President Grant had requested that the honor of unveiling the statue of Lincoln should be conferred upon two members of some Religious Sisterhood, as a token of gratitude for the faithful and self-sacrificing services of all the "Nuns of the Battlefield." Under his command many hundreds of Sisters-nurses of twelve religious orders, including twenty distinct communities, had served with distinction upon the land and floating hospitals, in the prisons, and in the death-swept pest houses from the beginning to the close of the Civil War. He was also personally familiar with the story of the fearlessness and impartiality the Nuns had displayed on the blood soaked field, and this when the battle was at its worst. We may well believe that in addition to this knowledge, Grant was also well aware that while the plaudits were given to many not more worthy than the Nuns, the Sisters' story was

buried in the soil of ingratitude, and Grant, "the American," Grant "the Just," had evidently decided, that, at last, and by the highest official in the land, and the ranking officer in the Union Army, and in the presence of their illustrious dead Commander-in-Chief, a rare distinction should be paid to the entire body of the Catholic Sister-war-nurses.

During the war, Grant was very close to Lincoln and knew that upon many occasions, by the spoken as well as the written word, the immortal war President had borne testimony to his high regard for the Sister-nurses of the long and gigantic struggle.

The following excerpt is from the *Chicago Tribune,* October 16th, 1874: "In the general conversation, the Committee on Arrangements reported that the Sisterhood in the immediate vicinity was cloistered and had declined the honor of unveiling the monument.

"There was real consternation manifested at this announcement, but General Sherman, as in the war, was equal to the occasion. His memory went back to the days of campaign in Kentucky and to the appalling scenes in Memphis where the Sisters of Saint Dominic had ministered to the wounded and dying soldiers of his command, and, he exclaimed, 'If I had my Sisters of Saint Dominic near they would not disappoint me.' The Rev. P. J. Macken, who happened to be within hearing, said: 'Why, I have Sisters of Saint Dominic from Kentucky teaching in my school, but they are in Jacksonville. I am sure they would come with the permission of the Right Reverend Bishop Baltes.' 'Where is the Bishop?' asked

President Grant. 'We'll get the permission. Sherman, order a special train while I wire the Bishop.' In a short time President Grant received a telegram from Bishop Baltes, authorizing Sister Josephine Meagher, the Superior of Saint Patrick's School, Jacksonville, Illinois, to take a companion and depart at once for Springfield, Illinois, where, in compliance with the President's request, they should unveil the statue at the tomb of Lincoln."

From the Dominican archives of Illinois, preserved in Sacred Heart Academy, Springfield, we quote the following: "The Rev. P. M. Burke, arrived in Jacksonville about six o'clock on the morning of October 15th, Unveiling Day, bearing the Bishop's telegram directing the Sisters to respond to the President's invitation to unveil the statue. The Sisters were at morning devotions in their chapel when Father Burke arrived. One can imagine the surprise, but the President's invitation and the Bishop's permission left no room for discussion or indecision. They must respond. Sister Rachel, being the eldest Sister in the little Community, and a Sister-war-nurse from Kentucky, was selected by Sister Josephine to be her companion on this historic occasion." In a very old-fashioned one-horse carriage, which was waiting at the door of the Sisters' tiny four-room brick cottage, the journey to the station was made, where the "President's special car" was in readiness to convey to Springfield the guests of President Grant, the two modest Dominican Nuns, who were to represent all the "Nuns of the Battlefield" of the War of 1861-65.

Here again, we shall quote from the *Chicago Tribune,* October 16th, 1874: "In the procession which began moving at ten o'clock, and which preceded the ceremonies, the President, with the attendant generals dressed in full regalia, occupied the first carriage, while the second bore the unveilers whose humble, though peerless, black and white garb formed a contrast to those about them. So great and so dense was the mass of people that it was necessary for the military to clear a space through the crowd to enable them to reach the monument, where upon its concourse the two Sisters occupied seats of honor near President Grant, at the base of the obelisk against which stood the Statue of Lincoln.

"President Lincoln's native state, Kentucky, was well represented. Ex-Governor John M. Palmer, a native of Kentucky, was Master of Ceremonies; Governor Richard J. Oglesby, a native of Kentucky, was the orator of the day. The music with which the ceremonies opened was furnished by the band from Newport, Kentucky; and last, but by no means least, the unveiling was done by Mother Josephine and Sister Rachel, two of the Dominican Nuns, two battlefield Nuns, who had only recently come to Illinois from Old Saint Catharine's in Sienna Vale, near Springfield, Kentucky, not far from where the Lincolns lived."

In the *"Life of Lincoln,"* by John Carroll Powell, the address of Governor Oglesby is given in full, and from it in order to get the context, we quote the concluding paragraph, the last six words, "Behold the image of the Man," being the agreed signal to pull the unveiling silken cords: "And now, by the authority and under the direc-

tion of the National Lincoln Monument Association, in the presence of this vast assemblage who bear testimony to the fact, and under the gracious favor of Almighty God, I dedicate this monument of the obscure boy, the honest man, the illustrious statesman, the great liberator, and the Martyr President, Abraham Lincoln, and to the keeping of time. 'Behold the image of the Man.'" As the closing words fell from the speaker's lips, the silken cords were released and the silken banners parted and fell in soft folds into the outstretched hands of the two "Nuns of the Battlefield." "In the applause that followed, the Sisters slipped away and were taken back to Jacksonville where we find them next morning at their respective stations, Mother Josephine managing the big boys with her usual success, and Sister Rachel in the music room giving instruction in harmony."

A strange coincidence; some of Lincoln's near relatives and close friends were educated by the Dominican Sisters at St. Catharine's Academy, Springfield, Kentucky. Years after, these same Dominican Sisters in Springfield, Illinois, unveiled the monument to the memory of Lincoln, Kentucky's best beloved and most highly esteemed citizen.

On February 12th, 1809, at the time of Sister Rachel's death, the greatest celebration ever held in honor of Lincoln was being observed in Springfield to commemorate the Anniversary of the one hundred and second year of Lincoln's birth. President Taft and a large number of prominent statesmen and officials were present. Elaborate patriotic and social functions occupied three days and naturally excited the interest of old citizens in the

incident of Sister Rachel's having unveiled the statue at the tomb of Lincoln in this city. A very courteous letter was sent by a committee to Rev. Mother Josephine Meagher asking that the time of Sister Rachel's funeral be told them as they intended to show her some regard as the funeral passed the Lincoln Monument en route to Calvary Cemetery. At once, and with expressions of sincere gratitude, Mother Mary Josephine gave the desired information. By order of the authorities in charge of the Lincoln celebration, the bell at the monument tolled as the precious remains were borne past the monument to their last resting place, and a squad of honor to the Nun of the Battlefield stood at the base of the obelisk. The bell is not connected with the monument, but it is close by in the steeple of a little chapel on the Oak Ridge Cemetery grounds, and its sweet tones reverberated over Sisters' "Cloister of the Dead" in Calvary which is separated from Oak Ridge by a low hedge.

In death, Lincoln the Kentuckian, Lincoln the Commander-in-chief, and Kentucky's heroines of Perryville are not widely separated.

In June, of 1923, the Dominican Sisters of Springfield celebrated the golden jubilee of their coming to Illinois, and the silver jubilee of their alumnae.

Just fifty years before, Illinois took the little band of six Dominican Sisters by the hand and led them on to labor for the glory of God and the good of humanity.

The Sisters were barely free from the scenes of Civil War which were common in Kentucky, and Illinois was not rested from the strife of brother against brother, when she invited the Dominicans to the great white

tomb to unveil the statue of the man who loosed the shackles from the slave, Lincoln, who, be it remembered, besides being their nation's chief, was also their brother Kentuckian, though they were led to pay honor due to him by Illinois, the land of Lincoln's birth and of their adoption.

And the closing scene of their three-day celebration finds them again at the tomb of the immortal Lincoln.

An extract from the *Illinois State Journal* of that date gives the following:

"One of the incidents of the golden jubilee of the Dominican Convent was a visit to the tomb of Lincoln. In the party were scores of priests and prominent laymen of the Catholic Church.

"The Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., D.D., of Notre Dame University, with Mother Josephine Meagher and Sister Cecilia Carey, two veterans of the Battle of Perryville, placed a beautiful wreath on Lincoln's sarcophagus, Doctor Cavanaugh pronouncing these words: 'We place this wreath on the tomb of the Great Emancipator in the name of Liberty and mankind.'

"It will be remembered that this same Mother Josephine, with Sister Rachel Conway, unveiled the Statue of Lincoln at the time of its dedication, releasing the silken cords at the command of General U. S. Grant, then President."

The following announcement is copied from the *Illinois State Journal,* January 12th, 1925:

"The tolling of the convent bell on Monday afternoon, January 12th, 1925, conveyed the sad tidings that

the Angel of Death had lingered at the humble cell of the beloved Mother Josephine Meagher, and laid his fingers on her eyelids, and opened for her

'The slow door
Which, opening to let in
Let's out no more.' "

According to the Convent Chronology under date of January 12th, 1925, "Mother Josephine was born in Roscrea, County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1840, the daughter of Timothy Meagher and Ellen Ryan, and was one of four sisters and several uncles and cousins who wore, with distinction, the white habit of the Order of Saint Dominic."

Oak Ridge, where Lincoln is reposing, and Calvary where Mother Josephine is resting, adjoin, only a green hedge shows the line of demarkation.

On the death of Mother Josephine, the Board of Directors in charge of the Lincoln Monument sent a formal request to the Rev. Mother Vincent, O.S.D., Superior of the Sacred Heart Academy, Springfield, Illinois, for a portrait of Mother Josephine Meagher, her deceased kinswoman. The message stated that the officials desired to place the precious gift in the gallery of celebrities in the Memorial Hall at the south end of the monument. The request was granted and a full length portrait of Mother Josephine in the white habit of the Dominican Order occupies a particularly honorable position as the noble representatives of her active co-workers and Sisters in religion, the "Nuns of the Battlefield" of the Civil War.

CHAPTER VIII

Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis, Cincinnati, Ohio

PATRIOTISM of the finest type was the cornerstone upon which Cincinnati was founded. It was also one of the many virtues upon which a primitive settlement grew in prosperity, grace and beauty until today, she is recognized as the "Queen City of the West."

According to authentic sources, Cincinnati, whose very title suggests love of country, was named in honor of the Society of the Cincinnati, established in June, 1783, among the officers of the Continental Army, soon to be disbanded. The meeting which was called at the suggestion of General Henry Knox, was held at the headquarters of Baron Von Steuben, near Fishkill, N. Y. Washington was chosen the first president of the Society, and remained its President-General until his lamented death, December 14, 1799.

The badge of the society is a bald eagle, suspended by a dark blue ribbon with white borders, symbolizing the union of France and the United States. On the breast of the eagle is a medallion, representing Cincinnatus, at his plough, receiving the military ensigns from Roman Senators, who came to offer him the chief magistracy of Rome. Encircling the group are the words, "Omnia reliquet servare republicam" (He leaves everything to serve

the state). The beautiful jewelled emblem was presented to Washington by the French officers of the Continental Army, and is still worn at the meetings by the President-General of the society.

In 1861, when the flag of Washington was fired upon at Fort Sumter, in the harbor at Charleston, Cincinnati "gave proof through the night" that love of country was still among her predominant virtues.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, William Dennison, Governor of Ohio, sent an official statement to President Lincoln, in which he gave promise that his state would furnish an overflowing quota of the required force. Ohio's immediate response justified the prophecy of her governor.

Simultaneously with Governor Dennison's appeal, the voice of Archbishop Purcell of the great archdiocese of Cincinnati, was heard. At the risk of repetition, we shall quote his Grace, who said in part: "The President has spoken, and it is our duty to obey him as the head of the nation. Moreover, Ohio, the state in which we are, has also spoken on the subject. It is then our duty as good and loyal citizens to walk shoulder to shoulder with all our fellow citizens in support of national honor." The Catholic response was praiseworthy.

In those days of sacrifice the women of Ohio, too, knew how to serve, to suffer and be silent. With hearts wrung in an agony of grief, they concealed their natural horror of war and its consequent tragedies, and with a courage never surpassed even by Spartan women of old, they bade their nearest and dearest a tearless and brave God-speed.

SISTERS OF THE POOR OF ST. FRANCIS

While all these glorious demonstrations of loyalty to country were finding expression in the outer world, within the convents of three religious orders of women in Cincinnati, quiet preparations for war service were being made.

In one terrace of this vast city, this gorgeous amphitheatre, and in its regal setting of natural grandeur on the Ohio, there were gathered in pre-war work, the Black Cap Sisters of Charity, of distinctly American origin, whose foundress was Elizabeth Bayley Seton, illustrious daughter of Dr. Richard Bayley, first health officer of New York, who served under Washington during the Battle of Long Island with special distinction.

In the convent of Mercy, established by Sisters from Cork, in 1858, the shadows of the hour fell heavily upon the kindly Irish hearts of the Daughters of Mother McAuley, to whom the horrors of war were well known. In their former Convent home, in the "Old Head of Kinsale," members of their Community were among the heroic Sister-nurses who served with patience and ability, in the bleak hospitals of Turkey and the Crimea in 1854-56.

To these Nuns, the approaching struggle renewed a distinct, familiar and heart-breaking memory.

On a high plateau in the fair city on the Ohio, over which the war clouds were quickly gathering, there was assembled one of these three groups of Sister volunteer nurses, who wore the brown habit of the Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis, then a new foundation. This order was established in the "Old World" for the suffering poor and the neglected sick in their homes, and the

sick poor in hospital wards. In their native land, these Religious had seen misery in all its phases, and while ministering to the sick, they pursued their studies in the advanced science of nursing, specializing in the care of medical cases. Sister Antonia Goeb, only recently deceased, was also exceptionally proficient in surgical cases.

In 1861, three years after their arrival in Cincinnati, the German Sisters had mastered a knowledge of English, sufficient to enable them to do double service. And this was accomplished through hard study, often by the dim light of the night-lamp, during hours when they should have been resting, after long continued periods of hospital duty. The Sisters, however, soon had their reward in the ability to converse with their soldier patients, either in English, or in the German, their mother-tongue, as occasion required.

The Annals of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis in Cincinnati, under date of 1861-1865, contain scant reference to the valuable services given most generously to the United States government, under which the patriotic Nuns had lived less than three years, and to which they had brought their hearts' devotion.

In the Community chronicles of the Civil War, the names of only ten Sister-nurses of St. Francis are on file. In referring to their names, which, almost by some miracle, found their way to the records, the Sister archivist, has truly said to the annalist: "These are the names of some of our Sisters who were actively engaged in nursing the sick and wounded soldiers. There were, of course, many other Sisters on heavy duty in the five mili-

tary hospitals, in the orphanage, and on the hospital boat, during the trouble between the states, where many a Sister whose name does not appear on this list, devoted herself during the day, and the hours of the night, out of love of God, to the cause of our dear country."

Many old settlers of Cincinnati, including the very few surviving Civil War veterans, recall with affection the Sister-nurses of Saint Mary's Military Hospital, who, for their tender care of sick and wounded soldiers well earned, and with becoming humility, received the public approbation of physicians and surgeons of distinction.

The war echo of these testimonials reached the Sisters in October, 1861, when Doctor Blackman made an appeal to Sister Felicitas Dorst, the Provincial Superior, to send Sisters to take charge of the Marine Hospital in Cincinnati, located at the corner of Sixth and Lock Streets. In quick response to this request, the Superior appointed three trained hospital Nuns.

In early November, 1861, the religious and secular press of Cincinnati complimented the Sisters of Saint Francis upon their efficiency as nurses, and the truly Christian and impartial manner in which they conducted two large hospitals, each filled to capacity with soldier and sailor patients of many different creeds and nationalities, and whose uniforms were distinct in color.

During September, October and the early part of November, 1861, several big battles were fought in rapid succession, and additional military hospitals were needed.

Then, another official delegation waited upon the Mother Provincial, and presented a request that the same three Sisters who were responsible for the excellent system

followed in the Marine Hospital, might assume an extra responsibility, this time, to take charge of a hospital on Third Street, between Central Avenue and John Street, in the western part of the city. Because of the immense proportions of this hospital, the corps of "three Sister-nurses" was increased to seven; double the number mentioned in the Surgeon's request, and "one over, for good measure," the Superior said with a smile.

Columbus, Ohio, in those days of bloodshed also had its military Hospital, where the Sisters of Saint Francis presided, proving themselves again, in word and deed, a consolation to many a hero in the agony of death.

In the Sisters' Hospital at Columbus, there was every evidence of the liberality of Catholic and non-Catholic benefactors. This generous and substantial co-operation made the Saint Francis Hospital one of the most bounteously supplied institutions within Ohio's borders.

In 1861, there were three hospitals in Cincinnati, and one in Columbus, Ohio, under the jurisdiction of the Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis. All this, at the hands of an order established in the "Queen City" in 1858, and by a small, but zealous group of five young German Sisters, each one of whom had "put her hand to the plough, and would not look back." Four hospitals in one small area might have seemed a generous and sufficient quota to the national cause, but the Franciscans did not measure their services to suffering humanity by worldly methods, iced and scrimped.

Kentucky felt the first shock of war and Sisters' hospitals of many orders soon dotted all sections of the "Blue Grass State." Covington extended hospitality to a great

number of sick and wounded men, many of whom had fallen on Kentucky soil, as well as to hundreds of other brave soldiers of the two armies who were carried on hospital boats or trains from Southern battlefields to the comfortable wards of Saint Elizabeth's, there to receive the sanctified attention of the Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis.

To the list of five military hospitals already recorded, we must add a sixth institution, a Franciscan Sisters' Orphanage founded in Covington during the war for the children of fallen soldiers of the two armies, who found a shelter in the great hearts and in the home provided for their safety by these devoted Nuns. The little Franciscan sprig, planted only four short years ago, had grown into a great tree of many sheltering branches.

The Right Reverend Camillus P. Maes, D.D., late Bishop of Covington, Kentucky, who was familiar with the beauty and the sacrifices of the lives of Sister-nurses, has paid them the following tribute:

"Their day's work begins long before daylight; it only ends after each inmate of their hospitable homes has been provided with all the comforts which ingenious charity can invent to make the sufferers' night as painless as possible. Then the Sisters rest their weary limbs on a narrow cot of straw; and it affords them a better night's repose than many of the tenants of downy couches would deem it possible to enjoy. Even then, some of the Sisters discount the few hours of sleep to attend during the night the stricken patients. They glide like ministering angels from bed to bed, and unreasonable and petulant

as sick people are apt to be, these nurses know how to comfort all."

In the convent records, the reference to the fifth official assignment of the Sisters to hospital duty, has been condensed into a few short lines—four brief sentences. This brevity can be readily understood when we consider that the Sisters of Saint Francis had answered the call of suffering soldiers in five hospitals, and also of the bereaved children in Covington. Despite the blank pages on the Community records, these Nuns were unconsciously writing into the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, a new and glorious chapter.

In the early Spring of 1862 Doctor Blackman paid his sixth official visit to the Provincial Superior, Mother Felicitas Dorst, to whom the chief surgeon presented his plea for "very strong and particularly capable Sisters who would accompany him on the floating hospital, "The Superior," whose destination would be Southern battlefields, for the purpose of carrying to many hospitals the sick and suffering soldiers, whose condition was pitiful.

Mother Felicitas listened attentively to his request, and then without hesitation, promptly volunteered for service on the hospital ship. Time was precious so without delay Mother Felicitas selected her three co-workers. This steamer transported sick and wounded soldiers from the battlefields of the South, to the hospitals in the larger cities.

The Sisters remained on duty on the hospital transport until the end of May. Only in heaven is there a true story written of the heartbreaking sights they witnessed

during months of service on the water, while their sorrow was increased by the thought that peace was not in sight.

On June 5, 1863, when the war was at its height, the anxiety of Mother Francis, the beloved Foundress of the Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis, made her yearn to see her children in America. Always practical in her sympathies, she decided to send to America a fourth band of volunteer war-nurses, and to accompany the group in person. With four strong and willing Nuns, the journey was made across the Atlantic. They arrived at their destination, the Provincial House in Cincinnati, June 26, 1863, exactly five days before the battle of Gettysburg.

The Sisters chosen by Mother Francis to accompany her on her errand of mercy to Cincinnati were Nuns especially trained in the care of surgical cases. The selection of these experts, at this particularly tragic period of the war, seemed providential. These gentle and timid doves of the Civil War were brave as lions when there were human beings in distress.

Many a strong man, who had fearlessly faced the crash of rifles, trembled at the thought of the operating table to which he was being carried. The Nun often assisted in giving the anaesthetic, and with steady hand and clear eye served as the surgeon's first assistant. Each Sister in the surgical department had been trained in the science of self-control, and the cross with its crown of thorns and the other instruments of the Passion, embroidered in blood red on the brown scapular of her religious habit, was a constant reminder of the sorrows of Him, to Whom she had pledged by solemn vows her heart and her life.

We cite the following passage from a letter under date of July 15, 1863, to the Sisters at Aix-la-Chapelle, soon after the arrival of the foundress in America:

"The war clamor is tremendous; the stores are closed; the men are drilling all day long; the southern troops are manoeuvering within fifty or sixty miles of the city, and some time ago had advanced even closer, when Archbishop Purcell requested the prayers of our recluses, our Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The good Archbishop Purcell ascribes it to their prayers that the city was spared."

The above Nun-like letter does not give a glimpse into the actual work accomplished during the Mother's visit to the great military hospitals, in which she shared with her spiritual daughters the labor and the countless anxieties of the overcrowded wards of five military establishments.

Many interesting anecdotes relating to hospital administrations of Mother Francis are still recounted. A few hours after arrival in Cincinnati, Mother Francis was on duty in Saint Mary's Hospital, to which sick and wounded men were brought on hospital boats or trains.

Each case received that memorable evening was pathetic, but, with the trained eye of the expert, Mother Francis selected as her special and difficult charge, a young man who was carried into the ward on a stretcher, and who was enduring tortures. The poor lad, in an agony of pain and fear, begged the Mother and the physicians to leave him alone as he wished to die. It was not the first experience of Mother Francis with a despondent patient, but she knew how to proceed, and how

to win. With a spoon, a little liquid nourishment was given to the half famished soldier, and without delay Sister's long task began.

As quick to act as she was skillful at diagnosis, Mother Francis instructed the orderlies to carry her patient to a quiet alcove, at the end of the ward. Upon removing the soldier's worn shoes, his feet were found to be in a pitiful condition. A long and deep cut was found upon the upper part of the back of his neck. His hair was imbedded in the ugly wound, and closely clinging to the gash and clotted blood, was the soldier's coarse woolen army shirt.

One of Doctor Blackman's assistant physicians prepared a warm solution, filling a large basin, into which Mother Francis again and again dipped the soft sponge which she then applied to the cruel adhesion.

The long session had its reward before dawn. The woolen shirt, through the magic of Sister's skill, the softening solution, and a pair of scissors, had been cut away in pieces. Capable orderlies, under Sister's supervision, bathed the bruised body of the grateful boy. A cup of warm broth, and the lad, with a prayer of thanksgiving upon his lips fell asleep.

In the subdued light of the hospital ward, that sultry night in early July, 1863, many eyes were turned in admiration toward the dark robed figure of the quiet, humble, busy Nun, a stranger in the ward, a recent acquisition to the Sisters' hospital corps, a mature and womanly woman, who with patient hands had banished the agony of physical torture, that had threatened to un-

seat the reason of the young man. At daybreak, leaving her soldier patient in a snow-white bed, and clothed in comfortable hospital garments, the Sister, without any outward manifestation of fatigue, left the ward, crossed the corridor, and passed into the chapel to join her community in the morning prayer.

With a manner denoting respect and profound admiration, one physician asked the other if he could tell him the name of the newly appointed "night nurse." "Yes," was the reply, "the distinguished lady who has just entered the Chapel is Mother Schervier, the Foundress of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis who arrived in this city only this morning."

Had the information of the second speaker been more extensive he might have added that the modest nurse, the beloved Mother General of a great religious community, was also the godchild of Francis II, Emperor of Austria, whose name was given to the child in baptism.

Upon the death of Mother Francis in Aix-la-Chapelle, December 14, 1876, the Empress Augusta of Austria, who had repeatedly sent expressions of sympathy during the illness of Mother Francis, indicated her condolence by a cross of white immortelles, imbedded in moss. This tribute from her sovereign rested at the head of the venerated remains during the obsequies and was placed upon the coffin by Canon Count Spee, when the precious remains had been consigned to a very humble grave.

The names of the Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis have been inscribed upon the nation's records, and they will certainly be written by the recording angel of good

deeds. They were true Franciscans, whose only ambition was to wear worthily the brown habit, which denoted their kinship to their model and their patron, the gentle, the humble and the charitable Saint of Assisi.

The following is the roster of the spiritual Daughters of Mother Francis Schervier each one of whom, has long since answered the final command.

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Tobia Baur	Germany
Sister Mary Aegidia Conde	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Felicitas Dorst	Germany
Sister Mary Magdalen Feeney	Ireland
Sister Mary Antonia Goeb	Germany
Sister Mary Stylita Jergens	Germany
Sister Mary Innocentia Koch	Germany
Sister Mary Eusebia Mertens	Germany
Sister Mary Anna Oeschner	Germany

With the immortal Theodore O'Hara we may repeat:

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

CHAPTER IX

Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana

IT was "Lilac Time" that brief but blissful season when the cooing of the wild dove is heard at the dawn of day and the plaintive note of the whip-poor-will at its decline, ere yet the song birds have lapsed into their summer silence—this is the time when Notre Dame is seen at its best—and yet, in historic 1861 the lilacs bloomed, "wasted their sweetness," and faded without receiving the usual admiration bestowed upon them by those whose privilege it was to assemble "under the cedars and the stars" and the "Golden Dome" of majestic Notre Dame.

The flag of Washington had been fired upon at Fort Sumter and Holy Cross to a man—Fathers and Brothers of the Congregation—pledged anew, and with deepest reverence, their allegiance to the nation which less than a score of years before had opened wide her portals and extended the right hand of fellowship to the young, the intellectual, the zealous, and the fearless Missionary from France, the Rev. Edward Sorin and his six companions of the Holy Cross.

This cordial American welcome made possible a nucleus to the establishment and development of the Great Catholic University on the banks of Lake Madame Marie, as the Catholic Indians reverently named the

historic water nestling serenely beside its twin, Lake Saint Joseph, in the heart of the "forest primeval" in hospitable Indiana. The fealty pledged to the Union upon this memorable day did not confine itself to words. The Americanism of Holy Cross was practical—a proof, of which, was soon given when the names of seven of Notre Dame's distinguished priests (each of whom filled an important post in the young university) were recorded as volunteer chaplains at the War Department, in Washington. The extent of this sacrifice may be partially understood when one considers that the University of Notre Dame had not yet observed its nineteenth birthday and that during the cholera epidemic of 1854, twenty members of Holy Cross were laid at rest in the Sylvan Cemetery of the Community.

At Notre Dame during the spring, the summer, and early autumn of 1861, one great war activity followed another in rapid succession, while from the battlefields came alternate reports of victories and of defeats. In the midst of this calamity and in its forest home, Notre Dame was observing the feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which festival marked the preface to the new chapter in the history of Holy Cross. During the day there were many religious exercises which were concluded in the early evening by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Very Reverend Provincial, Father Edward Sorin, officiating. As a grand finale, the silver-toned bell in the church tower sent its melody over the surface of the two beautiful lakes, and there taken up in echoes by the forests fringing their borders and carried for miles in waves of harmony.

Standing in the portico of the church to enjoy the melody of this historic bell he had recently brought from France, Father Sorin was suddenly aroused from a reverie by the sound of quick steps of an approaching horse, whose rider was in uniform and, who, with military etiquette, introduced himself to the Father Superior as aide-de-camp to His Excellency, Governor Oliver Perry Morton, from whom he carried a message of importance to the President of the University of Notre Dame. The Great Seal of the State of Indiana was quickly released, and Father Sorin read the "most honorable call of the Governor of Indiana to the Sisters of the Holy Cross, requesting, upon the invitation of General Lew Wallace, the services of twelve Sisters to attend the sick, the wounded, and the dying soldiers." On the instant, Father Sorin promised for the Sisters, and again over the "cindered paths" cantered the noble thoroughbred bearing away a proud and grateful envoy.

Father Sorin, accompanied by his devoted Brother Francis Xavier, C.S.C., one of the pioneers of 1842, departed immediately for Saint Mary's taking with him the precious document. The patriotic Religious arrived at the convent as the sun in a blaze of autumnal glory was sinking to rest in the heart of the Saint Joseph River, upon the high banks of which the Sisters of the Holy Cross had only recently (1855) established their academy.

There was little time for ceremony and, therefore, in a few words, Father Sorin explained his mission. The gifted Mother Angela Gillespie with her master intellect, at once understood the importance of prompt action. With almost military precision, the Sisters were as-

sembled. Very briefly, Father Sorin explained his mission and described the sufferings of the soldiers to whom the Sisters' devoted attention would bring an alleviation of distress.

Instantly there were many volunteers, of whom six were chosen, and instructed to be ready to depart for Cairo, Illinois, the following day. Six others were to be selected a little later, for additional hospital duty, thus making complete response to the request of Governor Morton for twelve Sisters of the Holy Cross.

The Sisters appointed to the first band were:

Mother Angela (Eliza Maria Gillespie)
Sister Adele (Catherine Moran)
Sister Anna (Mary Dorsey)
Sister Magdalene (Ellen Kiernan)
Sister Veronica (Regina Scholl)
Sister Winifred (Catherine McGinn)

Within a few hours, the Sisters hastened southward to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers of the two great armies.

The battle of Ball's Bluff had been fought on October 21st, and upon the following day, an official circular letter, of which we give an extract, was issued by the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C., who was the Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the United States:

St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception.
October 21, 1861.

My dear daughters in Jesus Christ:

Among the many distressing features of the times, I am glad to convey to you some consoling news, for however much we de-

plore the distracted state of our country, we find a gratification in being able to assuage some of its sorrows.

A most honorable call has been made by the First Magistrate in our State, asking for twelve Sisters to go and attend the sick, the wounded, and dying soldiers. The call has been unhesitatingly responded to, and this afternoon six Sisters of the Holy Cross started for Paducah, Ky. Six more will start within a week. They are all chosen from a large number of volunteers; and if we judge of their sentiments by the joy with which they received their selection, we have reason to believe that they fully appreciate the honor and favor bestowed upon them.

It is well known that in the Crimean War the Sisters of Charity and other orders literally covered themselves with glory before men, and, doubtless, with merit before God. When the record of our present struggles will be handed down to posterity will it not be a source of joy for the Church to be able to show in every rank of society, many a glorious name generously sacrificed for the rescue of the country?

But why should we be left out of the list? If the standard of the Cross, under which we have enlisted, knows no enemies among men; if our object on the contrary, is to rally them under the precious emblem of our salvation, our little army stands arrayed against the enemy of mankind, the spirit of darkness, and all the evils and the wounds which he has inflicted on humanity. Hence, wherever there is pain to soothe, a pang to relieve, a bleeding heart or limb to treat, or dress, there is a field for us to enter, under pain of deserting our noble banner.

E. SORIN.

Thus, with the blessing of obedience Mother Angela and her companions arrived in Cairo, Illinois, where General Grant had his headquarters in an old brick building, that had formerly served as a bank. General Grant had already begun to give manifestation of the military genius which shaped his career. It was in this building that the notable meeting between Mother Angela and General Grant took place. The great Nun was presented to the future President of the United States by the Rev. Louis

Lambert, D.D., LL.D., the distinguished literateur, who was to act in the capacity of chaplain.

Dr. Lambert afterward became famous throughout the English speaking world as the vanquisher of Ingersoll. Dr. Brinton, a noted physician of Philadelphia, another member of the party was also in the service. In 1908, there was still living at St. Mary's only one surviving Sister-war-nurse of the group which accompanied Mother Angela to Cairo. On the forty-seventh anniversary of the memorable occasion mentioned above and from the midst of a thousand valuable war recollections, Sister Magdalene Kiernan, then in her seventy-sixth year, gave the following description of the meeting:

"When we entered the office, we saw the great General, who was always the Sisters' friend, seated at a table behind the iron railings. He was writing intently and seemed entirely unconscious of surroundings. He sat with a calmness of countenance which was almost sphinx-like, and from an ordinary pipe he sent forth great clouds of smoke in which he sat enveloped. An official notified him of the presence of Mother Angela. Instantly, Grant was on his feet and, laying the pipe hurriedly upon the table, came from behind the iron grating and shook hands most heartily with each Sister. Over the hand of Mother Angela he bent with the chivalry of a soldier worthy to lead a host to victory. Looking at his visitor with a kindly smile, he said, 'Mother Angela, I am glad to have you and your Sisters with us, very glad.' And then, he added, 'If there is anything at all that I can do for you I will be glad to do it. I thoroughly appreciate the value of your services, and I will give orders to see

that you do not want for anything.' And, continued the dear and venerable patriot, nobleman that he was, he kept his voluntary promise in the letter and in the spirit. After a brief and general conversation, in which General Grant, the Sisters, Father Lambert, and Dr. Brinton joined, Mother Angela expressed her gratitude to the General for his whole-hearted reception, and the conference became a matter of history. General Grant spoke of Mother Angela afterwards as a woman of 'rare charm of manner, unusual ability, and marvelous executive qualities.' "

Mother Angela and her companions began hasty preparations for immediate hospital services and very late in the evening of that same day, reported for duty at the Military Hospital in Paducah, Kentucky, where a soldiers' welcome awaited them. Sister Winifred McGinn, the trained dietitian and expert nurse, was given charge of the hospital kitchen where, under the direction of this capable Sister, there was soon seen a marked improvement, and the doctors' "special diet" orders for extraordinary cases were conscientiously filled; while for the convalescent soldiers, there was suitable, palatable, and nourishing food prepared and served in a way which would attract the most delicate invalid. This wise policy was followed in the many hospitals established under the care of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

It was natural for Mother Angela to do great deeds, she was born great. Mother Angela's ancestry, in this country, takes us back to 1765 when Neal Gillespie arrived in America. According to family records Neal Gillespie was born in Donegal, Ireland, and settled in

Delaware, where he married Eleanor Dougherty, also of Donegal, a woman of high character and rare beauty.* Many of the kinsfolk of Mother Angela were of national importance and included James Gillespie Blaine, "the Plumed Knight," a first cousin, one of the most brilliant Speakers of the House of Representatives at the Capitol, distinguished as a United States Senator, Secretary of State, and Republican Nominee for the Presidency. His friendship with Mother Angela, which began in childhood, under the same roof, never wavered. This great Nun was also closely connected with the families of General Hugh Boyle Ewing, General Thomas Ewing, General Charles Ewing, three stalwart soldiers who fought for the preservation of the Union. Eleanor Ewing, who became the wife of General William Tecumseh Sherman, was a cousin. Mother Angela's brother was the distinguished Rev. Neal Gillespie, C.S.C., Notre Dame's first graduate.

In her home before she became a Nun, Eliza Gillespie enjoyed every cultural advantage that the aristocratic atmosphere of these times offered. Until she was sent to the Dominican Academy at Somerset, Ohio, she was under the tutelage of a French governess. Later she was sent to the Visitation Academy in Georgetown, D. C. Wealth, position, society, and all the world could give was within the reach of this charming woman. Without hesitation, she decided to share the hardships of pioneer days with the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The gifted

*Family records of the Ewing family, collected at the close of the Civil War by Gen. Hugh Boyle Ewing, a lineal descendant of Neal Gillespie and his wife, Eleanor Dougherty.

novice was sent to France for additional study. This is the type of gentlewoman, who cast earthly honors behind her and who, during, and even after the war, gave her best service to the soldiers of the two armies.

While occupied in the hospital in Paducah, an urgent order from the War Department in Washington, D. C., was received by Mother Angela instructing her to assemble another corps of Sisters and take charge of a Government Military Hospital in Louisville where very soon another Kentucky refuge, another Sisters' Hospital, was ready to receive hundreds of soldiers, many of whom made the journey from points farther South in crowded and unclean hospital trains; while others, more helpless, were carried up the Ohio River on government transports or on floating hospitals.

Later in November, 1861, a second dispatch from the War Department in Washington, D. C., was sent to Mother Angela with orders this time, to open a military hospital in Mound City, Illinois. A telegram was sent at once by Mother Angela to Saint Mary's, Notre Dame, for Sisters. With a young woman as companion, she left Paducah for the scene of new labors, where she was joined by a corps of eight Sisters from St. Mary's among whom was Sister Ferdinand Bruggermann only recently deceased (October 11, 1923). This Sister was endowed with rare intellectual qualifications, and during many years after the close of the war was directress of the famous Saint Catherine's Normal Institute, in Baltimore, Maryland.

It was from the lips of Sister Ferdinand that the annalist heard the following description of the Mound

City Hospital: "The Hospital," said the veteran, "was a large unfinished block of twenty-four unfinished warehouses, which the government converted into commodious quarters and placed under the management of Mother Angela and her Sisters of the Holy Cross." Continuing, Sister explained, "there were as many wards as there are letters of the alphabet, and each ward had its own letter. At times, especially after Donelson, there were from a thousand to fourteen hundred patients under treatment, many of the sick being prisoners of war. There was no distinction of North and South in the wards of the soldiers, and the closeness of death taught the lessons of love. The buildings," Sister repeated, "were originally intended for storehouse purposes and were, therefore very crude. The boards on the floor were in many places not closely attached to one another."

"Yes," said Sister de Sales O'Neill, a "youthful veteran" who is in her ninety-third year and still living, and well at St. Mary's. "I remember distinctly the February day in 1862, soon after the battle of Fort Donelson, when Mother Angela was assisting the chief surgeon on the lower floor. It was a deliberate and difficult operation and the life of the soldier depended largely upon the accuracy of the surgeon, whose head and that of Mother Angela, on opposite sides, were bent over the poor lad who had fought under the Stars and Bars. Suddenly from above a heavy liquid drop fell upon the white coif of Mother Angela who, true to her Celtic strain, did not quiver. Another, and still another, drop after drop came faster and faster. At last, the final stitch had been taken and the two heads, that of the surgeon, and of the Sister,

rose simultaneously, and not till then did the doctor know that a stream of blood, trickling through the open chinks of the upper floor, had fallen steadily upon the devoted head of Mother Angela, who stood before the surgeon with head, and face, and shoulders, and back bathed in the blood of some unknown soldier."

Mary Livermore, who arrived at the field immediately after the battle of Fort Donelson, has left the following picture of the pitiful condition of the two armies, which gives an idea of the hardships the Sisters endured: "They had no tents; were obliged to bivouac in line of battle, lying on their arms. All through the long winter night both armies were pelted by the driving and pitiless snow and rain. Many of the soldiers were frozen to death before morning. But few of the wounded could be removed from the field while the fight lasted. There they lay, some two or three nights and days, uncared for, many freezing to death. Hundreds who fell in the beginning of the battle, where the ground was soft and muddy, were frozen into the earth; and it was necessary to cut them out of the ground when attention could be given them, and in this deplorable plight they were taken to the extemporized and unready hospitals. Their removal was horrible torture; for there were few ambulances, and the wagons and carts impressed into the service were of the rudest construction, and generally lacked springs. In these, the poor fellows were jolted and pitched down the precipitous heights, where they had lain for two and three days and nights, encased in bloody and frozen uniforms. Any convenient shed, barn, house, or church received them. They were laid on the bare floor, their wounds

undressed, their frozen clothing unchanged, faint from the loss of blood and extreme bodily anguish, and hundreds died miserably before relief came to them." Under this stress and labor of strenuous days and nights, the Sisters kept their sweetness and gentleness of manner.

Of the Mound City Hospital the same writer said: "At the time of my visit the Mound City Hospital was considered the best military hospital in the United States. The most thorough system was maintained in every department. The Sisters of the Holy Cross were employed as nurses, and by their skill, quietness, gentleness, and tenderness, were invaluable in the sick ward. Every patient gave hearty testimony to the skill and kindness of the Sisters. The Sisters had nearly broken up their famous schools at South Bend to answer the demand for nurses. If I had ever felt prejudiced against Sisters as nurses. my experience with them during the war would have dissipated it entirely. The world has known no nobler and more heroic women than those found in the ranks of the Catholic sisterhoods."

"In the spring of 1862," according to a Sister's war journal, "the Ohio River overflowed the country about Mound City and the hospital was surrounded by water. All communication with the outside world was carried on by means of boats, and, as the flood showed no signs of abating, the sick and wounded who were at all able to bear the fatigue, were transferred to Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis. The others being moved to the upper stories of the building. It was during this time on April 18th, that Sister Fidelis (Bridget Lawler), fittingly named, was called to her eternal reward. As her body lay on the

hospital cot, waiting the arrival of the undertaker, the water reached a height of several inches on the floor of her room. When all was ready, and the waters steadily rising, soldiers placed the coffin in a boat and under military escort it was rowed through the woods to the railway station to meet the train to Chicago, en route for St. Mary's. It was a sad Good Friday for the Sisters, who looked over the stretch of water and watched until the boat with its precious freight was lost to view, but they were consoled with the belief that Sister Fidelis would enjoy Easter in heaven. Dr. McMahon, who attended the Sister during her illness, was deeply impressed by her gentle patience and simple piety. One day he made a remark about the fine appearance the front of the hospital presented, and Sister Fidelis told him she had never seen the outside of the building. 'What,' said the astonished doctor, 'you have never seen the outside of the building in which you have worked for six months?' Evidently impressed by the fact, Dr. McMahon often referred to Sister Fidelis 'as one really well named, as she was indeed truly faithful.' "

In response to still another request from the Secretary of War for Holy Cross Sisters, the third in a period of less than three months, there arrived in Cairo, Illinois, on Sunday morning, December 31, 1861, Mother Augusta Anderson, the first Mother General of the American Sisters of the Holy Cross, with another group of volunteer nurses from St. Mary's. They first heard Mass in St. Patrick's Church, breakfasted at the presbytery, and then hastened to the hospital, then known as "The Bulletin," but which was soon after the arrival of the Sisters placed

under the protection of the "Beloved Disciple," and became St. John's Hospital. Under the escort of Dr. Burke, the capable and zealous chief-surgeon, the Sisters at once began an inspection of the wards which were in a frightful state. From the fragments of a letter sent about this time to St. Mary's, we give the following extract: "The apartments on the first floor had been used as receiving and operating rooms, and amputated arms and legs and pieces of human flesh were strewn around, while here and there a mound of decaying flesh and bones sent forth a sickening odor throughout the entire hospital. To add to the horrors of the gruesome sight, the walls and even the window-panes were blood-spattered."

This is only a glimpse of the condition, awful to contemplate, before which the heroic band of Holy Cross Sisters stood horrified on that bitterly cold December morning sixty-five years ago. Mother Augusta was a Virginian by birth, and, therefore, brave by inheritance, besides which she was a daughter of Holy Cross and had a real faculty of imparting courage. "Doctor," said Mother Augusta, "keep up your heart. With God's help and the aid of a few capable and strong orderlies, we will do our utmost to bring speedy relief to the poor, helpless soldiers for whose welfare we are here."

It may not be pleasant, but gratitude suggests that, in fancy we follow Mother Augusta and her companions through the following days and nights, in which strong men, detailed for the purpose, assisted in a transformation which soon made Saint John's a model hospital; of which it was written: "A Shaker-like cleanliness and

sweetness of atmosphere pervaded the different wards; the Soldiers of the North and South were cheerful and contented."

Miss Livermore, one of many non-Catholic admirers, does not hesitate to give tribute to the Sister-nurses. "There was," wrote the great war nurse, "one general hospital called by the people in Cairo, 'The Brick Hospital.' Here the Sisters of the Holy Cross were employed as nurses, one or more to each ward. Here was order, cleanliness, and good nursing. The food was cooked in a kitchen outside of the hospital. Surgeons were detailed to every ward and visited their patients twice a day, and oftener if necessary. The apothecaries' room was supplied with an ample store of medicines and surgical appliances, and the store rooms possessed an abundance of clothing and delicacies for the sick."

Here one may in justice state that the impartial and unswerving devotion of Mary Livermore, during the entire war, reflects credit upon her wonderful self, and upon her illustrious ancestors. She was the grand-daughter of a soldier in Washington's Army, and the daughter of a soldier in the War of 1812, while in the war of 1861, her own name and her own great deeds were written high upon the roll of honor of her country, and by her acts of justice she also won the respect and affection of countless Catholics who felt the benefit of her kindly deeds and noble nature.

One morning, months after their arrival, a gift from Mother Angela arrived at the now renowned St. John's. Upon opening the box, it was found to contain cuts of inexpensive milk-white muslin, of soft texture, and a

small quantity of blue cambric. Mother Angela in a kindly note explained that the cloth had been given to her by a friend who had observed the improvement in the hospital and who hoped the Sisters would accept it and make curtains for the windows of the many wards. There was joy in the hearts of the Sisters. The Fourth of July was very near at hand and they longed to make the festival as joyous as possible for the homesick soldiers entrusted to their care.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," said Sister Paula Casey, who is still living (1927) and well at the Mother House at Notre Dame, and to use Sister's recent words is "*only* ninety-six years of age." The precious material, and a *carte blanche* permission to follow the promptings of her tender heart were given the, then, young and enthusiastic Sister, who had the last curtain finished very early "the night before the Fourth" and as Sister has said to the writer, "All ready to be draped." Continuing, said the veteran as she sat enthroned on her invalid chair, "The curtains were carried up to the wards by convalescent soldiers, the draperies soon placed in position, and falling in long folds. It was pretty, but they partially shut out the sunlight from the soldiers. Then we thought of our blue cambric which we cut into strips a few inches wide and tied back our dainty curtains with our bonny blue ribbons. A few roses, royal American Beauties, made complete the patriotic combination, the beloved red, white and blue. Here and there in the wards we placed other clusters of vari-colored flowers and foliage which had been sent to the Sister-nurses with the compliments of the attending surgeons. Taking it all in all, a sick

soldier might easily have found a less comfortable spot than St. John's Hospital in Cairo, in which to spend the National holiday, 1862."

The Nuns never failed at their heart-breaking posts, though too often forfeiting life itself in noble ministrations in the realm of sickness and death. In the midst of these hardships the health of several Sisters suffered and they were ordered home on furlough. One among them, however, Sister Elise (Unity O'Brien) became too weak to remove from the hospital and she died at the Cairo Military Hospital, July 9, 1862. Her remains, under military escort, were conveyed to Saint Mary's, Notre Dame, and were reverently laid beside Sister Fidelis Lawler. Beneath two myrtle covered mounds, at the head of each a tall wooden cross, which bears no eulogy of the martyrs of charity who sleep beneath its protecting arms, side by side in Notre Dame's "Cloister of the Dead" are resting two worthy representatives of a brave race and of Erin's ancient families, the Lawlers of Royal Meath and the O'Briens of Munster. May the sods of Saint Mary's rest lightly upon their kindly Irish hearts!

From another fragment of a faded letter, or report, still preserved in the archives, sent about this time to the Superior at home, we learn that the Sisters were at a pest hospital in Missouri, at a small town called Franklin, or Pacific City, where there were a number of soldiers, not wounded, but suffering and dying from camp-fever, pneumonia, and other diseases prevalent in camps. It was a forlorn, desolate, unwholesome place, but with the help of three energetic Sisters, nobly assisted by the Sani-

tary Commission, a better condition soon prevailed and the men began to improve.

Saint Aloysius Hospital on the Potomac River, almost under the shadow of the great dome of the Nation's Capital, was a haven to the sick and wounded soldiers who were brought into Washington from the surrounding battlefields. Often in the dead of night, and without an instant's warning, hundreds of helpless men, officers and private soldiers, drummer boys and buglers, were carried to Saint Aloysius' and to the devoted care of a corps of Holy Cross Sister-nurses. In the hospital there were beds every where, and the Sisters seemed ubiquitous in their ministrations of tenderness and healing.

"The Naval Hospital" in Memphis, Tennessee, was also the background of the Sisters' motherly kindness and sympathetic attention, while in "The Overton" also in Memphis, twelve Sisters of the Holy Cross were repeating the self-same devotion to sick and wounded soldiers, among whom, there were many prisoners-of-war, and every man in the wards was sick at heart, as well as in body, and naturally longing for home. On the conclusion of the hostilities, the Sisters remained on duty at "the Overton" and when the soldiers were transferred to the Memphis City Hospital, their Sister-nurses accompanied them, and continued to serve these generous hearted soldiers as long as their nursing was required. Thus we find the Sisters of the Holy Cross in one city in charge of three Military hospitals, the Overton, the Naval and the City Hospital. Of their services there, as in other hospitals on land and water, the Sisters made little record

but their names and deeds must have been engrossed by the Recording Angel upon the "Book of Life."

Memphis, the Mound City and Cairo were the general centres of the corps sent from Saint Mary's and from these groups, nurses were drawn for duty on the government transports which sailed up and down the Mississippi, each with its burden of sick and wounded and dying soldiers, who had been carried from battlefields to the transport ships, or hospital trains, often with the help of the Sisters and, then onward again to the Sisters' hospitals. The Red Rover was also fitted up as a floating hospital, with Vicksburg as its destination. In making the attempt to reach the "City of the Siege," the Sisters saw more than one boat run the blockade, and heard the firing at Vicksburg and at close range saw the desolation of its stricken people. The Holy Cross Nuns helped to lift the bruised and broken soldiers from the rivers of blood. Physical strength was necessary, but only the Grace of God, could have given to the Sisters the fortitude necessary to witness the horrors of Vicksburg and be able to serve, which they did nobly, and to the everlasting glory of Holy Cross.

Shortly after the battle of Tunica Bend, there was brought into the hospital at Memphis where Sister de Sales O'Neill, the above mentioned surviving veteran was stationed, a young sailor, a master's mate in the gunboat "Naiad," who was in the last stages of malaria contracted on duty along the miasmatic shores of the Red River.

As he lay in a semi-comatose condition, the patient heard the naval surgeons give up his case as hopeless, and a little later heard one of them recommend that he be sent

home to die. But if the best medical talent in the navy could do nothing, Sister de Sales could, and did. She was perfectly willing to send the patient home, but not willing to let him die. She began to nurse him back to health, using all her wonderful skill and persistency. Gradually he gained strength, and finally she had the satisfaction of seeing him leave the hospital for his home in Middletown, Ohio. True, he was still weak, but he was far along on the road to recovery, thanks to the Sister's determination.

The war being over, Sister de Sales returned to her more ordinary but no less charitable duties, and the young naval officer returned to civil life.

Twenty-six years later, in 1890, the young master's mate, James E. Campbell, as Governor of Ohio, was asked to speak at the laying of the cornerstone of an addition to Mount Carmel Hospital at Columbus, Ohio. The invitation came from the Rt. Rev. John A. Watterson, D.D., Bishop of the Columbus diocese, an esteemed friend; but even had it come from another source he could not refuse, for the memory of his hospital nurse, whose name he did not know and with whose order he was unfamiliar, who had saved his life was still fresh in his mind.

At the close of the exercises the Bishop invited the Governor into the main hospital to meet the Sister Superior in charge of it. After the usual formalities which were followed by an impersonal conversation, a reminiscent word brought back to them a day twenty-five years before when the Sister Superior was a nurse in a

Memphis hospital, fighting for the life of a young naval officer who, the surgeons said could not live.

The nurse had become a Sister Superior; the patient she had striven to save had become Governor of Ohio; and the ceremonies connected with the laying of a corner-stone and the friendship of a Bishop who admired them both had brought them together after a lapse of a quarter of a century.

General Strong was in command of the division in which the Sisters of the Holy Cross were nurses with headquarters at Cairo. General Grant was their superior in command of a department. Commodores Davis and Farragut and Captain Kelty, were in command on the transports. The following official communication written by Commander Davis after a battle on White River, June 17, 1862, indicated that Mother Angela was well-known by many in high authority:

Memphis, June 20, 1862.

Hon. Gideon Wells,
Secretary of the Navy,
U. S. Flag Steamer Benton.

Sir:

The number of men on board the hospital boat Red Rover is forty-one. The account given me yesterday was incorrect. I shall wait for further knowledge before presenting a final report of the casualties attending the capture of Fort Charles. The Department will be gratified to learn that the patients are most of them, doing well. Sister Angela, the Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Cross (some of them are performing their offices of mercy at the Mound City Hospital) has kindly offered the services of the Sis-

ters for the hospital boat of this squad when needed. I have written to Commander Rennock to make arrangements for their coming.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES H. DAVIS,
Flag Officer Commanding Western Flotilla.

The following communication, written by Mother Angela, appeared in the *Ave Maria* Magazine, August, 1885:

"Died at the Mother House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Saint Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana, on July 28, 1885, Sister Mary of Saint Josephine, and her death recalled a noble deed."

Sister Josephine was one among the first of the eighty Sisters of the Holy Cross who, during the late Civil War, nursed the sick and wounded soldiers in the Military Hospitals of Louisville, Paducah, Cairo, Mound City, Memphis, and Washington, D. C., and upon the hospital boats.

Those who knew this quiet, gentle, religious only during the last twenty years of her life could scarcely realize what courage, even heroism, animated her during those years of the war spent in the hospitals.

In the summer of 1862, the Confederate Fort Charles, on White River, was attacked on land by a force under the command of Colonel Fitch of Indiana, and from the water by gunboats commanded by Commodore Davis. In the midst of the battle the boilers of one of the gunboats exploded, frightfully scalding Captain Kelty and some fifty others. The sufferers in their agony leaped

into the river; and as they did so, a broadside from Fort Charles poured bullets and grape shot into their parboiled flesh. The battle ended with the capture of the Fort, and the wounded of both sides were taken to Mound City Hospital, a block of some twenty-four unfinished warehouses, in which, after some of the great battles in the Mississippi Valley, as many as two thousands patients were treated by a staff of medical officers and nursed by twenty-eight Sisters, Sister Josephine Reilly being one of them. Colonel Fry, Commander of the Fort, supposed to be dangerously wounded, and Captain Kelty were of the number brought to Mound City, after the surrender of Fort Charles. The latter was a general favorite among the men and officers of the Western flotilla. His sad state, the scalded flesh falling from the bones, and pierced with bullets excited them almost to frenzy. He was tenderly placed in a little cottage away from the main building, and Colonel Fry with a few other sufferers were put in a front room of the hospital, under the immediate care of Sister Josephine Reilly.

The next day the report spread like wildfire through the hospital and among the one hundred soldiers detailed to guard it, that Captain Kelty was dying. The wildest excitement prevailed; and in the frenzy of the moment, Colonel Fry was denounced as his murderer and it was declared that he had given the inhuman order to fire on the scalded men. Everyone firmly believed this. But it was not true. Colonel Fry was ignorant of the explosion on the gunboat when the order was given.

Sister Josephine, very pale, yet wonderfully composed, went to the Sister in charge of the hospital, to say

that all the wounded had just been removed from the room under her care, except Colonel Fry. "And," continued Sister Josephine, "the doctor made me leave the room, saying that my life was in danger. He took the key from the door and gave it to 'Dutch Johnny' telling him that he had entire charge of the man within."

Now, "Dutch Johnny" was one of six brothers; five had been killed at Belmont; Johnny was so badly wounded and crippled in the same battle that he was useless for active service, and so was left to help in the hospital. But one idea possessed him; in revenge for his brothers' deaths he intended to kill five Confederates before he died. In this fearful state of affairs, the Sister in charge went to the surgeon of the staff, begging him to see that no murder be committed. Dr. Franklin answered that he was powerless to control events, and that the Captain of the Company guarding the hospital was absent. "Then," said the Sister, "I must call my twenty-seven Sisters from the sick; we will leave the hospital, and walk down to Cairo, a distance of three miles."

In vain did the doctor represent to her the sad state of the patients she was leaving. She would not consent to remain in a house where murder was soon to be committed. If she remained at all, it would be only on one condition; that the doctor would give her the key of Colonel Fry's room, and that the Sisters have the care and entire control of the patient.

"But," expostulated the doctor, "it will be at the risk of your lives; for if Captain Kelty dies and I see no hope of his recovery, no power on earth can restrain those men from shooting Colonel Fry."

"Oh, doctor," she answered, "I have too much faith in the natural chivalry of every soldier—be he from the North or South of the Mason and Dixon line—to fear he would shoot a poor wounded man while a Sister stood near him!"

Seeing the Sisters would leave if this request was not granted, the doctor sent for "Dutch Johnny," took the key from him and gave it to the Sister. The latter called for Sister Josephine, and both went in haste to the room of the wounded man.

As they turned the key and opened the door a fearful scene was before them.

Colonel Fry lay on a cot; his arms both broken, were strapped up with cords fastened to the ceiling; one broken leg was strapped to the bed; only his head seemed free. As he turned and glared fiercely, as he thought, upon another foe, he seemed like some wild animal at bay and goaded to madness. Before Sister Josephine had been forced to leave the room, she had closed the window and lowered the blinds; but her successor, Dutch Johnny, had changed all this; he had rolled up the blinds, and thrown up the lower sashes. And there, on the raised platform, not fifty feet from him, Colonel Fry could see the faces and hear the voices of the soldiers and the gunboat men shouting every few minutes for him to be ready to die, for they would shoot him as soon as they heard of Captain Kelty's death.

Very quietly and gently did Sister Josephine speak to the wounded man, moistening his parched lips with a cooling drink, giving what relief she could to his poor tortured body, and assuring him that she and the other

Sister would not leave him; so he need not fear that the soldiers would fire while they remained.

When those men saw the Sisters in the room they begged them to leave—even threatened—but to no purpose; brave, noble Sister Josephine and her companion stood at their post all through the long afternoon and far into the night and they prayed, perhaps more earnestly than they ever prayed before, that Captain Kelty would not die; for in spite of all their assuring words to Colonel Fry, they did not feel certain that their lives would be safe among frenzied men, bent on taking revenge into their own hands.

In the meantime it became known that Captain Kelty was a Catholic—a convert, though for many years he had neglected his religious duties. A messenger was sent to Cairo to bring Father Welsh to the dying man. When he came Captain Kelty was in a delirium, and the Father could give him only Extreme Unction. Soon after, about nine o'clock he sank into a quiet sleep. He awoke, perfectly conscious, near midnight, made his confession, received Holy Communion, and took some nourishment. The doctor said all danger was over, and a messenger ran in breathless haste to spread the glad tidings. The excited soldiers fired a few blank cartridges as a parting salvo, jumped from the scaffold and were seen no more. The rest of the night good Sister Josephine took care of her patient, undisturbed by any serious fear that both might be sent into eternity before morning.

When the naval officers, who the night before had looked as they feared, their last look on the living face of Captain Kelty, went up the next day from Cairo and

found him out of danger, they laughed and cried with joy. In a whisper Captain Kelty asked them to be silent a minute and listen to him. In a voice trembling with weakness he said: "While I thank these good doctors for all they have done, I must testify and they will bear me out in what I say—it was not their skill, not any earthly power that brought me back from the brink of the grave, but the saving and life-giving Sacraments of the Catholic Church."

As soon as Captain Kelty could travel, he was taken to his home in Baltimore. For his bravery he was made Commodore, and placed in command at Norfolk; but he was maimed for life; his right hand and arm, all shrivelled and wasted hung lifeless by his side. When able to take such a journey alone, he went all the way back to Cairo, to see again and thank those Sisters who, he said, under God, had saved his life in a double sense. He remained until his death a fervent Catholic.

Colonel Fry after many months of suffering also recovered; he was paroled, and returned to his home in New Orleans. There he became a Catholic, often declaring that poor Sister Josephine's bravery and devotedness during that night of torture and agony, followed by months of long suffering, were eloquent sermons that he could not resist.

It was Mother Angela herself who was Sister Josephine's companion that awful night at Mound City, and it was in witnessing acts of heroism like this that prompted a non-Catholic Chaplain to say: "How can you do it

Mother Angela?" To which she responded by taking up her crucifix and saying: "It is easy—here is something to give us courage."

The following is from a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* of March 26, 1887, by Eliza Ellen Starr, the sweet poet and writer on religious art, and Laetare Medalist of Notre Dame, 1885:

"During the early days of the war and the hospital service, we all know how inadequate were the supplies for the sick and wounded; how meagre the equipment for the hospital nurses. A poor little circular stovepipe served the indefatigable Mother Angela on which to prepare with her own hands the early cup of gruel for her patients, rising at four if need be, or at three in the morning to answer the first call of the sufferers; and the character of the stores provided were such as few could realize one year later. At this time, the Commissary Board sent a visitor to the camp and hospital where Mother Angela and her Sisters were stationed. During all these months nothing could exceed the courtesy of the officers, who always shared any choice provisions which came to them with the Sisters as they supposed, while the Nuns passed on to their patients everything which could tempt the appetite, sharing, in fact, only the rations served regularly to the hospital wards. When the Commissary visitor arrived, he was duly escorted to the hospital, which excited his warmest approbation for its order, neatness, comfort of every sort; but as he was bowing himself out in the most complimentary manner from the presence of Mother Angela and her band of Sisters, she said to him: 'But Mr. ——, you must allow us to show you some hospitality.

Pardon our lack of silver and porcelain, but take a cup of hospital tea.' 'Thank you, thank you, Mother Angela, but I have taken dinner already with the officers and need nothing.' 'Allow me to insist!' And before another excuse could be urged, a Sister appeared with a snow white napkin and the tin cup and spoon of the hospital and the anything, but fragrant, beverage of hospital tea. 'Sugar, Sister,' said Mother Angela, and before the visitor could wave off this fresh specimen of hospital luxury, Mother Angela had dumped into the tin cup what resembled the scrapings of the molasses barrel more than sugar. Being a gentleman from the toe of his boot to the crown of his head, he drank the cup of tea, well stirred, to its dregs, with a smile, bowing as he handed the empty tin cup to the Sister, while Mother Angela rubbed her little hands with unmistakable glee and the full merriment of laughing eyes, as she said: 'I knew, Mr. ——, you would wish a taste of our hospital tea!' The Commissary visitor vowed in his heart, as he turned from the hospital door, that the next train on his arrival home should take, as he said in his letter to Mother Angela, such stores to her own and to every hospital under his charge as a Christian man could accept without shame from the hand of any hospital nurse in the land."

"At another time," wrote a Sister after the war, "the smallpox broke out among the soldiers, and we had charge of the pest house." Adding, with her usual humility, "after the epidemic, by request of the doctors, I was sent home on a four months' furlough." In this case, the editorial "we" hardly serves to conceal the identity of Mother Angela, who was many times on duty in the con-

tagious wards in which, of course, the strictest quarantine was observed—the "pest hospital" above referred to was in a small town called Franklin, or Pacific City in Missouri in which there were many soldiers not wounded, but suffering and dying from diseases prevalent and too often fatal in the Camps. It was a forlorn, desolate, unwholesome place, but the Sisters received generous and prompt aid from the Sanitary Commission and soon, under the united efforts of the government officials and the Sisters, the hospital assumed a new aspect, supplies became plentiful, the food was properly cooked, plentiful and nourishing, and the fatal cases were few. The Sisters took on a new courage in their efforts to bring health to sick bodies and peace and courage to sick souls.

The Golden Jubilee of the ordination of Father Sorin was observed in 1888 at Notre Dame with great splendor and the jubilarian was honored by the presence of many of the most prominent ecclesiastics in the American Church, among whom one of the outstanding figures was the illustrious Churchman, the profound scholar, the world renowned orator, the undaunted Chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers in the Civil War, His Grace, the Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D., the Irish-born Archbishop of Saint Paul.

As befitted the anniversary, His Grace of St. Paul, preached the jubilee sermon and spoke with a personal knowledge of the war history of the Holy Cross Community of the zeal and courage of its priests, who served as army Chaplains, of the unflinching courage of Father Corby, at Gettysburg, and in his tribute the "Nuns of the Battlefield" were remembered by the soldier-priest

of other days, who in the thickest of the fight, stood erect with the Minnesota Volunteers "a real man among men." His Grace said in part:

"Father Sorin, you have saved the honor of the Church. I speak from a knowledge of the facts, and I speak from my heart; and could the country's martyrs speak from the silent earth at Gettysburg, and a hundred gory fields, their voices would re-echo with our own, in your praise on this glorious anniversary.

"Father Sorin, you appealed to the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and brave as they were tender of heart, they rushed Southward to care for the wounded and soothe the pillow of the dying. Few things were done in the last half-century to break down more effectually anti-Catholic prejudice than the sending of our generous Sisters to the battlefield, and the military hospitals. The soldiers venerated the Sisters, and never since have they ceased repeating their praise for the Nuns of the Battlefield."

After the war, and as a token of great regard, Commodore Davis, Commander of the Western Flotilla, presented to Mother Angela a grim souvenir of the days of strife, the two cannon, "Lady Polk," and "Lady Davis," captured from the Confederates at Island No. 10, which rest beneath the flagstaff on the campus at Saint Mary's. Some day they may be molded into a massive statue of Our Lady of Peace. Meanwhile the broken cannon lie there on the lawn, the Stars and Stripes floating over them, the robins perching on their great tubes, the squir-

rels playing in and out, and happy children nestling against them. Already they are dedicated to Our Lady of Peace.

The names of only sixty-three Sisters of the Holy Cross have been recorded out of more than eighty of these gentle Soldier-Sisters "who rushed southward to care for the sick and soothe the pillow of the dying. Disregarding personal danger, or thought of earthly reward they contributed a new chapter to the history of the Catholic Church in America."

The following is the list verified by the War Department at Washington:

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary Angela Gillespie	Washington Co., Pa.
Mother Mary Augustine Anderson	Alexandria, Pa.
Sister Mary Gregory Barry	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Angeline Blake	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Rita Brennan	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Ferdinand Bruggerman	Germany
Sister Mary Paula Casey (living)	Co. Limerick, Ireland
Sister Mary Celestine Cavanaugh	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Lydia Clifford*	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Isidore Conlin	Illinois
Sister Mary Passion Cowley	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Providence Daget	France
Sister Mary Bartholomew Darnell	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Anna Dorsey	Co. Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Mount Carmel Dougherty	Co. Tyrone, Ireland
Sister Mary Helen Fitzpatrick	Co. Carlow, Ireland
Sister Mary Augustine Flanagan	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary Alice Flannery	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Aloysius Garen	Co. Donegal, Ireland
Sister Mary Compassion Gleason	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Matilda Hartnett	Co. Meath, Ireland

*Sister Lydia Clifford was a medalist of the Spanish-American War, in which she served with marked distinction.

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Odelia Higgins	Co. Sligo, Ireland
Sister Mary Theodore Kearns	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Felix Kelly	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Irene Keough	Co. Cavan, Ireland
Sister Mary Magdalen Kiernan	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Catherine Kilkenny	Co. Leitrim, Ireland
Sister Mary Barbara Knoll	Germany
Sister Mary Fidelis Lawler	Co. Meath, Ireland
Sister Mary Aurelius Leavy	Co. Meath, Ireland
Sister Mary Felicita Mulloy	Co. Down, Ireland
Sister Mary Francis Malloy	Co. Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Anthony Mannix	Co. Limerick, Ireland
Sister Mary Adele Moran	Co. Mayo, Ireland
Sister Mary Angela Muldoon	Co. Tyrone, Ireland
Sister Mary Faustina Morrissey	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary Edward Murphy	Co. Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Theodosia McCushing	Co. Leitrim, Ireland
Sister Mary Rose McDermott	Co. Sligo, Ireland
Sister Mary Winifred McGinn	Co. Leitrim, Ireland
Sister Mary Patrick McGockin	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Eusebia McIntosh	Canada
Sister Mary Conception McIntyre	Co. Down, Ireland
Sister Mary Henrietta McLaughlin	Co. Mayo, Ireland
Sister Mary John of the Cross McLaughlin	Co. Roscommon, Ire.
Sister Mary Agnes Neville	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Elise O'Brien	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Angelica O'Brien	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Victoria O'Keefe	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Athanasius O'Neill	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary de Sales O'Neill (living)	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Bernard Pecord	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Celeste Pointan	Canada
Sister Mary Martha Reddy	Co. Meath, Ireland
Sister Mary Josephine Reilly	Co. Antrim, Ireland
Sister Mary Veronica Scholl	Germany
Sister Mary Bernard Shandley	Co. Carlow, Ireland
Sister Mary Flavia Smith	Co. Monaghan, Ireland
Sister Mary Macrina Snow	Co. Fermanagh, Ireland
Sister Mary Christine Sophia	Germany

SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary de Paul Sullivan	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Placidus Sullivan	Co. Kerry, Ireland
Sister Mary Holy Cross Welch	Co. Cork, Ireland

Rest, Soldiers of the Holy Cross
Beneath your hallowed mounds.
No more the bugle calls to strife—
To soothe or bind up wounds.

Rest, Sisters of the Holy Cross,
Beside your Comrades brave.
With love we place a lilac wreath
Above each honored grave.

CHAPTER X

Sisters of Saint Joseph, Philadelphia, Penn.

GATHERING up the fragments that remain of the Civil War story of the valiant Sisters of Saint Joseph of Mount Saint Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, while it has been a labor of love, was not an easy task. These Nuns of the Battlefield wrote very little but they did noble work for God, country, and the brave but stricken men of the two great and contending armies. In land and floating hospitals and on many fields of combat and in camps, they tried to fill a mother's place to soldiers who were sick at heart as well as in body. In isolated quarters, reserved for contagious and often loathsome diseases, the Sisters of Saint Joseph gave abundant proof of their purity of intention, which was exemplified in their utter disregard for their own lives.

Unfortunately, their brief Community Annals—a source from which we will quote freely—provide very few particulars about their long and arduous hospital experience under military authority in which their words of sympathy or encouragement were suited to every sufferer.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Pennsylvania, under her "War Governor," Andrew Curtin, was among the first states to respond to President Lincoln's call for troops. Yet, with practically no military equipment, and

with few military organizations, the authorities were unprepared to cope with conditions which speedily arose in Harrisburg, the capital of the state, by the sudden influx of thousands of volunteers.

Camp Curtin, outside the city, sprang suddenly into being, and by January 1, 1862, of the one hundred and thirty thousand Pennsylvania troops that had been mustered into service, a considerable majority had been trained at Camp Curtin or had, at least, passed through it on their way to the battlefield. Hospital requirements came with their arrival, and, as well may be supposed, a dearth of nurses was the outstanding feature.

Mother Monica Pue, for many years prior to 1859, superior of Saint Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, had won the esteem and official approbation of Doctor Henry G. Smith, who had in the meantime been appointed by Governor Curtin, Surgeon General of the Pennsylvania troops. In December, 1861, Mother Monica called on Doctor Smith at his office for personal consultation. Before the visit was over, he asked if she thought that he could obtain from Reverend Mother Saint John Fournier, Superior General of the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Philadelphia, a band of Sisters to take charge of hospital arrangements for the soldiers at Harrisburg. Without hesitation Sister assured him his request would be granted. "Will you go with me?" he asked. "If I be sent," was her reply. A short time later the doctor called on Reverend Mother Saint John Fournier, with whom he had been well acquainted in Saint Joseph's Hospital and formally presented his request for the Sisters' services. She proposed the matter to Right Reverend James

Wood, D.D., Bishop of Philadelphia, who was not only willing but anxious to have the Sisters enter on the work, and promised to help them in every possible way.

Before leaving their convent for government service, Bishop Wood, in his address to the Sister volunteers reminded them that as members of the Congregation of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, they shared in the glorious history of the order established in the city of Pisy, France, in 1650, and in letters patent confirmed by King Louis XIV.

The following, in substance, is what Bishop Wood said: "Let us, dear Sisters of Saint Joseph, recall the fidelity to duty of your spiritual ancestors. Your chronicles contain proofs that after nearly a century and a half of heroic service to the sick and needy, the French Revolution, in its anti-Catholic frenzy, attempted to crush out of existence this illustrious order.

"Enraged by the peaceful dignity with which the Catholic clergy and the laity faced the guillotine, Robespierre, 'the Tiger of the Revolution' and his infamous associates turned their satanic attention to the Nuns of the nation which was truly Catholic in soul.

"During these tragic years seven Sisters of your Order were guillotined for the faith and scores of their Sisters in religion, chained in damp and deep dungeons of French prisons, under sentence of death, were given their freedom, when on July 27, 1794, the head of Robespierre, and those of his twenty-three companions, fell into the gruesome basket of the guillotine and by the application to his own case of the unnatural laws he had prepared for the destruction of others. The Revolution

and its 'Reign of Terror' perished while the Catholic Church, glorious and triumphant still lived, and the cross, in its age old majesty, shone again, against the sky of Catholic France.

"This spirit of courage, a part of your heritage, is still characteristic of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. You will need a stout heart in the work which lies before you. War is tragedy and its victims who may come under your care, will, we feel sure, receive at your hands a devotion sanctified by the love of God and sympathy for your countrymen."

Arrangements were made to have the War Nuns go on duty at Camp Curtin, outside the City of Harrisburg, and in the city itself, at the Church Hospital, formerly a Methodist Church. Preparing for the Sisters' journey, the secretary of Doctor Smith, on January 22nd, wrote to Mother Saint John: "The Doctor hopes the Sisters will not disappoint him. . . Whilst beset by applicants, he has refused every female nurse, being unwilling to trust any but his old friends, the Sisters of Saint Joseph. There is waiting for them a large field of usefulness, but it can be cultivated only by those whose sense of duty will induce them to disregard all personal comfort. The living will be rough, the recompense poor, and nothing but the solace of religion can render the nurses contented."

Undeterred by this prospect, volunteers for service were readily found, and on January 23rd, Mother Monica Pue, as head of the band, Sister Mary Camillus Phelan, and Sister Mary Philomena Meagher as assistants, all of whom had been nurses in Saint Joseph's Hospital, went to Camp Curtin.

On the 24th, Bishop Wood and Mother Saint John Fournier, took the second band of Sisters to Church Hospital, at which were to be received the soldiers too ill to proceed to the Camp.

Of this band, Mother Mary John Kiernan, at the time assistant to the General-Superior, was appointed head; her co-workers were Sister Mary Patrick Ward and Sister Mary Constantia McMenamin. Sister Mary Bruno McMahon, and Sister Mary Felix Haverty, were later added to the corps. Father Maher, pastor of Saint Patrick's Church, Harrisburg, went with Bishop Wood to present the band of Religious to the Governor, who welcomed them most cordially. The next day the Nuns went to the hospitals, there to be installed in charge by the Surgeon-General of Pennsylvania, Doctor Henry H. Smith.

That they were most unwelcome was at first painfully evident. Sanitary regulations had been disregarded, and the advent of a corps of trained nurses, likely to disturb existing conditions, was looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. Apparently oblivious of the fact, however, the Sisters set themselves at once to meet the work at hand and made the best of the situation.

In Camp Curtin there were at that time three thousand men: the hospital was merely a temporary frame building roughly put together. To make it habitable for the sick, blankets had to be hung over the gaps that yawned between the boards. Three matrons had been in charge of the sick, and under them the orderlies had served as nurses.

It was not long before the soldiers, as well as those

employed in the house, began to feel the beneficial effects of the Sisters' care, and their efficiency in hospital administration. Bishop Wood's fatherly interest never waned; from time to time he visited the Camp and also the Church Hospital, where four Sisters were stationed.

Finding themselves addressed by the physicians, or recorded as "Sisters of Charity," the Superior drew the Surgeon-General's attention to the misnomer, but he replied: "It would be no use trying to explain to those around you the difference between the religious orders. You are doing the works of charity, and that they understand." Thus it happened that, in many official notices or records of their work, they were called "Sisters of Charity" or "Mercy."

The Governor himself often visited both the Camp and the Church Hospital. Mother Saint John at times gave the comfort of her presence to her soldier-children, and by her letters of advice sustained their courage.

Mother Mary John fell ill of pneumonia. Bishop Wood visiting the Hospitals, telegraphed Mother Saint John to send a Sister to bring her home, and he himself accompanied her to the Convent at Chestnut Hill. Mother Mary Ignatius Ryan, at that time Superior of the Convent at the Cathedral, and Mother Mary Xavier Walker were both sent in her place. Mother Mary John's life hung for some time in the balance, but she finally recovered.

On the 18th of February, 1862, Doctor Smith called for more Sisters, adding however: "Matters are so unsettled by the recent victories that I am at a loss whether to call for more Sisters or not. . . There are rumors about

the closing of the Camp, or rather about the State authorities giving it up to the United States.

What the Surgeon-General had expected, came to pass. The soldiers were called to the front; then on March 27th the Sisters left the Church Hospital, and on April 6, 1862, they gave up that at the Camp. It was, indeed, touching to compare the difference between the reception that a few men had given the Sisters at their first coming, and the grief shown at parting. Many of the poor men sobbed aloud, and the Sisters too were deeply moved at the thought of how many of those whom they had nursed back to health and strength were going to a sad and painful, even though heroic death.

The following letter speaks for itself:

> Dear Madam:
>
> During a period of several months, amidst the confusion of a constantly changing camp, and also an epidemic of measles and of typhoid fever, the Sisters of Saint Joseph, sacrificing all personal comfort, ministered truly and faithfully to the comfort and welfare of the sick soldiers. Neatness, order and efficient ministration immediately followed their arrival in Camp.
>
> Highly appreciating their valuable services and Christian devotion to the relief of human suffering, the State authorities desire to express to them and to your Order their high appreciation of the self-sacrificing spirit they exhibited among the sick soldiers, both at Camp Curtin and the Church Hospital at Harrisburg.
>
> By order of,
>
> ANDREW G. CURTIN,
>
> Governor of Pennsylvania.

On April 14, 1862, the Surgeon-General was ordered to Fortress Monroe. He earnestly begged that some of the Sisters accompany him. His request was granted, and in the latter part of April, 1862, he had the happiness

of welcoming three of the Nuns. They were eagerly received by Doctor Smith, who, with the aid of a spy-glass, saw the steamer approaching and hurried to meet the Sisters. There were then some sick and wounded on board the floating hospital, "The Whillden," and the Sisters were at once detailed. Writing from Fortress Monroe on April 21st, Doctor Smith informed Mother Saint John that the Sisters had at once entered on hospital duty, and that their services had been badly needed.

In response to an urgent call for additional help, on April 26th, 1862, were sent Sister Mary Laurentia O'Donnell, Sister Mount Carmel Egan, Sister Patrick Ward, Sister Philomena Meagher, Sister Felix Haverty, Sister Bruno MacMahon and Sister Mary Anselm Jennings, (still living).

At Fortress Monroe the Sisters went on board the floating hospitals, and to the joy of the patients at once began their duties. "The Whilden" was a small boat, but "The Commodore" a very large one.

From a letter received at "The Mount" early in May, and which was written by Sister Laurentia O'Donnell, the Superior of this group whose destination was the battlefields of Virginia, we have made a brief extract.

"On May the 3rd, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, and in the early hours of the following day, we had the privilege of assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion. This double blessing was shared by the soldiers. The celebrant was the Rev. James Dillon, a Father of the Holy Cross, and one of Notre Dame's eight chaplains in the war service. While the Father remained on board our floating hospital he spent most of

the time with the suffering soldiers, to all of whom the genuine interest of the 'Soldier-Priest' was a consolation."

In passing, we may state, that Sister Laurentia O'Donnell, was sister by blood to Sister Madeleine O'Donnell, another notable Civil War Soldier-Nun who is still living at Mount Mercy, the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa.

On April 27, 1862, Bishop Wood, detailed Sisters for attendance on the sick and wounded soldiers, under the direction of Doctor Smith, Surgeon-General.

On May 6th, 1862, several Sisters under the care of the Surgeon-General went down the James River on "The Commodore" to bring up the wounded from the battlefield of Yorktown. All night, from 5 p. m., until 2 a. m., of the next day, the wounded were carried on stretchers to the hospital ships. Harrowing beyond expression were the scenes of those days; and what intensified the sorrow of both doctors and nurses was that the accommodations were all too inadequate for the number of the patients. The wounded lay in the state rooms and in rows along the decks, so closely crowded together as to make it nearly impossible to minister to some without treading on the others. But all that could be done was done, and the supply of coffee and stimulants was thankfully received by men who for days had languished without any attention. Near the landing whence the wounded were carried, the Sisters met a company of Pennsylvania Volunteers who had not had any food for two, and some for three days, for the steamer had been delayed. On their way up the river, "The Commodore" passed the vessel laden with longed-for supplies on its

way down to the men. They also came in sight of a Southern gunboat, and the officers bade the Sisters stand on the decks so as to show the character of the vessel and its purpose.

Among the wounded were many Southern soldiers who had been taken prisoners. It was pathetic to see their gratitude for the ministrations of the Religious who made no discrimination between "the Blue and the Gray."

On the 16th of May, Doctor Smith wrote to Mother Saint John that the Sisters had given universal satisfaction, and had done much good. He asked for six Nuns for service during the coming campaign. About the 20th of May, the six Sisters were detailed to accompany the wounded on the steamer to Philadelphia. There they remained in charge of them until the soldiers had been removed to the different hospitals of the city. Then the Sisters returned to receive the wounded from the battle fought near Richmond. Another steamer, freighted with shattered humanity, arrived at Philadelphia, about June 4th; and the wounded were consigned to the care of the compassionate Sisters of Saint Joseph.

Meanwhile Camp Curtin at Harrisburg had been reopened, and the Sisters were summoned again to attend the hospital. A veteran Sister nurse related that on her rounds about the place, on their return, she saw an isolated tent with a coffin near its entrance. To her inquiries an officer replied that in the tent a man lay dying of camp fever. She asked if there was no hope of saving him. On receiving an unsatisfactory reply, she declared that she would make a personal investigation. The officer refused permission, saying that to do so would be sui-

cide, as she would undoubtedly contract the fever. She, however, persisted and entered the tent. There she beheld a man apparently in the state of collapse. For days he had received scant attention, and the condition of bed and floor was indescribable. That day he had had nothing but a drink of water. The Sister at once prepared a bowl of stimulating broth, and in a short time he became sufficiently strong to tell her he was a Catholic from Saint Paul's Parish, Philadelphia. Father Maher was sent for at once. In the meantime, by dint of warning and entreaty, two male nurses were induced to lift the man from the bed. The floor was cleaned, the patient washed, his sores attended to, and above all, the last Sacraments were administered. Against all hope, the patient gradually improved, and his gratitude was touching in the extreme. The Superior sent to Philadelphia for his wife that she might arrange to have him carried home, but before she came they themselves had been recalled from their strenuous but blessed field of labor.

On June 9, 1862, Mother Saint John received a letter from Doctor Smith stating that the United States had agreed to take over all the State Hospitals. He sent word to the Sisters at Harrisburg to return home.

Thus ended the labors of the Sisters in camp and in floating hospitals. They returned to Philadelphia, and after their retreat resumed their former duties as though they had never left them. Seldom did they allude to their war experiences. Indeed it seemed as though they had done nothing beyond the ordinary. They never recorded their story. Time and distance have only more closely

enshrouded deeds which seemingly were regarded but as an episode in the community-life of sacrifice.

Of the fourteen soldier-nurses of this Community there is only one surviving, who is known in religion as Sister Mary Anselm Jennings. All her companions of hospital days are resting in the "Sisters' City of the Dead," over which the great chestnut trees of Mount Saint Joseph cast their peaceful shadows.

The roster of the United States Army Nurses of Mount Saint Joseph reads as follows:

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary Saint John Fournier	Arbois, France
Sister Mary Mt. Carmel Egan	Ireland
Sister Mary Felix Haverty	Ireland
Sister Mary Anselm Jennings (living)	Ireland
Sister Mary John Kieran	Ireland
Sister Mary Philomena Maher	Ireland
Sister Mary Bruno McMahon	Ireland
Sister Mary Constantia McMenamin	Ireland
Sister Mary Laurentia O'Donnell	Ireland
Sister Mary Camillus Phelan	Ireland
Sister Mary Monica Pue	Philadelphia
Sister Mary Ignatius Ryan	England
Sister Mary Xavier Walker	Ireland
Sister Mary Patrick Ward	Ireland

With one who knew and loved these dear, brave Nuns, we may repeat the following stanza:

They sought no plaudits, recompense of men,
But, love-inspired, fulfilled their role: and then,
From the field recalled,
Took up the routine of their convent task,
With the simplicity of those who ask
No guerdon but the Master's word, "Well done!"
At Even's close.
Then unto each there came, in God's own time,
The VENI SPONSA!—and the end sublime.

CHAPTER XI

Sisters of Saint Joseph, Wheeling, West Virginia

FROM the hour in which war was declared, Wheeling, chiefly because of its geographical position, felt the shock of each battle, and from all sides, on ambulance and cattle trains and transport boats, Wheeling Hospital cheerfully received more than its quota of soldier patients, whose good fortune it was to be placed under the tender and holy care of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, or, to use the words of a convalescent Confederate prisoner, the "Angels of the Wards."

In their primitive hospital, which was established a decade of years before the war, the Sisters had acquired a recognized standing as exceptionally efficient nurses, and, determined to keep pace with the demand for larger accommodations, within three years after their arrival in Wheeling, this small group of capable women acquired the present magnificent building located in North Wheeling.

Under date of March 12th, 1856, these Sisters of Saint Joseph received from the August Assembly of Virginia, a charter for the establishment of the Wheeling Hospital, which enjoys the distinction of being the "Mother Hospital," in which, during five years, zealous Sister-nurses received pre-war training for the struggle which was fast approaching.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

The Sisters of Saint Joseph of the Wheeling Community, like their spiritual Sisters of "The City of Brotherly Love," gave themselves whole-heartedly unto the labor of nursing the suffering soldiers of the Blue and the Gray back to health and strength; and true, also, to the spirit and the teachings of their American foundress, Mother Saint John Fontbonne, they met the occasion fully.

Early in February, 1864, at a time when this country was in the throes of a terrific struggle, and after three years of incessant hardships in the war hospital, the health of Mother Mary Immaculate Feeney completely failed, and to the deep regret of Bishop Whelan, O.P., the military officials, the soldiers and the Sisters, the great Nun, under whose management the hospital was established, and had attained a foremost position among the hospitals in the Southland, was obliged to resign her position, as Superior of the Congregation, and also the management of the military hospital, for which long and serious study and experience in war work had made Mother Immaculate an ideal Superintendent.

Consequently, the Bishop found it necessary to petition the Sisters of St. Joseph of New York, for a competent Superior for the hospital. In the annals of Wheeling Hospital the following item is recorded: "In compliance with the urgent request of Bishop Whelan, Sister Mary de Chantal, one of Ireland's noble daughters, known in her sunny homeland in Tipperary, as Jane Keating, was sent from New York to fill the vacancy caused by the serious illness of Mother Immaculate Feeney."

Promptly, and with little ceremony, Mother de Chantal, at the request of the Sisters, was appointed the Superior of the struggling community by Bishop Whelan. Scarcely had the installation been concluded when a deputation of members from the Soldiers' Aid Society called on the Sisters and requested them to take charge of the military patients then in the Athenaeum. Although there were only eight Sisters to take care of the sick; and accommodations were limited, their courageous spirits arose to the occasion. No effort on the part of the willing Sisters was spared in making arrangements to care for the soldiers. Within three days scores of sick and disabled soldiers of the two armies were received.

In the speech of Hon. Ambrose Kennedy of Rhode Island in the House of Representatives, on Monday, March 18, 1918, he paid a great tribute to Mother de Chantal Keating of Wheeling, West Virginia, saying in part:

"For four years during the war, with other members of her Community, she rendered aid and comfort to many distressed and afflicted soldiers at White Sulphur Springs, Montgomery County, Virginia, and also at Wheeling Hospital, which was rented and used by the Government as a post hospital during the war, where she and her devoted companions tenderly nursed the soldiers who were brought in from prisons and neighboring battlefields, never failing to render them ready and sympathetic attention. Mother de Chantal was one of the Nuns who received from the Grand Army of the Republic a bronze medal, as a token of her devotion to the soldiers whom she nursed at the Wheeling Hospital. She afterward

made it a practice to wear this medal on Memorial Day every year up to the time she died."

With Mother de Chantal, Sister Ignatius Farley, now the sole surviving member of Wheeling's zealous Sister-nurses of the army, also became the recipient of the Grand Army souvenir. This bronze memento of the soldiers' gratitude, with which there are associated so many tender recollections, the venerable war-nurse still wears above her patriotic heart upon each recurring Feast of Memories.

In their zealous ministry the Sisters seemed untiring. Day and night the weary eyes of the poor victims of the tragedies of the war were rested by the vision of the dark robed Sisters of Saint Joseph, who softly glided here and there among the suffering, whispering words of consolation, ministering to their every need, and sowing seeds of hope in despairing hearts.

Many beds were required, and the Sisters often and willingly gave up their own for the comfort of the soldiers. Moreover, the Sisters' sleeping quarters were frequently converted into wards for their suffering charges. Consequently, the Sisters in that vast hospital, often sought and found but some secluded corner wherein they might spread their blankets upon the floor in order to get even a little needed rest.

With willingness and happiness the Sisters sacrificed themselves in the cause of their soldier guests. As their numbers were so few and their patients so numerous, it was necessary for the courageous Nuns to take turns through the weary hours of the night in the wards of the soldiers, ever ministering unto those poor fellows whose

pain-racked bodies would not permit the blessing of a restful sleep. Who could even begin to comprehend the abundance of grace and sacrifice that prompted these noble women after their overburdened day, to spend themselves unreservedly in skillful attendance of the sick, bringing relief to the suffering, comfort to the weary hearted, hope to the dying and courage to all.

In God's name they served their fellow-men and in His strength alone they were able to accomplish the countless duties placed upon their burdened shoulders. To those wrecks of men these Sisters of Saint Joseph were like a benediction from God, and the full hearts of the soldiers paid them every reverence a man could render to those servants of God and suffering humanity. They ceased not to marvel at the beautiful virtues which gleamed forth in every action of the Sisters of Saint Joseph.

Sister Ignatius Farley, our Grand Army Medalist, has hours when she is in a mood to tell "war stories" to the Sisters of a younger generation. Out of many we have selected the following story of hidden sacrifice.

"One autumn night," related Sister Ignatius, "it was necessary that I remain in the surgical ward, long after schedule time, and it was therefore very late when I was relieved from duty. Going toward the Chapel for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament I opened the sacristy door with the utmost care, and closing it softly behind me I stood fascinated by the unusual picture of seven professed Sisters, worn out from severe hospital duty, who were lying fast asleep on the floor, and soldier fashion, each Sister was enfolded in a blanket, while each weary head was rest-

ing upon a pillow made of leaves gathered on the campus. Over the sleeping group, which included the Superior, Mother de Chantal, there rested the soft roseate glow from the sanctuary lamp, gleaming through the glass panels of the closed door, and there was still lingering the delicate fragrance of the incense used in the adjoining chapel during the evening Benediction."

On April 13, 1864, a party of gentlemen consisting of Mayor Crangle, Captain Over, George Wheat and Thomas Hornbrook, came to the hospital on a visit of inspection. They were looking for a suitable building wherein to establish a Post Hospital, and after a careful investigation concluded to use the Sisters' hospital for government protection of sick and wounded soldiers. The hospital was then reported to the war office, and the South Wing was rented by Quartermaster Farmsworth. The alterations necessary for governmental purposes were made by a number of incapacitated soldiers. Until the hospital was finally organized under the new system, Sisters continued to receive the sick and wounded. Dr. Kirker, military surgeon, was in charge and maintained his headquarters in the Sisters' hospital.

On April 23rd of the same year the Government had everything in readiness to take over the hospital. The beautiful grounds seemed to be a soldiers' camp so numerous were the tents of every size and serving every conceivable purpose that loomed up outside the hospital walls. Something like one hundred soldiers were appointed to do all the work in connection with caring for the suffering soldiers with the exception of actual nursing. The Sisters of Saint Joseph were greatly relieved when

the government took charge. The great basement of the hospital was used as a dining room and commissary, while a large tent served as kitchen. They also had their own laundry built on the grounds. Besides other necessary houses a morgue was built to receive the dead.

On the afternoon of April 23, 1864, the Hospital Steward arrived and his assistants soon had great stoves unpacked. The following morning the Sisters served breakfast to the army patients for the last time. Dinner was furnished by the government officials who then took full charge. So the peaceful little hospital, so recently established, now served as an "Army Hospital" and instead of the sweet tranquility, and quiet comfort, that formerly characterized it, the immature hospital had suddenly been transformed into a surging mass of Blue uniformed soldiers, excited surgeons, endless rows of snow-white beds, upon which lay the human toll of many battles.

Through the endless labor the faithful Sisters of Saint Joseph, serving the suffering soldiers with all the devotion of their generous spirits and sympathetic hearts in the capacity of Army nurses, remained calm and cheerful. In every emergency, in every hardship that duty placed before them, and in every difficulty they were called upon to face, they arose gloriously to meet it. Their very presence carried consolation, and all, with whom they came in contact upon the broad field of their labors, regarded these holy women, consecrated to the service of their fellowmen, with grateful admiration.

At seven-thirty on the evening of July 26, 1864, Captain Over came hurriedly into the hospital and made the

startling announcement that two hundred invalid soldiers had arrived unexpectedly and ordered that the entire house be taken over at once. Mother de Chantal, always calm and efficient, immediately set about to prepare for the arrival of the men. Room had to be made in the already crowded hospital to care for the wounded who were being sent up as rapidly as ambulances could be procured for them. There was little time for excitement. The good Sisters were too concerned about the unconscious, blood-stained soldiers awaiting their succor, too bent upon ministering to their needs to permit natural excitement to retard their hurried preparations. Accordingly, rows of blankets were spread upon the floor to receive the pitiful victims of the battlefield. Together with the army surgeons and Wheeling's physicians the Sisters busied themselves in preparing them as well as they could to obtain a little rest after a toilsome and wearing journey.

Always solicitous for the soldiers' comfort, and owing to the crowded condition of the Hospital, the orphans, who had hitherto been cared for in the hospital, were sent to the Island House, a diocesan property, which Bishop Whelan placed at their disposal. The house suited the purpose very well and relieved the crowded condition of the Hospital. Four Sisters were sent to care for the orphans in their new home. The remaining Sisters were regularly employed as nurses. The faithful discharge of their duties were often trying under the existing conditions. However, true to their calling, they were patient, courageous and extremely serviceable in their every undertaking.

After the departure of the Sisters in charge of the orphans, the responsible work of supervision was divided among the remaining executives. Sisters M. Vincent Smythe and M. Stanislaus Matthews were placed in charge of the North Wing, and Reverend Mother de Chantal Keating and Sister M. Agnes Kelly the South; while Sister Aloysius Sullivan was engaged to take charge of the kitchen and supplies. Reverend Mother de Chantal accompanied Dr. Kirker, the Army Surgeon in his morning visits to the wards, taking at his hurried dictation orders for the patients. Every day the Sisters enjoyed the great blessing and consolation of assisting at Holy Mass, celebrated by Bishop Whelan in their Chapel, to which services the soldiers were always welcome. At the conclusion of the early Mass, the Sister day-nurses proceeded to their various wards where they entered upon their mission of charity.

Notwithstanding the ever increasing demands made upon their time and skill, the Sister-nurses seemed ever willing and ready to linger at the bedside of a depressed soldier, speaking words of consolation and cheer to brighten his dark hours of suffering. Frequently the Sisters wrote the soldiers' letters, that anxious ones at home might find a bit of consolation in a little news from a loved father, a dear brother and more often a son, wounded upon the field of action while bravely fighting in the cause he thought right.

As a result of a Northern victory a number of Confederates were brought to Wheeling and placed in prison. A society of women, whose sympathies were with the South, obtained permission from the authorities to have

the Southern soldiers in need of medical attention cared for in the Hospital of the Sisters. So the Federal prisoners of war were sent to the Sisters, who gave them the same careful attention they showered upon their own men. Mother de Chantal often remarked: "It is hard to be sick but to be a sick prisoner of war is indeed a heavy cross." The striking charity that existed among the Northern and Southern soldiers confined in the hospital was marked by all. It was most common to witness a convalescent Northern soldier insist upon exchanging his comfortable bed with a wounded Southern soldier who, because of crowded wards, was forced to lie upon a cot or blanket-bed upon the floor, and the lads who idolized Jefferson Davis were never outdone in generosity. Their conversation to one another was most touching, so redolent it was of Christian charity. The wounded of the North shared their every comfort with their brothers of the South. It was Christ who walked the wards. Though, without the hospital, the opposing sides might struggle against each other, within the wards of the Sisters' hospital, the wounded soldiers of the North and the prisoners of the South were at peace. Many stories of the war days in the Hospital of the Sisters of St. Joseph may still be heard from the few surviving veterans who fought in the bitter strife.

So the war days, blackened by the devastation of the land, reddened by the blood of dying heroes, and filled with horror at the ever increasing numbers lying half dead and in the agony of keen suffering in the many busy hospitals established throughout the States, slowly spent themselves in the passage of time. However, for the Sis-

ters of Saint Joseph, faithfully holding their post at Wheeling, the time sped quickly enough, for the long days seemed all too short as their daily routine held them captives in the execution of their good works far into the nights of those full days.

The following are the names of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of the Wheeling Community, who formed a part of "a Grand Army of the Republic," before whom the aged surviving veterans, the men who wore the Blue and those who wore the Gray, even to this day bow head and heart in affectionate remembrance of the hour when the presence of one of these Nuns fell on the hearts of sick and lonely men like a breath from heaven:

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary de Chantal Keating	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Evangelist Breslin	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Ignatius Farley (living)	Virginia
Sister Mary Immaculate Feeney	Indiana
Sister Mary Stanislaus Honan	Virginia
Sister Mary Agnes Kelly	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Stanislaus Matthews	Virginia
Sister Mary Vincent Smythe	Virginia
Sister Mary Aloysius Sullivan	Maryland
Sister Mary Joseph Whelan	Maryland

CHAPTER XII

Sisters of Mercy, Pittsburg, Pa.

SEVEN Sisters of Mercy, were the gracious gift of Ireland to this great nation, but, in a special manner, these cultured women were a blessing to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the "Mystic Seven" on the Feast of Saint Thomas the Apostle, December 21st, 1843, established the first Convent of Mercy in the United States.

On the files in the War Department at Washington we have read with pride the names of Mercy's war nurses who represented communities in Pittsburgh, Pa.; New York City; Chicago, Illinois; Vicksburg, Mississippi; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Baltimore, Maryland.

The history of the Order of Mercy, which reads like a romance, was founded in Ireland on the banks of the Liffey, in 1831, by Miss Catherine Elizabeth McAuley, who made her novitiate and her profession of vows in the convent of the Presentation Nuns on George's Hill, Dublin.

On January 24, 1834, Francis Warde, who was destined to become the foundress of the Order of Mercy in the United States, was the first novice professed in the chapel of the Mother House on Baggot Street.

The great Irish Exodus to the United States had not yet reached the fearful proportions of "Sad '48" and

yet, the voices of thousands of her exiled race spoke from beyond the Atlantic to Mother Xavier, and her heart and her prayers followed her country-people to the trackless woods—its lovely valleys and she coveted the honor of being the first of her institute to touch its soil, and God blessed and granted her wish.

The invitation to come to the United States, then known as the "foreign mission," was extended to the Carlow Community by the Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor, D.D., the first Bishop of Pittsburgh.

The six Religious who accompanied Mother Xavier across the Atlantic and the Alleghanies included Sister Mary Josephine Cullen, who was a niece to His Eminence Paul Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, Sisters Mary Aloysia and Mary Elizabeth Strange, sisters by blood, whose uncle was His Eminence Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, first Archbishop of Westminster, Sister Veronica McDarby "the joy of the Community," Sister Philomena Reid—"a novice of great promise," and Miss Margaret O'Brien, a postulant of distinguished lineage, and later known in religion as the Rev. Mother Mary Agatha O'Brien, the foundress of the Chicago Community.

In less than two decades when the call "To Arms" rang out over this nation, Pennsylvania, which sheltered the Liberty Bell, promised to live true to its sacred traditions and nobly kept its word. In tens of thousands, its bravest and best responded, confident of a prompt and decisive victory. Early returns from the battle front, filled the air with the lamentations of the fathers, mothers,

wives, sisters, brothers and friends of the Federals and the Confederates.

On November 26, 1862, when a corps of Sisters from Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, upon invitation of the Hon. Edwin Stanton, Secretary of War, took charge of long rows of frame buildings in Washington, D. C., the group to be known as Stanton Hospital, in honor of the War Secretary, they began their work by caring for one hundred and thirty soldiers just from the front.

On December 8, following the opening of Stanton, and in response to an urgent order from the War Office, an additional group of Sister-nurses, Alumnae of Mercy in Pittsburgh, reported for duty in Washington.

By this time the capital had become one vast hospital. Terrific battles were being fought around the city, and almost hourly the rude ambulances delivered at Stanton their bleeding burdens brought in from neighboring battlefields and prisons. Day and often during the entire desolate night, the Sisters were on duty, never failing to render the soldiers ready and sympathetic treatment, and all this under the hardships of the undeveloped hospital system of nearly seventy years ago.

In efficiency these Nuns probably had few, if any, superiors among the war nurses, as many of the volunteers from this "Cradle of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States" had served a long and exacting preparation in their own Mercy Hospital. On the staff of this renowned institution, which, by the way, was the first hospital established in Western Pennsylvania, there were many of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons of that period, under whose instruction the Sisters, from

1847 to the beginning of their Government hospital service in 1861, had fourteen years in which to become fully equipped for the strenuous hospital duty in "The Stanton" in Washington, D. C., and the West Pennsylvania Military Hospital, in the city of Pittsburgh.

"These Sisters of Mercy," the Stanton Hospital officials stated, "were not afraid of toil, self-denial or hardships, so that they could glorify God and relieve the anguish of mind or body of the Federal soldiers in the Stanton, or of its sick and dejected prisoners of war." In the interests of the latter, the Sisters had received from the hospital military officials vast discretionary power, and we are told in the Sisters' letters of the burst of gratitude with which each act of kindness was received by the men who had fallen under the Stars and Bars.

Mental diseases among the war-worn soldiers were numerous and with a mingled bravery and tenderness, the Sisters served in the section reserved for the insane, distributing a gentle influence as they strove to heal the disordered mind.

In the Stanton the Sisters had five hundred patients under their care at one time; and after the Second Battle of Fredericksburg at Marye's Heights, December 13, 1862, a number of Confederate soldiers were laid side by side in the wards with those whom they had wounded. Kindnesses were exchanged by the boys who wore the Blue and those who wore the Gray:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

It has been truly said the military physicians and surgeons in the Stanton regarded the Sisters as valuable

assistants, and oftentimes the Nuns had the entire charge of the patients, administering medicines and arranging bandages with deft and skillful hands. They carved for themselves among the soldiers this glorious record—"They passed by doing good."

In the Stanton, there was observed a strict system—and in any great emergency, extraordinary results were thus obtained. The nursing, however, had to be constant, and the Sisters were fully repaid for their sacrifices in the gratitude which the soldiers manifested. Another earthly reward reached the Sisters when some worn out hero lifted his white wasted hands, and with his last breath whispered, "God bless you Sister."

"Some of these holy women," said His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, "worn out with prolonged hardships paid with their lives for their heroic devotion. They, as well as the soldier fallen in the fight, gave their all for the Republic. Their whole lives and all their actions had long before been offered on the altar of self-sacrifice to Him who never forgets. No hope of glory—theirs when they knelt by those who had fallen. They well knew that they, in their turn, would go to their little plot of earth marked only by a lowly Cross in a hidden corner of God's Acre.

"Often when rations were limited, as if by a miracle, these devoted Nuns secured nourishment for men weakened in the swamps, and the loss of blood from gaping wounds. Worn and weary through sleepless nights they labored on; their only words of recognition, or of gratitude, the feeble smile on the parched lips of dying men

who, regaining consciousness after a dream of Hell, beheld as a vision these visitors from Heaven."

In those dark days, upon which the destiny of a great nation hung by a thread, and from many a death-swept field the weary, famished, shivering and footsore men painfully made their way to the hospital train, or the hospital boat, waiting to carry them from the scene of strife. Many sank on the march and left their bones to bleach on some road or mountain side. Others were so spent with fatigue that they reached the Stanton Hospital, only to die. For hundreds the stretchers were a necessity.

The months of November, December and January of 1863 and 1864 were among the most tragic of the four years' struggle. "The War Department," said a member of the Sanitary Commission, "made extraordinary efforts to relieve the horror of the situation, but great distress still continued."

Hunger and cold, famine and nakedness were the inseparable companions of brave soldiers, whose hearts were wrung in pity as they listened to the whinnying of famishing horses and mules, even when they were slowly dying themselves from lack of food. Their insufficient garments were worn out with hard service; and shivering in summer rags in frigid mid-winter, with broken shoes and bruised feet, many of which had been wrapped by the men in the cut-off skirts of their blouses, they trooped in small and large groups into the Sisters' hospital. Here their crippled and swollen and bleeding feet were bathed in warm water by the hands of a kneeling gentlewoman in the religious habit.

Sometimes the coarse cloth had festered into the

wounded feet, and it required careful nursing to save them from amputation. Others came to the Sisters' care whose hands and feet, and often their faces, were frozen. In the hearts of the Mercy Nuns of "The Stanton" there was a tender and a practical pity for all. These Sisters of Mercy by their complete conquest of their timidity, knew no fear where their fellow creatures were enduring tortures. "It was," they said, "no time for self pity." In each form, broken and bruised and bleeding, the Sisters saw the image of Him to whose service they had consecrated their hearts and their lives.

At the period when war was at its height; when the military hospitals of the nation were crowded with sick and wounded; when the hearts of the people were crushed by the bitter differences in Congress; when the contention among members of the Cabinet became dangerous to the safety of the Republic, the burden pressed most heavily upon the Chief Executive of the Nation. One autumn evening, so the story runs, just after sunset, the Sisters saw in the distance on the avenue leading to the main entrance to the Stanton Hospital, a tall slender man whose walk and drooping shoulders suggested one whose sorrows were heavy. In the old-fashioned dignity which was as majestic as it was modest, the Sisters instinctively recognized Abraham Lincoln. Without ostentation, the President of the United States entered, and after greeting the Sisters with great courtesy, moved along the many rows of hospital cots. With the boys of the North he shook hands and told his droll stories in his own inimitable way—one of Lincoln's methods of concealing his deep sorrow—while to the lads from the Confederate

ranks he was equally cordial. That evening, in the "Valley of the shadow of death," and in the subdued light of the Stanton Hospital, filled as it was with sick, wounded and dying, yes, and the dead, to Lincoln, the Mason and Dixon line did not exist. When the Community assembled in the chapel for night prayers, Mother Rose Hostetter asked the Sisters to pray fervently and often for their illustrious visitor of the evening, upon whose great soul the woes of a nation pressed.

In passing, we may state that not one is now living of the Sisters who were the recipients that evening of the words of gratitude and regard which fell from the lips of Lincoln, whose watchword was, "Charity for all."

Volumes might be written extolling the war Sisters, but no words can tell the story of their sacrifices so tersely, or half so well, as those contained in *"The Recollections of Abraham Lincoln,"* at whose call they volunteered in the service:

"Of all the forms of charity and benevolence seen in the crowded wards of the hospitals, those of some Catholic Sisters were among the most efficient. I never knew whence they came or what was the name of their Order. More lovely than anything I had ever seen in art, so long devoted to illustrations of love, mercy and charity, are the pictures that remain of these modest Sisters going on their errands of mercy among the suffering and the dying. Gentle and womanly, yet with the courage of soldiers leading a forlorn hope, to sustain them in contact with such horrors. As they went from cot to cot, distributing the medicines prescribed, administering the cooling, refreshing, strengthening draughts as directed, they were

veritable Angels of Mercy. Their words were suited to every sufferer. One they incited or encouraged, another they calmed and soothed. With every soldier they conversed about his home, his wife, his children, all the loved ones he was soon to see again if he was obedient and patient. How many times have I seen them exorcise pain by their presence or their words! How often has the hot forehead of the soldier grown cool as one of these Sisters bathed it! How often has he been refreshed, encouraged and assisted along the road to convalescence when he would otherwise have fallen by the way, by some home memories with which these unpaid nurses filled the heart."

In the Mercy Annals of Pittsburgh we have read the following tribute from the Sister-nurses to Stanton's Executive Staff:

"Too much praise cannot be given to the officials of this establishment for their careful supervision, attention to the patients, their unvarying kindness and the confidence reposed in the Sisters. The surgeon in charge, Doctor John A. Liddell, and his assistant, Doctor Philip Davis, deserve special mention. Abundant supplies of everything needful for the sick were most liberally provided in clothing, food, drugs, etc., so far as possible, no wish of the poor fellows, whether Blue or Gray, was left ungratified. This was a source of great satisfaction to the Sisters and lightened considerably their cares.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than we can dream of, or than nature understands; we learn not through our poor philosophy what hidden chords are touched by unseen hands."

The story of Wooden Will, as related by Sister Mary

Regina Cosgrave, and woven into Mercy's Archives by the late distinguished writer, Sister Mary Antonio Gallagher, Litt. D., opens in September, 1863, in the famous Stanton Hospital, Washington, just after one of the dreadful battles of the day, bears upon it the touch of *"unseen hands."*

"Terrible and exciting is the scene. Ambulances full of wounded sufferer are drawing up. Men, pale, bleeding, shattered, are carried into the wards. Surgeons have labored all night. Attendants are unbiquitous, with bandages, lint and medicine; and gliding between the long rows of beds are the Sisters, ministering to the poor heroes whose life-blood paid the price of loyalty to an ideal. How soothingly the gentle voice of whispered prayer fell upon the quickened ear of those suffering men! There are only a few of them still living, whose hair has grown gray; and yet their dim eyes glow and moisten at the name of the gentle Sister who nursed them back to life. But, alas! for the vacant place in a thousand homes.

"About midway in one of the wards lies a dying soldier, and a Sister of Mercy is kneeling beside the camp-bed, quietly praying. The attendants hush their footsteps as they pass the bed, but no one pauses; for the sight is a familiar one. The prayers of his childhood—'Our Father,' 'Hail Mary'—fell on his ear. Among the first to be brought in from the field, he had made his peace with God, and his life is passing away with the waning sunlight. He is very young, almost boyish, and the features are as finely cut as a woman's. Short, pale reddish curls are tossed back from the forehead and brush the pillow, setting the white face in a sort of aureole.

Around his neck is a string, and a small medal of Our Lady lies on his breast. His hand gropes for it. The Sister guides it, and the touch seems to rouse him from the stupor. Fixing his eyes on the Sister's face, he tries to smile a recognition. The stiffened lips form words:

" 'Get me—some one—from Pittsburgh.' 'I am from Pittsburgh,' said the Sister. A glad flash shot from the dark eyes. 'Convent at Cathedral?' he asked.

" 'Yes, my poor boy that's where we belong. What can I do for you? You have friends in Pittsburgh? Tell me your message for them—when I go back.'

"A pleading look came into the large eyes, and a spasm of pain caught the corners of his mouth. The Sister lifted the medal and touched it there. He spoke again and with a stronger voice. 'My wife Mary lives there—poor girl! She's not much past eighteen, and our baby Willie is just born—I never saw him. God bless them both!'

"He paused for breath, and the Sister moistened his lips; then a wan faint smile came to the great eyes and the pale face.

" 'Mary writes that the baby has two "little fingers" on the left hand, and they want to hurt the baby. Tell her no cutting up that boy—no matter what they say—'

"The smile died away, 'Lord, help'—gasped the cold lips, as a gray shadow fell on the face. The Sister wept as she prayed. Swiftly the breath came—up, up, like the pulsing of the sea, fainter and farther away as the tide goes out; and the Sister thought of the homely tenderness of that boyish father, whose blood was draining from his crushed body, and yet whose death-agony was full of

thought that no suffering should come to the misformed little hand of the baby he would never see. And as she gazed, the great pause came—the stillness we all have suddenly felt and sighed to think of the child-widow and helpless orphan boy. Alas, that he died without giving her a clew! How could she give the message of that pathetic blessing?

"But the attendants carry away the dead; there is no time for regrets or fears. Again she stands by the suffering, and so the months pass. The war is over. Back to the Convent go the Sisters, and only in reminiscences do we meet the scenes of the war.

"We are again in Pittsburgh, twelve years have passed away and the great hospital nurse, Sister Mary Regina Cosgrave who closed the eyes of the 'Pittsburgh boy' is at her desk this evening in the Convent school-room. She did not forget the dying message, but so far all search has been in vain.

"The 'night boys' are all present. There is silence in the room, and fifty earnest faces bend laboriously over copy-books, and hold the pen with perspiring effort. Suddenly there is a scuffle at the door. Up rise the heads. Two lads enter, dragging between them a small figure who resists vigorously. Before they have advanced two yards, the small figure breaks away and vanishes. The two leaders look dismayed under the grave eyes of the Nun, as a voice is heard:

" 'Boys, what does this mean?'

"The delinquents hang their heads a moment, and then look up shyly under the broadside of indignant

glances from their fellows at the desks. 'Sister,' said one, in a low voice, 'its Wooden Will.'

" 'It's what?' inquired the Sister, with a puzzled look on her face.

" 'Sister, its Wooden Will'—a little louder.

" 'Wooden Will? Who is that?'

" 'Sister, it's that boy.'

" 'What boy!' repeated the Nun; 'well why doesn't he come in?'

" 'Sister, he wants to, but he's scared. He says you 'uns is like heaven in here, and he ain't fit' was the answer; 'and he hangs round the door every night, and we pulled him in tonight to give him a show.'

"The Nun's heart went out to the little vagrant, and she said sympathetically: 'Why he should not be afraid; he'll be very welcome. Can't some of you speak to his mother?'

" 'He ain't got one,' was the quick response.

" 'Poor little fellow!' sighed the war Sister, with great tenderness. 'Well then, his father, or his friends?'

" 'Father dead, too. Wooden Will ain't got nobody but himself. But he's a Catholic all the same,' was the reply.

" 'Now, boys,' said the earnest voice of the Nun, 'this will never do; we must have Wooden Will here at school. Any boy that brings that lad to me by coaxing, or any other way that doesn't hurt him, shall get a beautiful medal of Our Lady. Now you must continue your writing.

"In a moment all were silent again. The evening's work went on, but there was an uneasy look on the faces

of the late comers, which did not escape the eyes of the Religious. Her experience of human nature in children told her where the silver medal would go, and she stifled a smile of triumph at the hope of success so soon.

"The last exercise was concluded, the last prayer said, when the late-comers made a straight line towards the door and vanished; soon, just as the last boy had gone, and the lights were nearly all extinguished, they reappeared, puffing vigorously, with the small figure, known as Wooden Will, between them.

" 'My dear child,' said Sister, 'I am sorry you were afraid to come to school. You don't know how glad we are to see the boys coming to us. What is your name?'

" 'Will,' was the half audible reply.

" 'What is your last name?'

" 'Ain't got none—only Will.'

" 'Now, Will,' said the Sister, gently making him sit down, I want you to tell me something about yourself; for we are your friends, and we want you to be comfortable and happy. Have you had any supper?'

" 'Never get any real supper,' murmured Will.

"The Sister made a sign to her companion, who left the room, and returned in a short time with a bowl of milk, a piece of cold chicken and ham, buttered rolls, and some clear, trembling jelly, in a small glass dish. Will's brown eyes changed their expression as they were placed on a desk before him, and at the first word of command he laid siege to the plates. The Nuns moved around the room attending to various duties until he finished; and, as his restraint seemed somewhat removed, he was ready to talk.

" 'Do you 'uns keep little fellows all night?'

" 'Not here, Will,' was the reply. 'Where do you live?'

" 'Don't live nowhere.'

" 'Where do you sleep at night.'

" 'Under wood-piles or on the ash-heaps in the rolling-mills.'

" 'Where do you get your meals?'

" 'Don't get no meals.'

"The lonely lad closed his eyes, but made no reply.

" 'But, my child,' said the Sister, on whose face the deepest sympathy was manifested, did you never have any home or friends? Where did your mother die?'

" 'Can't mind it much, it's so long ago,' said Will, 'I ain't got no one that owns me—no aunts or uncles or granny, or any one.'

" 'Poor boy! How old are you?'

" 'Near twelve, I guess.'

" 'And what about being in the rolling mills? Surely you've had better places.'

" 'Don't like no places where folks kick yer and calls yer names, and every place I was at they did that; so I scooted, 'cause when I got right scared, the blood used to come up in my mouth.'

" 'Poor little fellow!' sighed the Sister. 'Do you know your prayers?'

" 'What's them?'

" 'O my poor child! Don't you know "Our Father," or "Hail Mary, full of Grace?" You're a Catholic, are you?'

" 'Yes, I know "Hail Mary, full of Grace." I say

that every day, and twice on Sundays,' and he repeated the 'Hail Mary' perfectly.

" 'Do you never go to church? To the Catholic Church?'

" 'Ain't got no clothes good enough to go to church;' and he went on: 'I used to watch you 'uns going down the street, never speakin', nor smilin', but kind of solemn; and I would have come in here like the other fellers, but I wasn't fit.'

" 'But you are fit my poor child, and you shall come every night, and you may stay here tonight if you wish. I will get you a nice bed, and tomorrow you can run errands for us, and make fires, and do anything you are told; and we will teach you your prayers, and your religion, and how to read and write, and how to be a good man some day. Are you sure you have no home, no friends, no place you would like better?'

" 'No sir-re—ma'am!' said Will emphatically.

" 'Well, then we will find you a cozy corner tonight, and tomorrow we will talk more.'

"Then she whispered a few words to the Sister, and the latter left the room.

" 'Willie, can you bless yourself?'

" 'Don't know.'

" 'Can you do this?' and Sister Regina made the Sign of the Cross.

" 'I saw some of the fellers do it' and he lifted his little hand to try.

"It was a peculiar looking little hand, and as the Sister's eyes rested on it, she saw it had a sixth finger. A swift rush of thought brought her back to the death-bed

scene in the hospital in the war-time. She seemed to see it all over again, and to hear the painfully uttered words of the dying soldier lad, who had told her of his boy Willie, whom he had never seen. Could this be the boy? Might she now give the dying blessing that so often came before her mind like an unfulfilled duty? Here was the sixth finger, that seemed to her like the sign of recognition; and then the resemblance that puzzled her when she first looked at Wooden Will. Again she observed the large brown eyes, the delicate, feminine features, the pale reddish curls. Was his mother's name Mary?

"'Will,' she said, 'did you ever see your father?'

"'No ma'am, my father was killed in the war! He died in the Stanton Hospital. It says so in front of the book that was my mother's.'

"'What else is in the book?'

"'Nothin' only, "To my wife Mary," just before the battle: and right below that is, "My dear husband died for his country in the Stanton Hospital."'

"'Old Peter giv' me prayer book afore he died, and he said to keep it, 'cause it was all my relatives left me.'

"'Who was old Peter?'

"'He knowed my mother, I guess. He was an old feller that had a cart, and he was good to me, but he's dead. The book ain't much, 'cept it was my mother's.'

"'And when did your mother die?'

"'She died afore old Peter. It was a good while ago. I can't mind it. I've been on the street with the fellers since I could walk a'most. I keep my mother's prayer book buried in the box with my shirt on the river bank. I'll get it for you 'uns tomorrow.'

" 'My child,' said the Nun, tenderly taking the little misformed hands in hers; 'God who lives in Heaven, where I trust your dear father and mother are, sent you to me tonight. I was in the Stanton, miles away from here, nursing the soldiers during the war, and your poor father was carried in bleeding and wounded.

" 'When he was dying he requested me to take his blessing to his wife Mary and his little Willie, who, was not long born. He said the baby had a second "little finger" and it was his dying wish not to hurt his child or have it cut off. You are the perfect picture of your father, my child; the resemblance has puzzled me ever since I looked at you when you first came in; and when I saw this poor little hand, and heard you say your father died in Stanton, it all came back to me, and I feel that God has brought you to me and to a comfortable home in answer to my prayers. Your brave father died nobly, and his last words were of you and your mother, with a prayer to God for his soul.'

"From that hour the war orphan was rarely referred to as 'Wooden Will,' as he had become by adoption, 'Sister Regina's boy.' "

In Pittsburgh, the West Pennsylvania Hospital was used by the government for a military hospital, principally for Pennsylvania soldiers, and to this haven were sent such sick and disabled as were sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of transportation from Washington or other places, to make room for cases direct from the field of battle.

In this hospital the Sisters received the same courtesy from the officers as was extended to them elsewhere, every

arrangement compatible with existing circumstances being made to lighten their duties. In the West Pennsylvania a chapel was fitted up, and Mass was celebrated daily when such convalescent patients as desired were at liberty to attend.

"Our Sisters," wrote Mercy's Annalist, "were invited to give their services at the West Pennsylvania Hospital in Pittsburgh, which they cheerfully did in 1863. At once, a second large corps of Sister-nurses, each one of whom had held an executive position in Mercy Hospital, were engaged in making extraordinary efforts for the sad home-coming of many of 'Pittsburgh's Own," among whom, there was a large percentage of the 'Sisters' boys,' former pupils in the parochial schools."

The West Penn., its staff, and its Sister-nurses, did not, however, put a limit upon their deeds of charity. The portals of hospitable West Penn. were always open to the man in Gray. The Sisters never turned their heads away from any of these war-sick strangers within the gates because of the color of his uniform or face, or because his faith was not in accord with theirs.

Among these hundreds of soldier patients there were many frightful emergency surgical cases. During operations—even upon major cases—some brave, but gentle daughter of Mother Xavier Warde was often the surgeon's only assistant, the only one available to give the anaesthetic.

The medical cases, often the result of encampment in swamp districts, were varied, numerous, serious and frequently contagious. The Sisters however, continued their ministrations as if each had a charmed life.

The prescription department was under the care of Mother Mary Sebastian Gillespie, who was a recognized pharmacist of great ability. Mother Sebastian was a kinswoman to Mother Angela Gillespie, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and to James Gillespie Blaine, "The Plumed Knight," and to many soldiers who held high positions in the Federal Army.

As the war advanced each battle brought additional "soldier guests" to West Penn., among whom the Sisters did wonderfully effective work, bringing comfort to many a bruised and broken man in the hour of agony and distress, thus proving their loyalty and devotion to their God, their flag and their neighbor, in those awful days of fratricidal war.

Recently, the writer, who wished to ascertain if Sister Madeleine O'Donnell had been a nurse at Stanton Hospital, Washington, D. C., upon the occasion of President Lincoln's visit, wrote Sister Madeleine for the information. Within a few days the dear, and only surviving veteran of the Pittsburgh Community, sent a reply which reads in part as follows:

"It was not my good fortune to have had the honor and the joy of meeting President Lincoln at the Stanton Hospital. Obedience kept me at that time among a large group of my Sisters who nursed the soldiers in the West Penn. Hospital in Pittsburgh, in which every available spot, including the corridors was occupied by some soldier.

"During this particular period the scourge of Civil War was cutting deeper wounds into the hearts of all the people. The horrors of the combat were constantly increasing and plans were made by which, almost over-

night, the hillsides of Pittsburgh were dotted with hundreds of tents, serving as emergency stations. These canvas hospitals dotted the hills as sheep dot the knolls while they graze.

"My second appointment was to this 'City of Tents' which sheltered many thousands of our countrymen who had been brought to Pittsburgh from battlefields, encampments and prisons," writes Sister Madeleine, and then mentions the following eloquent incident of those days.

"When our Sisters were first assigned to the hillside duty, a large tent was given to us to serve as a Chapel. The morning after our arrival, Mass was celebrated in this canvas house, which was attended by many convalescent soldiers. The Sisters were satisfied with the arrangement, as we entered the service determined to follow in the footsteps of the army, no matter through what hardships.

"On our second day of duty, a delegation of non-Catholic officers paid an official visit to the Superior, Mother Mary Sebastian Gillespie, and insisted that the Sisters take over their Protestant Chapel, a fine house that stood in the compound. 'For,' said the leader, 'winter is coming and it isn't just that men should have the comfortable chapel, while the Sisters, our best friends—the soldiers' gentle nurses—worship God in the cold.' With gratitude the Sisters accepted the chivalrous offer. You may be sure we constantly remembered these friends in our prayers."

The West Penn. and the "Field of Tents" demanded

a generous contribution of self-sacrifice from the Sisters of Mercy and in the spirit of Mother McAuley, they made a magnificent response.

Of the twenty-six Sisters of the Pittsburgh Community who volunteered as nurses in the Civil War, there is living only Sister Mary Madeleine O'Donnell, who was a guest of honor at the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the "Monument to the Nuns of the Battlefield" and out of the less than a score of surviving Sister-nurses of the Civil War—the aged veteran was the only one able to make the journey to Washington. Today there are only eight to answer the roll-call. In her own right and representing the few surviving veterans of twelve religious orders, which included twenty communities, who were unable to make the journey, Sister Mary Madeleine O'Donnell was, by the unanimous consent of the highest officials of the Church and of the nation, the Unerowned Queen of "Sister's Day" in the Capitol of the United States, September 20, 1924.

When the roar of cannon died away and the smoke of battle was lifted from the land, the bright sun of peace shone upon a people more united than they had ever been before. Religious bigotry and sectarian hatred had received a death stroke. There was more christianity amid the rough scenes of war than there had been in preceding years of peace.

The best blood of Roman Catholic and of his Protestant co-patriot had reddened the same stream and mingled on many a well-fought field.

Side by side they met the charge; side by side they

fell, and in the same pit their bodies were deposited. The dew fell from heaven upon their union in the grave.

When the Angel of Peace spread its wings over the fair land—the Sisters of the West Penn., the Stanton and of the hospital in the City of Tents returned to the seclusion of their Convent—replete with tender memories and radiant with splendid achievements.

Of the war in itself they seldom spoke while they often referred to the unvarying kindness and confidence reposed in the Sisters by the non-Catholic surgeons, physicians, officers and patients in the hospitals, from whom the Sisters received the most chivalrous courtesy. The Sisters were always hearty in their praise of the members of the Sanitary Commission, who were always most generous in providing abundant supplies for the sick, the wounded and the convalescent, whether the poor fellow had worn the Blue or Gray.

From the original pioneer band of seven Sisters of Mercy there has gone forth the power that has built the Order into its tens of thousands of professed Religious. They have labored in hovel and hamlet; crowded court and stifling lazaretto, oftime with no reward but a thankful look from eyes fast glazing in death. Upon the plains of Mexico, at Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo, and upon the sodden soil of our Southern battlefields, their tender care and ministrations have been felt! Blue and Gray knew them and blessed them.

The writer has many times knelt beside the grave of each of the "Mystic Seven."

Rev. Mother Mary Agatha O'Brien, one of the four Sisters of Mercy, martyrs in their devotion to the stricken

victims of the Asiatic Cholera of 1854, is resting "far from Mononia," in the soil of the Chicago of her choice.

Beneath a coverlet of Irish ivy, and the shelter of an ancient oak, there are lying, side by side in the "Valley of old Saint Xavier's" in the "Cemetery of the Nuns" of the Pittsburgh Community, the precious remains of

Sister Mary Josephine Cullen
Sister Mary Aloysia Strange
Sister Mary Elizabeth Strange
Sister Mary Veronica McDarby
Sister Mary Philomena Reid

The majestic Mother Mary Francis Xavier Warde, whom we knew and loved, and from whose lips, in very distant days, we first heard the above story, as well as the Civil War history of the Mercy Order, rests in a "cloister within a cloister," the seclusion of which is kept sacred by full-grown evergreens which surround the shrine. Sharing the repose of Mother Warde are scores of her spiritual daughters whose graves are marked by plain white crosses, and very close to her side, as Mother Xavier would have it, are the graves of the youthful and gifted Sister Mary Magdalen O'Donnell, and Sister Mary Theresa O'Donnell, sisters by blood and to the Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell of Boston, Chaplain-General of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Ladies' Auxiliary to the A. O. H., in Massachusetts.

The following is a list of names, probably incomplete, of the Sisters of Mercy of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, whose noble deeds of courage and devotion illuminate their lives and labors during the war:

SISTERS OF MERCY

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary Rose Hostetter	Ohio
Sister Mary Neri Bowen	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Flavia Byrne	Ireland
Sister Mary Regina Cosgrave	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Vincent Delaney	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Helen Devlin	Ireland
Sister Mary Borgia Doherty	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Benedict Duffy	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Leo Driscoll	Ireland
Sister Mary Odelia Dusch	Alsace-Lorraine
Sister Mary Isidore Fisher	Ireland
Sister Mary Sebastian Gillespie	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Berchmans Hostetter	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Nolasco Kratzer	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Appolonia Leahy	Ireland
Sister Mary Bernard Maher	Ireland
Sister Mary Basil McGinn	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Remigius McQuade	Ireland
Sister Mary Gonzaga Myers	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Madeleine O'Donnell (living)	Ireland
Sister Mary Celestine Rafferty	Ireland
Sister Mary de Pazzi Russell	Pennsylvania
Sister Mary Augustine Schuck	Germany
Sister Mary de Ricci Tierney	Ireland
Sister Mary Stephana Ward	Ireland

We may apply a tribute to the Sisters of Mercy from the charmed pen of our own beloved Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour,
And with light in her looks, she entered the chamber of sickness,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow on the road-side.
Many a languid head, upraised as the Sister entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of sun on the walls of a prison.

CHAPTER XIII

Sisters of Mercy, New York, N. Y.

Though dark are our sorrows
Tonight we'll forget them
And smile through our tears
Like a rainbow at eve.

IT was Christmas Eve, 1819, and the moonlight sent its softest rays upon the faithful people of the "Land of Saints and Scholars" who, in every city, town, and village, were, in observance of one of the sweetest customs of their race, "on their way to Midnight Mass in their own parish chapel." Even at this distant date—1927—and in the "Land of the West" we can, in fancy, hear the cheery Irish salutation "God save you" and the equally Catholic reply, "God save you kindly."

From every home, from the "Great House," and the thatched cottage, the Christmas candle sent its gleam to the main road, or upon the "shady bohireen." All was religious, beautiful and poetic, and yet, there was no attempt at rejoicing. The penal laws against Catholics were still on the statute books and the wounds reopened by the dissolution in 1800 of Grattan's Irish Parliament were unhealed.

Among those making that Christmas pilgrimage to a wayside chapel in Willville in the County Monaghan, we

recognize the scholarly James MacKenna, lineal and worthy descendant of the "Lords of Truagh," into whose home there came that evening a little daughter, who received the name Ellen and the welcome the House of MacKenna knew so well how to give.

When the tragic events of '48 completely blighted the hopes of her family, Ellen came to this country with the intention of devoting her great heart and her trained mind to God's service as a Sister of Mercy in Saint Catherine's Convent on Houston Street, New York City, which was the first American foundation from the Mother House in Dublin. With the religious habit the novice received the name Sister Mary Augustine.

To America, the land of her adoption, this gentlewoman, of superior attainments, gave her heart's warmest devotion. The name of Sister Mary Augustine, as well as those of her equally patriotic and worthy Sister companion-nurses may be found enrolled upon the Civil War files at the War Department at Washington, D. C., in the section devoted to the preservation of the war record of Mercy's New York unit to the "Nuns of the Battlefield."

The patriotism of Archbishop Hughes, gratefully acknowledged by Presidents Polk, Buchanan and Lincoln was also unchallenged. An additional proof of this devotion to the land of his adoption was easily discerned in the way in which this great prelate, through his Vicar General, Father Starrs, gave his Episcopal benediction to the Sisters of Mercy when, after having sought his permission to serve as Civil War nurses, he gave his hearty approval and his practical co-operation.

The diary of Mother Augustine MacKenna is a document reverently treasured in Saint Catherine's Convent, New York City. It is the source-book and controls many of the traditions which have moulded the making of this chapter.

"On the nineteenth of June, 1862," so reads one page of this diary—"an application from William Stanton, Secretary of War, was made to the Vicar General, the Very Rev. William Starrs, through General John G. Foster, of Fort Sumter fame, for Sisters to take charge of a Military Hospital at Beaufort, North Carolina. Father Starrs, acting under instructions from Archbishop Hughes, who was then in Europe upon official business for the government, expressed his wish to Mother Mary Madeleine Tobin, that Nuns be sent quickly from Saint Catherine's for that purpose. As the case was urgent, Mother Madeleine Tobin promptly endorsed the suggestion and the Sisters hastily prepared for the undertaking. A chaplain, Father Bruhl, was appointed, nine Sisters were selected but all long ago had volunteered, for this was a sanctified duty. The Nuns chosen were: Sisters Mary Augustine MacKenna, Elizabeth Callanan, Paul Lennon, Paula Harris, Veronica Dimond, Agatha McCarthy and Gertrude Ledwith, who was a veteran of the Crimean War. The Sisters were accompanied to Beaufort by Mother Mary Madeleine Tobin and the bursar, Mother Mary Alphonsus Smythe.

The party was to sail on the fifteenth of July, 1862, on the government steamer, "Cahawba." When this became known in the many fields of mercy in which the Sisters were engaged, the greatest interest was shown; many

friends thought they would surely be killed on the field of battle, or else would starve to death, the familiar lot of the soldier. The friends of the soldiers and Sisters sent contributions of delicacies, linen and bandages, and other hospital necessities. An immense crowd thronged the streets adjoining Saint Catherine's, on Houston Street. Many prayers were offered for their safety. As the carriages left for the pier the great convent bell sounded forth in farewell.

Mother Mary Austin Horan was left behind to superintend the work of supplying clothing, knitted socks and comforters, sheets and pillow cases, towels and other supplies for the suffering soldiers.

Five hundred horses for cavalry service were to be shipped on the same vessel. As the difficult process of getting them into the hold only began after the Sisters were on board, the ship could not leave the harbor until late the next afternoon. The best accommodations the ship could afford were alloted to the Sisters. Mrs. Foster, wife of the General, with her little daughter, Anna, was on board, and nothing was left undone to insure their comfort. Doctor John Baxter Upham, superintendent of Hammond Hospital for which the Sisters were destined, also was a passenger. The captain and Father Bruhl were the only persons who gave the Sisters a true idea of what awaited them at Beaufort. The Captain strongly hinted that hunger was the "good sauce" prepared for them, as indeed proved to be the case; while the Chaplain, a Hungarian, sixty years of age, with long flowing grey beard, gave a detailed account of camp hos-

pitals—war, and its accompanying horrors, all derived from his long service in the French Army.

The voyage was pleasant. But on the third night out the pilot ran the "Cahawba" aground. The Sisters left on a tug. While aboard the tug, a heavy rain drenched them.

The hospital proved to be a hotel of five hundred rooms. It was in a disheartening condition; even bloodstains remaining on the walls, sad mementoes of poor wounded mortals. On the morning of July 21st, Doctor Upham invited the Sisters to visit the different wards of the hospital for the purpose of ascertaining what could be done for the patients. The whole hospital was found to be in even a worse condition than was the Sisters' department. The poor sufferers were in dire need of immediate relief. It was a regimental hospital, always a comfortless place, with no food but army rations, no nurses but convalescent soldiers, themselves too sick to move except on compulsion. Finding there was a total dearth of instruments in every department, that the facilities for washing were lacking, that there were no means of having artificial light of any kind, and that there was no proper food or refreshing drink for the sick, Mother Madeleine wrote Doctor Upham asking him to call a conference with the other medical men to devise methods by which they might obtain the articles so sorely needed. The doctors responded, but their opinions were discouraging. They said that they had already sent more than one requisition to the War Department but without success; that since the war had only recently acquired alarming proportions, matters were still disorganized. They

advised the Sisters to wait. But Mother Madeleine insisted on making out a full requisition, assuring them that either it would receive the attention of the War Department or that she would take the Sisters back to New York. The soldiers must be comforted. The doctors smiled incredulously, yet they gave her the desired list of medicines. The Sisters then prepared their long list, tubs, brooms, scrubbing brushes, lamps, kerosene, kitchen utensils and many other necessities. Then came a statement about food and the condition in which it was given to the sick, a complaint about the bread which because of sheer neglect came saturated with salt water from Newberne. Finally, they demanded the keys of the storerooms and the entire control of provisions. The list was sent direct to General Foster with the intimation that unless these things could be supplied at once and these requests granted, the Sisters must return home.

A short time later a steamer entered the sound. It aroused great curiosity. Was it bound for Fort Macom or for Beaufort? The steamer veered for the rickety wharf at Beaufort. The convalescents quickly gathered and learned that the ship was laden with all the articles for which the Sisters had applied.

The stronger patients helped unload the ship under the direction of the "North Ladies," as they always called the Sisters. Now the patients could have the diet necessary for them and their beds supplied with fresh clothing. From that day the authority and influence of the Sisters was established. Doctor Upham announced to his orderlies and nurses that the Sisters of Mercy must be obeyed by all and they would have charge of everything but the

medical department. Lanterns were hung in the dark passages, clean linen distributed and comparative order established out of chaos.

The soldiers made it their business to ascertain whether the Sisters received any salary for their services, and finding the Sisters served without pay, their confidence in the Nuns became complete.

A great misfortune came upon the little band at this time. Some of the Sisters began to lose their health. Sister Paul Lennon was the first to give way, followed soon by Sister Agatha McCarthy. Doctor Upham attended them both. When they were a little stronger, he advised them to return to the North as they were unable to bear the increasing heat of the summer and the heavy hospital duties. Soon Sister Elizabeth Callanan succumbed to the fever prevalent in that region, and, rapidly becoming worse, she received the last sacraments. She rallied, however, and was ordered home under the care of Mother Alphonsus Smythe. Mother Mary Madeleine, who had taken charge as general superintendent from the beginning was next obliged to return home. Doctor Upham asked her who was to take her place. She replied: "Sister Augustine MacKenna."

"What," he inquired, "the cook? Is that the way you do business?"

"Yes," answered the Nun, "every Sister must be prepared to discharge any duty that may be entrusted to her." It so happened, however, that the cook in question was one of the most intellectual women in the Order. Doctor Upham, himself, in a letter, acknowledged the great charity of Sister Augustine.

In the last week of October, the Sisters were ordered to leave for the Stanley House at Newberne, North Carolina. In the same mail was an order for the doctors to remove the patients to Newberne. A vanguard of Sisters left Beaufort to make the necessary preparations for the reception of the sick and wounded.

Sister Augustine wrote home to Mother Catherine Seton thus: "On arriving at Newberne, we were agreeably surprised at the aspect of the Stanley House, so-called because until recently it was the home of Governor Stanley of North Carolina. The house is fine and in perfect order, having been used until a short time ago as headquarters for General Burnside of Rhode Island. A spacious lawn is in front of the mansion, covered with the plant which we Irish call periwinkle, here, I have heard it called myrtle—although by no means the myrtle of the poets. The largest, greenest, finest cedars I ever beheld grow within this enclosure, and as berries are now ripening flocks of mocking-birds are rejoicing.

"During the Revolutionary War, this mansion was for a time the headquarters of General Washington. A writing table and chair which had been used by Washington are, of course, the most precious of many historical souvenirs found in this grand old southern home. The hospital is distant from the Stanley Mansion, and consists of three large houses suitably furnished for hospital purposes, beside which are several newly-erected pavilions well equipped and splendidly ventilated. The magnificent drawing room in the Mansion is now our chapel. Gorgeous roses cluster around and climb into the windows and mocking-birds flittering through the branches

serenade the Sisters at their prayers, while two majestic trees, 'The Pride of India'—stand sentinels of honor before the grand entrance."

In December, 1862, following the attack of the town of Goldsborough, North Carolina, an immense number of soldiers were wounded, and as the doctors' supplies had been lost, they had no linen with which to bind up the wounds of the sufferers. With shattered bodies and ebbing souls they presented a most pitiable sight when they arrived at Newberne. The first duty of the Sisters of Mercy was to feed these wretched sufferers, for it was eight days after the battle when they arrived at the hospital, and all that time they had very little care bestowed upon them. After this the difficult and distressing duty of cleansing their wounds was undertaken and was left entirely to the Sisters. One man, Sherman, had his chin so shattered that in the presence of Sister Francis and Sister Augustine, the surgeons decided that his wound had better not be touched as he must certainly die. With the doctors' permission, the Sisters, with soft sponges and warm water, began to loosen the rags with which the poor man's face and head were covered. The young man had heard the doctors' opinion and despaired of his life. When he found that the Sisters were trying to do something for him, he made an effort to show his gratitude by signs. The Sister-nurses had the satisfaction of seeing him perfectly restored to health, even though disfigured. The gratitude displayed when he came to say "good-bye" was most touching.

Numberless anecdotes might here be told. At least, something must be said about three cases of peculiar in-

terest, those of Charles Hickling, Hiram Hubbard and David Brout, all lads under twenty and natives of New England. They belonged to the 45th Massachusetts Volunteers, recruited from Yale and Harvard. Hickling very soon was stricken with camp fever and there seemed little hope for his recovery. One of the Sisters wrote to his father, and the old gentleman at once came to the scene of his boy's sufferings. "Charlie," as the Nuns became accustomed to call him, was in the ward of Sister Gertrude. In his delirium, the poor boy fancied Sister was his mother and would take anything she gave him. This delighted the father, whose gratitude to the Sisters was marked. The young patient partially recovered and was able to return to Roxbury, with his father.

Sister Gertrude was born in England where she had been an efficient member of the London Community of Sisters of Mercy, who had served as nurses in the Crimean War, 1854-56. With the permission of her superiors, Sister Gertrude volunteered for hospital service in this country, where her Crimean experience was turned to the advantage of thousands of boys of the Blue and Gray, who came under her motherly care.

Hiram Hubbard was another victim of camp fever. Unfortunately for him, they kept him in camp too long after he had become ill, trying the crude remedy of putting a large fly-blister on the back of his shoulder. Later it was removed but no dressing was applied, so that the coarse blue shirt became imbedded in the raw sore. It was his cries that first attracted the attention of a Sister, for he was brought into the hospital in that sorry condition. She found a soldier trying to relieve him by ap-

plying a coarse towel dipped in cold water to the poor back, and this caused the screams of the sufferer. Sponge and soap and warm water came into requisition here. As he lay moaning with his face buried in the pillows, he did not see who was attending him. He raised his head and said, "Who is doing that?" "A Sister of Mercy," was the answer. "No," he exclaimed, "no one but my mother could do it."

The sore was dressed with ointment and soft linen, as allowed by the doctors. When Hiram looked upon his benefactor he drew back aghast. "What sort of a woman are you?" he said. "What are you at all?" The Nun tried to make him understand what a Sister of Mercy does, and tries to do, for those who suffer, but he sank into his pillows again saying: "I don't care what you are, you're an angel to me." He was only sixteen, an intelligent lad and witty. The faithful Sister watched at the bedside of the fever-racked boy for six weeks, when he died in the arms of his father.

Another pathetic story relates to George Brooks, brother of the late Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, the young hero who was carried into the hospital seriously wounded, and this model patient and his Sister-nurses became great friends.

The following extract is from a letter written in the long ago by Miss Susan D. Messenger, a now-Catholic of Dorchester, Mass.

"One dear young fellow, who was almost reverenced by doctors and nurses for his patience and fortitude, looked up into the sweet face of Mother Augustine, as

she bent over to minister or sooth the dear boy, and said, 'Mother, thank you, Mother,' and with such an ineffable smile of peace. We could never tell if in his delirium he thought it was his own Mother, but the peace on the boy's face showed what his nurse had been to him. His sickness was short and death came just before the father reached Newberne."

David Brout was a ruddy-faced lad of eighteen. Sister Ignatius Grant, only recently deceased, to whose ward he had been hurriedly carried, noticed that he kept moving his feet in a distressed way, so she uncovered them to seek the cause. What was her horror to discover that he still had his boots on and that they seemed ready to burst. She asked a couple of soldiers to come with knives and remove them piece by piece. This they did with great difficulty, and then alas! It was found that the legs had actually burst open and the boots were filled with clotted blood. The doctors were summoned and had great trouble in staunching the blood flow and in tying up the arteries. The poor lad died in great agony the next day. He was the victim of a forced march, in which men were compelled by the necessities of war to march for several miles without stopping. One of the Sisters wrote to his father an account of the lad's death, but suppressed the more painful circumstances. The bereaved father, a non-Catholic, wrote a most grateful answer and said that he would never forget the care the Catholic Sisters had taken of his boy, and acknowledged that but for them he might never have known what had been his fate.

The following tribute to the memory of the abovementioned Sister Mary Ignatius Grant appeared in the

Commonweal, New York City, under date of July 29, 1925:

"With Sister Mary Ignatius Grant, the senior member of the Community of the Sisters of Mercy, at St. Catherine's Convent, Madison Avenue, this city, who died recently at the age of ninety-one, after a life of sixty-nine years in religion, passes the last survivor of the heroic band of Nuns who went from the old convent of their Order in Houston Street, New York, during the dark days of the Civil War, to devote themselves to the care of sick and wounded on both sides in the prisons and hospitals of the South.

"The figure of the nursing Sister, 'the Angel of the Battlefield,' is one that has held the imagination of many writers, religious and irreligious as well. It is all the more to the credit of these noble women if it has become a rather stereotyped one. The challenge of pain and sickness does not alter greatly through the centuries—neither does the manner in which it is answered by souls who have dedicated themselves to its service. The Sister of Charity and Mercy of all orders remains today as the great founder, Saint Vincent de Paul, depicted her in His rule, her vow, her veil—her chapel, the parish church. In the case of Sister Mary Ignatius and her companions, however, there is a consideration rather special to Americans. For hundreds of the sick and wounded lads they nursed, this devoted band of Nuns was probably a first contact with Catholicism—for many it may have been the last. It is interesting to speculate in how many a lonely mountain cabin and roaring mine their memory lingered, for years

after the war, to draw the fangs of bigotry and strike the foul word from the lips of the blasphemer."

But, to return. On the 27th of February, 1863, Mother Madeleine after a short furlough returned to the South accompanied by Sister Martha Corrigan and Sister Gerard Ryan to aid the overworked Sisters. Sister Gerard Ryan died on March 11, 1864, as a result of hardships, and was sincerely mourned by the soldier boys of the two armies, who were nursed by the gentle and youthful Sister Gerard, with the tenderness of a sister or a daughter.

It was during April, 1863, that the nurses found their surcease from hospital duty. Nearly all their patients had gone. The Sisters who had been first in service in Beaufort and Newberne were the last to be relieved from duty, with a permission to return to New York and to Saint Catherine's Convent.

Preparations for the departure of the remaining Sisters were made a little later but they were loath to leave the scene of labors so perfectly in accordance with the spirit of their vocation. They were touched by the sorrows of the poor Negro girls who had attached themselves to them so affectionately and who, in their simplicity, thought the "North Ladies" could do anything for them. They obtained permission to invite four of the colored girls to return to New York with them.

The Sisters bade adieu to the improvised convent in Newberne, and to the kindly General Foster, under whose protection the Sisters had been from the beginning, and who was to be transferred to Tallahassee, Florida, where no military hospital was needed. The little party set sail

May 10th and reached New York on the Feast of the Ascension, May, 1863.

No history of the war-work of the New York Mercy Community would be complete without mentioning Mother Mary Catherine Seton, the first postulant who joined the Sisters of Mercy in New York. She was the daughter of William Seton, a noted physician, who served with distinction in Washington's army, and Elizabeth Bayley Seton, the venerable foundress of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg. Mother Catherine Seton and the century were young together and grew old together. Born in 1800, she lived to be ninety-one years of age and was in her sixty-first year when the Civil War was declared. At once this daughter of the American Revolution, volunteered to serve as a nurse, a position for which she was qualified by her sixteen years of institutional experience in New York, where she was reverently referred to as "the Angel of the Tombs." On account of her age, permission to accompany the Sisters to North Carolina was gently withheld, but she was allowed to do war work at home.

In the old war diary kept by Mother Augustine we find no mention of her own extraordinary services, while she gave full credit to her companion nurses, four of whom died in service.

After the war, Mother Augustine and her surviving companions did not fold their hands in idleness. In accordance with promises made to many a dying soldier, they busied themselves in the interests of the widows and the orphan boys and girls of New York. With little intermission this Sister's devotion to a promise, continued

for more than a period of twenty years after her return to New York, before her strength failed entirely.

To America, the land of her adoption, Mother Augustine MacKenna gave her heart's best devotion, abundant proof of which may be found in her war record of heroic deeds as a Sister-soldier-nurse, but this passionate devotion to the New World did not lessen her intense love of Ireland, which years of absence only strengthened. A pressed flower that had been smiled upon by an Irish sky, a shamrock that had drunk in Ireland's dews for its emerald hue, often brought tears to her lovely eyes. In her last illness, Mother Augustine's love for the land of her birth and for every Irish memory increased each hour. "My ruling passion," she used to say. When in the prayers recited aloud constantly at her bedside, the aspiration "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph" was repeated, she would quickly add "and Patrick, Brigid and Columcille." When asked by Mother Catherine Seton to pray earnestly in heaven for the Community, she answered, "Why, of course, and for every one in it, but, Ireland, Ireland! Ah! I'll surely pray for Ireland."

When the dawn of the feast of the Portiuncula, August 2, 1883, gave place to a flood of golden sunshine, and the Matin songs of the birds poured in through her open windows, the Angel of Death came for the soul of the beloved Mother Augustine MacKenna and paused, while the melody of a bell announced the mourning Angelus. Repeating the ancient and sacred words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word" and with a smile upon her kindly countenance, this glorious daughter of the Gael, re-

sponded to the Veni Sponsa Christi, to spend the holiday in heaven with Mary, Queen of Angels.

The names of the Sisters of Mercy of St. Catherine's Convent, Houston Street, New York City, who went into the service with the blessing of Archbishop John Hughes of New York, are included in the following roster of patriotic dead:

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary Augustine MacKenna	Co. Monaghan, Ireland
Sister Mary Elizabeth Callanan	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Martha Corrigan	Co. Longford, Ireland
Sister Mary Veronica Dimond	Co. Kerry, Ireland
Sister Mary Ignatius Grant	Co. Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Paula Harris	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Gertrude Ledwith	Staffordshire, England
Sister Mary Paul Lennon	Co. Antrim, Ireland
Sister Mary Francis Murray	Co. Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Agatha McCarthy	Co. Roscommon, Ireland
Mother Mary Madeleine Tobin	Montreal, Canada
Sister Mary Gerard Ryan	Co. Clare, Ireland
Sister Mary Alphonsus Smythe	New York City
Sister Mary Vincent Sweetman	New York City

This chapter is all too brief to satisfy the heart of the writer, whose early life was most intimately touched by the friendship of Mother Augustine MacKenna, Mother Catherine Seton and Rev. Mother Mary Austin Horan. As we write these lines the "blessed beads" of Sister Ignatius Grant, are before me, a precious souvenir of a long and a sincere attachment.

It is enough to catch one glimpse of the heaven's blue
For us to know the beauty of the sky.
It is enough to tell a little part
Of her most holy life, that you may know
The hidden graces and splendor of the whole.

CHAPTER XIV

Sisters of Mercy, Chicago, Illinois

MERCY Hospital in Chicago is dean of the group of institutions ministering to the sick of that city. Its development is recorded in the growth of the mid-west metropolis. It is peculiarly a part of the city, founded in 1851 by the first religious community to be established in that diocese.

There are many lustrous pages in the history of Mercy Hospital, but none outshines those limned during the turgid days of Civil War. None of the pioneer Nuns who had opened Mercy Hospital more than a decade before 1861 dreamed that they were to undergo a scientific training for war work.

In part, "their story runneth thus." In the harbor of New York on the 10th of December, 1843, the "Great Three Master," the "Queen of the West" lay at anchor. On its overcrowded deck, there were three ecclesiastics, the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Bishop (later archbishop) of New York; Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor, D.D., Pittsburg's first bishop, and the Rev. William Quarter, Bishop-designate of Chicago.

Included among the passengers were seven Sisters of Mercy who had come to America, from the County Carlow, Ireland, upon the invitation of Bishop O'Connor for the purpose of establishing in Pittsburgh, the first Con-

vent of Mercy in the United States. Among these volunteers for the "foreign mission" of whom the Rev. Mother Xavier Warde was the Superior, we recall a Margaret O'Brien, a postulant, who had not yet received the religious habit. According to the opinion of Bishop O'Connor, this young volunteer was "a woman of remarkable judgment, common sense, quickness of apprehension and great piety."

That morning in the exchange of greetings, Father Quarter asked Mother Warde to send to him, in Chicago, as soon as possible, a few Sisters of Mercy. To this appeal a tentative promise was given.

In 1846, when Bishop Quarter renewed his request to Mother Warde, his petition was granted, and five Sisters were chosen for the Chicago mission, with our postulant friend of 1843, now the Rev. Mother Mary Agatha O'Brien, the Superior.

On Friday, September 18, 1846, the Religious set out on their tedious journey from Pittsburgh for the "City of the Plains," accompanied by Rev. Mother Xavier Warde. They sailed up the Ohio river to Beaver, Pa., and there chartered a stage coach to Poland, Ohio. Here they remained overnight. Next morning, another coach started for Cleveland, Ohio, which they reached Saturday night. Sunday morning they heard Mass in Cleveland, and Sunday evening, they boarded the Oregon on Lake Erie. In its passage across the lake, a terrific storm nearly engulfed the ship and its passengers. Arriving at Detroit, Michigan, the Nuns were obliged to disembark. Proceeding next to Kalamazoo, Michigan, they began another day's journey in an old and rumbling stage coach

for St. Joseph, on Lake Michigan, where the weary missionaries arrived in time to secure passage on the "Sam Ward," just leaving for its trip to Chicago, across Southern Lake Michigan. Towards evening, and after a journey which consumed six days and as many nights, the Sisters arrived in the Chicago of eighty years ago on the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.

Today, the journey from Pittsburgh to Chicago may be made in less than twelve hours.

In 1847, soon after their arrival in Chicago, and acting under the advice of Bishop Quarter, who was unable to give the Sisters the material aid he wished, Rev. Mother Agatha wrote to the Society for the Propagation of Faith at Lyons, France, for pecuniary assistance. In reply the Society sent $4,000 and three large and valuable oil paintings, copies of old masters.

In passing, may one be permitted to suggest a moment's pause, for the purpose of drawing a mental contrast between the desolate condition of Chicago of 1846, during the administration of Rt. Rev. William Quarter, and dwell upon the environment, and the gorgeous ceremonies, attending the Eucharistic Congress of 1926, during which His Eminence, William Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, was the gracious host to millions of pilgrims.

An extract from the letter written by Rev. Mother Agatha, February 7, 1851, runs thus:

"Next week we are to take possession of Lake House and commence hospital work." A contemporary of Rev. Mother Agatha described the hospital as "a small ramshackle frame building on the lake shore."

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

In the diary of Father Walter Quarter, brother of the Bishop, we find the following patriotic touch to a great event.

"Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1851. Four Sisters were sent to take charge of the temporary hospital, opened at Lake Shore, North."

In 1861, when the battle cry was heard all over the land, the Chicago Community, having kept pace with the giant strides of a great city, was prepared, and willing to provide Sister-nurses for the war service.

Even under the primitive conditions of those early days the "Sisters' Hospital," by its humane and scientific management acquired for itself an established reputation among some of the great physicians and surgeons of the day, under whose training many of the Sisters developed into distinguished nurses and the Sisters' method was referred to by medical celebrities "as a system with a heart."

Today, Mercy Hospital of Chicago, the magnificent successor of Lake Shore, holds a position of honor among the finest in the world. It was, however, in the less elaborate Mercy Hospital of strenuous days that many of the Sister-nurses of Chicago received the experience which they later turned to advantage in the War of 1861-1865.

In those pioneer days, while the community was small the duties were heavy. To add to the multitude of ordinary cares, in the Spring and Summer of 1854, Asiatic Cholera was fiercely raging in Chicago, and during that period, fourteen hundred and twenty-four persons died of that dread scourge. Through dreary days and nights made desolate by the woes of a stricken people,

Mother Agatha and her companion Sister-nurses were constantly in attendance upon the sick, the dying, and even the dead in their homes, and in "Mercy" received a generous share of the Sisters' devotion.

During this period, in characters of green, white and gold, the Sisters inscribed upon the annals of Chicago, the word, Mercy. In the performance of heroic deeds, the contagion touched the self-sacrificing Nuns and in one day the martyr's crown was won by four Daughters of Mother McAuley. Very late in the afternoon of July 8, 1854, Rev. Mother Agatha, with faltering steps returned to her spiritual family at Mercy Convent. Death was in the veins of this noble daughter of the "O'Briens of Kincora." Within a few hours, Margaret O'Brien, one of the "heroic seven" whom we first met on the "Queen of the West" in New York harbor, was dead, and the Chicago Community had lost its first and well beloved Reverend Mother. In the same instant, and in the same convent, Sister Mary Bernard breathed her last. Sister Bernard had joined Mother Agatha on the long mysterious journey. About midnight, brief Community prayers were said for a third veteran of the scourge and during the early Angelus, a fourth Sister had answered the final call. In the Convent Chapel, on the morning of the 9th, side by side, there reposed the remains of four professed Sisters of Mercy, each clothed in the black habit and veil and the graceful white church mantle, the robes of the Order. The folded hands of each Nun clasped her beads, and also, a tiny, but precious, roll of parchment upon which was inscribed above her signature, her religious vows of "poverty, chastity, and obedience,

the service of the poor, sick and ignorant, and to persevere until death in the Order of Mercy according to its approved rules and regulations." Angels must have looked with pity that morning upon those left to mourn the loss of Rev. Mother Agatha O'Brien, Sister Mary Bernard Hughes, Sister Mary Louise O'Connor, and Sister Mary Veronica Hickey, each one of whom was born in Ireland.

Chicago was in grief. The State of Illinois bemoaned its loss. Among the Sisters who were bereaved that day, were many who had been co-workers during the epidemic and whose names, a few years later, were recorded among the Sister-war-nurses of 1861-65. A very sensible Sister, a gentlewoman of the old school, and whose heart was as generous as her judgment was clear, knowing the particular affection which had existed between the Reverend Mother Agatha and Mother Mary Francis Monholland, whispered tenderly to the grief-stricken Nun, "Mavourneen, take my advice and cry your fill. Our Lord will never blame you for grieving over the loss of Mother Agatha. He who wept at the grave of Lazarus, will understand and pity."

A few years later, 1861-1865, Mother Mary Francis Monholland, and her comrades of Mercy Hospital, many of whom were veterans of the Chicago scourge, repeated the self-same service in the camp, field, floating hospitals, prisons and also in the quarantined pest-hospitals of the Civil War, during which, above and below the Mason and Dixon line, Mother Francis was one of the hundreds of heroic Sister-nurses, of many religious orders, who did nobly what their hands found to do, and, no matter how

lowly, or how revolting to woman's gentle nature, one holy purpose was the keynote to their work.

When Lincoln was nominated candidate for the presidency by the newly organized Republican Party at the "Wigwam," rumors flooded Chicago as to the outcome of the campaign. Mutterings rolled like cannon fire in the South. The Conservatives hastily warned their Northern brethren to make peace at any cost. But the intrepid Lincoln entered the White House and enunciated his principles, fearlessly. Then the war cloud that had loomed for thirty years broke over the land.

Brigades were organized, torchlight processions made protestations of Chicago's loyalty, and singing troops marched off to battle. Then came the call for nurses. Uniforms and blare of trumpet do not make a battle. It is only when grim man wrestles with his fellow to kill that there is strife. Shattered bodies were carried to hurriedly prepared hospitals. The call went out for nurses. Many women, all too few, answered—they were only a handful where hundreds were needed.

Out from sequestered convent walls came a soft, low voice: "We will serve." With those words were marshalled into service the Sisters "whose methods were personal service, whose watchword was vigilance and whose name was pity."

On April 14, 1861, when the announcement of the fall of Fort Sumter flashed through the nation and Lincoln, anticipating only "a temporary struggle," issued a call for "seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months' service" the response of Illinois was hearty and immediate. Among the bravest of the brave, honorable mention may

be given to Col. James A. Mulligan, to whom, and to whose officers and soldiers, the following resolution of thanks for gallantry in defending Lexington was passed on December 20, 1861, in the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C.: "On the 20th of December, 1861, Mr. Arnold, rising in his seat, presented the following Resolution:

> *Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives that the thanks of Congress be extended to Coloned James A. Mulligan and the gallant officers and soldiers under his command, who bravely stood against a greatly superior force in his defense of Lexington, Missouri.
>
> *Resolved*, That the Twenty-third Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, the Irish Brigade, in testimony of their gallantry on that occasion are authorized to bear on their colors the word "Lexington."
>
> *Resolved*, That the Secretary of War be required to communicate these Resolutions to Colonel Mulligan and his officers and soldiers.

The joint resolution was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time and being engrossed, it was accordingly read a third time and passed.*

In passing, may we be permitted to remark, that the Commission of Colonel Mulligan is one of the treasures, in the Irish Museum of the Lemonnier Library of Notre Dame University, Indiana. This precious document has as its companion relics the swords of General James Shields, and General Thomas Francis Meagher, also the weather-beaten, the tattered and blood-stained flag of green and gold carried by the Eighty-third New York Regiment, which formed a part of Meagher's Irish Bri-

*From the Congressional Globe containing the debates and proceedings of the Second Session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, page 158, Vol. I.

gade, of which regiment the Rev. James Dillon, the devoted and fearless son of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, was the beloved chaplain. The historic pen used by Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, on Good Friday afternoon, March 20, 1918, when he signed the "Nuns' Monument Bill" officially recorded as the Kennedy House Joint Resolution, No. 154, artistically mounted, also reposes in this Irish atmosphere near the invincible and unsullied swords of Shields and Meagher and the Irish battle flag, thereby forming a mystical and golden link between the soldiers and Sister-nurses of the Civil War. On June 9, 1918, the feast of Saint Columcille, this pen was presented to the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., D.D., President of the University of Notre Dame, in memory of James Patrick Ryan Jolly (a sometime student of the University) by his mother, the National Chairman of the Nuns' Monument Committee of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America.

But let us take up the thread of our story. No sooner had Colonel Mulligan, an alumnus of Saint Mary of the Lake University in Chicago, filed his muster than his friend, Mother Mary Francis Monholland organized her "Soldiers of Mercy." These Nuns rejoiced in the prospect of devoting their services to the abating of pain, to the smoothing of hot pillows, to the guiding of feeble steps, to the consoling of lonely hearts.

Lieutenant Shanley was appointed by Colonel Mulligan to escort the Sisters to their destination. At St. Louis they embarked on a troop ship named the "Sioux City" bound for Lexington. As the transport steamed

around a bend, a barrage of rifle shot was laid upon it. The Confederates, ambushed on either bank, poured a rain of lead upon the reinforcements. The pilot house was riddled; the hull was badly damaged, but in justice to the Southern soldiers it must be stated that they spoke truly when they disclaimed all knowledge of there being women on board—above all any Sister war nurses. That was war, and the Sisters realized their duty, and never faltered. They moved about the ship, stopping here and there to bandage and to heal. The transport could not go on; it was forced to return to Jefferson City where the Sisters of Mercy, upon the invitation of officials of the Sanitary Commission assumed the care of a vast government Military Hospital.

Colonel Mulligan, although making a gallant resistance was compelled to surrender Lexington to General Price in September, 1861. The losses on each side were very heavy with the result that the Jefferson City Hospital was soon filled with wounded men—staunch Unionists and chivalrous Southerners—who thanked God that the Sisters were there to care for them.

That hospital was no pretty sight—dingy and unsanitary, hundreds of men desperately sick, strewn on makeshift pallets round about, many of them wrapped in blankets were lying on the floor, no nurses save invalids, many of them seriously wounded. A sorry plight, and, for many of them beyond repair. But the Chicago Nuns apprized the value of lives that were dwindling away, breathed a prayer and started in at their task, and it was with heavenly tenderness that they bandaged, they laved, they encouraged, groaning men in deadly despair. They

wrote letters "to the folks;" they saved lives where none other could.

The following heart-breaking picture is from the pen of Mary Livermore, who was, in an indirect way, during the period of which we write, associated with Mother Francis in the Jefferson City Hospital.

Wrote the great war nurse: "If our men were brave on the field, they were still braver in the hospital. I can conceive that it may be easy to face death on the battle-field, when pulses are maddened by the super-human desire for victory—when the roar of artillery, the cheers of the officers, the call of the bugles, the shouts and charge and rush impel to action and deaden reflection. But to lie suffering in a hospital bed for months, cared for as a matter of routine and form, one's name dropped and known only as 'Number 10,' 'Number 20,' or 'Number 50;' with no companionship, no affection, none of the tender assiduities, utterly alone in the midst of hundreds—I declare this requires more courage to endure, than to face the most tragic death.

"Oh, the heavenly patience I have seen in the hospitals! Oh, the uncomplaining endurance of soldiers, who had been reared as tenderly as girls, and were just from under their mothers' wing. In every hospital, there were these silent heroes, whose gentle patience and uncomplaining fortitude glorified the rough wards. Every woman nurse, every Sister of Mercy who did duty beside the beds of our sick and wounded during the war, carries in her heart tender memories of them, which sanctify the otherwise horrible associations of Army life."

General Freemont visited the Jefferson, and ordered liberal supplies for the sick. This great soldier always remembered with the kindliest feelings the Sisters of Mercy whom he first met in this military hospital, and they so remembered him.

The soldiers, too, treasure the memory of their Sister-nurses, the effect of whose entrance into that dismal hospital was magical. It was like a long delayed breath of Spring—like a burst of sunlight.

To the patients the soft footfall of Mother Francis was a benediction, while the results of her charity to the sick and neglected men, seemed a miracle. As she approached each cot, the face of the occupant brightened while every one of his neighbors in suffering who was able, struggled to raise himself from bed or chair as in homage to an Angel in human form. Her presence in their midst brought courage—and the soft and sweet and tender voice of this refined woman soothed many a disconsolate soldier.

After six months, a terse order arrived to close the hospital. So in April, 1862, the Sisters quietly packed their small belongings and prepared to return to Chicago. Unexpectedly, and by order of the War Department, these devoted women had come to the Jefferson City Hospital, which they found teeming with the ghastliest horrors known to modern warfare; their services ended, they were gone in a night.

Arriving at St. Louis, the brave Mother Mary Francis and her courageous companions were ordered by Government officials to assume charge of the "Empress," a troop boat bound for Shiloh. This ship was to pick up the

wounded and bring them back to hospitals where brave lads could receive proper care. At once the Sisters acquiesced. The long novitiate made in Mercy Hospital had prepared them for extraordinary emergencies. They knew how to proceed, and soon transformed a river boat into a floating hospital.

The "Empress' ploughed southward to Cairo, Illinois, there it turned into the Ohio; it steamed through Western Kentucky and Tennessee, and finally reached the scene of blood. The Sisters gazed, horror-stricken, at the Shambles of Shiloh. Soldiers lay strewn about as thickly as grass on a fertile field. The harbingers of Mercy arrived on Palm Sunday, 1862. There was no time to be lost. All day long and all through the dismal night, they labored on this field of death, searching out by day and lantern-light those in whom some spark of life still gleamed. Fortunately, Mother Francis had prepared herself for any need by having a requisition covering all necessities which was filled by the Sanitary Commission before she left St. Louis. As the "Empress" was docked, huge containers filled with food and drink were in various sections of the boat. Cots had been arranged by the Sisters on their southward voyage. The sick and mangled soldiers were brought from the field on boards, cut, shot, wounded, bleeding to death; no food for days; everywhere, delirious, blood-clotted men—the problem was appalling. But the Nuns did not stop to assize their task. They began to give nourishment to those in a condition to receive even the very light liquid food. With chaste and tender hands they began to dress wounds, wash, clothe and comfort the helpless men. No duty was too repul-

sive, no task too arduous to the "Soldiers of Mercy" of Chicago.

It was more than hospital work, this labor of the Nuns. Their quiet, unassuming devotion lifted the veil of bigotry and prejudice from the eyes of men who had never spoken of Catholics save in derision. The Southern soldiers were given the kindest attention. To Mother Francis a sick Confederate soldier was one for whom her great heart went out in compassion.

An incident in the life of Mother Austin Carroll will serve to prove the gratitude which remained in Southern hearts, long after the meeting at Appomatox Court House ended the strife. A few years after the war, Mother Austin and other Sisters of Mercy were en route for New Orleans. Jefferson Davis happened to be on the same train. Approaching the Nuns, he said: "Will you allow me, ladies, to speak a moment with you. I can never forget your kindness to the sick and wounded in our darkest days, and I do not know how to testify my gratitude and respect for every member of your noble order."

The deep interest shown by high officials of the Government in the womanly service cheerfully given by the Chicago Sisters is evidenced by the following letter written by President Lincoln himself, when supplies were very low and a renewal had been refused the Sisters of Mercy by one in high authority in the war office:

> To Whom It May Concern:
>
> On application of the Sisters of Mercy of Chicago, furnish such provisions as they desire to purchase and charge the same to the War Department.
>
> ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SISTERS OF MERCY

War has a glamour that covers its bloody side: but only the hardship is seen by the prisoners of war. Such was the case at Camp Douglas, a Confederate prison camp just south of Chicago. There was little food, the commandant was indifferent. Strange stories about the situation penetrated the barricade and came to the attention of Chicagoans. Indignation led to the formation of a committee for investigation. The group was refused admittance at the prison.

The committee then turned to the old friend of the soldiers, Mother Francis Monholland of the Mercy Sisters. Remembering how kindly, even chivalrously, the Sisters were treated in the Southern Hospitals she promptly replied: "We will do what you ask gentlemen, and will try to succeed. But since there are hundreds of men in the camp, and supposing there is a shortage of food, how are we to help them?"

The citizens of Chicago, with princely generosity had already furnished supplies. Promptly the next morning Mother Francis and a Sister companion appeared before the prison gates. The sentry barred their way, so she turned and went back to the Mayor. Armed with a note from the city's Chief Executive she once more presented herself before the sentry.

The commandant capitulated before the siege of Mercy. At once the Sisters of Mercy began their task. Soon the camp took on a brighter appearance. Prisoners smiled now and were heard whistling, and all due to the determination of a Nun, who was born great.

The close of their war service found the Sisters worn out from incessant toil, from which some of them never

rallied. The kindness and reverential courtesy from the soldiers and officers, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, filled their hearts with gratitude.

One of the band lived until September, 1915; in her advanced age, and almost oblivious to every other subject, Sister Mary Elzear McGratton always brightened up when asked if she remembered the war, especially did she smile when she heard General Freemont's name and exclaimed: "He was a perfect gentleman."

In death the destiny of their race did not spare these heroines and their graves are scattered far apart. Sister Louise Berry, a voluntary exile of "Royal and Rugged Fermanagh" is reposing in an honored grave in Ottowa, Illinois.

Mother Mary Francis Monholland of Armagh, "the City of Light and Learning," and Mother Mary Borromeo Johnson, true-hearted daughter of "Magnificent Wexford" are resting side by side in Davenport, Iowa.

In life, the half of Mother Francis' self might have been sought and found in her beloved Mother Borromeo; in death they still are together.

It was of Mother Borromeo, the renowned war-nurse, that Mrs. Alexander Sullivan of literary fame wrote: "How beautiful a Nun's life must be. I met today in St. Xavier's Academy, a Sister of Mercy, whose face I shall not easily forget. White as a statuary angel, placid as one not swayed by human passions, the sanctity of God enveloped her like a garment."

The remaining seven are awaiting the resurrection in the "Sisters Circle" in Calvary Cemetery in the Chicago they loved, and to which their coming was a blessing.

SISTERS OF MERCY

The following names of Chicago's decade of Apostles of Mercy suggest the delicate fragrance of the Irish rose when tossed by the "Four Winds of Erin":

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary Francis Monholland	Co. Armagh, Ireland
Sister Mary Louise Berry	Co. Fermanagh, Ireland
Sister Mary Alphonsus Butler	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Raymond Garrity	Co. Longford, Ireland
Sister Mary Titiana Harkins	Co. Donegal, Ireland
Sister Mary Borromeo Johnson	Co. Wexford, Ireland
Sister Mary Anastasia Lyster	Co. Queens, Ireland
Sister Mary Elzear McGratton	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Patricia Reardon	Co. Limerick, Ireland
Sister Mary Bertrand Walsh	Co. Limerick, Ireland

May the ivy-covered sods of the land they served with deep devotion rest tenderly above the compassionate hearts of these "Daughters of the Gael."

CHAPTER XV

Sisters of Mercy, Baltimore, Maryland

ONLY a few weeks after the National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Ladies' Auxiliary, of 1914, held that year in Norfolk, Va., during which on July 16, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, there was presented and adopted the recommendation to erect a monument to the memory and honor of the "Nuns of the Battlefield" of the Civil War, it was the privilege of a few Hibernians to be guests in the "Land of Mary" at Mount Saint Agnes' Convent, Mount Washington, a suburb of Baltimore, where as representatives of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, the welcome was particularly cordial.

That afternoon, in a happy gathering of Nuns of the Community, who were observing the titular feast of their order, there were present Sister Mary Cephas Flynn, Sister Mary Veronica Flaherty and Sister Mary Stanislaus Mathews, veteran nurses of the Civil War (all since deceased) and Sister Mary Bernard O'Kane, the tenderhearted veteran of the Civil and also of the Spanish-American War, of which Sister Bernard is a medalist. This veteran of two wars is the only survivor of Baltimore's contribution to Mercy's valiant company of the War of 1861.

To give to the festivities a military glow, it was suggested that we build a camp fire of our own. A group of eleven Spanish-American Sister-nurses promptly offered their services. At this writing (1927) we could muster only five. Since 1914, taps has been sounded for the missing six. These soldiers of mercy knew how to volunteer and how to accomplish. As proof of their efficiency, within a very short time, the four Civil War veterans, and with great ceremony, were escorted to chairs of state before the old-fashioned and spacious colonial fireplace, in which great logs blazed and crackled gloriously, while the air was made fragrant with the sweet odor of the pine of the "Sunny South."

It was observed by the guests that each of the Spanish-American veterans, including Sister Mary Bernard, with a justifiable degree of pride, was wearing, in honor of the re-union, the bronze medal bestowed on the patriot as a token of official gratitude and in recognition of services faithfully performed during our war with Spain.

Naturally, the proposed monument to the "Nuns of the Battlefield" was the theme of the hour. The comrades of the great war of 1861, as well as those of the Spanish-American trouble, most of whom were of a younger generation, manifested a hearty interest in the memorial. In tender words, the veterans of 1861-65 expressed their gratitude to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians for this sweet remembrance, not only of themselves but of all the Sister-nurses of the twelve religious orders and twenty communities who served with great devotion during four sad years.

Speaking of old times, Sister Mary Stanislaus Mathews, who entered the Baltimore Community, January 17, 1856, and who died in Baltimore, December 2, 1922, having worn the religious habit for sixty-six years, remarked, that she was on duty in the old Washington Infirmary in the Capital five years before the opening of hostilities between North and South and remembered most distinctly the day, April 19, 1861, on which war was declared. Reverend Mother Catherine Wynne on that memorable day and acting under orders of the faculty of Washington Infirmary, who had offered the hospital to the military authorities, but insisted that the Sisters should remain in charge, performed a patriotic and public duty of importance by changing the "Old Infirmary" on I Street into a military hospital. Immediately, every Sister-nurse in the Infirmary of which the Sisters of Mercy had been in charge since 1852, promptly entered upon government hospital duty, "and by this act of Mother Catherine," said the Sister, with evident satisfaction, "the Daughters of Mother McAuley became enrolled among the first women in this nation to offer themselves for the important duties of the trained hospital nurse.

"Yes, and surely you remember Sister Stanislaus," said Sister Veronica Flaherty, who died on September 20, 1922, "it was exactly six months later on September 30, 1861, while we were at the cemetery in Baltimore attending the funeral of the same lovable Reverend Mother Catherine Wynne, that a messenger arrived bearing the sad news that the Military Hospital had been reduced to ashes."

Turning to the younger Sisters, the war historian continued: "This, of course, necessitated the removal of the Sisters and their patients to the 'Old Armory Hall' in Washington, where we remained until other quarters were made ready to receive us. Without much delay, 'The Douglas' on I Street was fitted up by the government authorities, who transformed into a military hospital three large residences: the most pretentious of these being the mansion of Stephen A. Douglas, ante bellum candidate for the presidency, whose name was given the institute, while another palatial home, formerly the Washington residence of Senator John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, formed a part of the Douglas Hospital."

In a voice that was tremulously sweet, Sister Cephas Flynn, who on August 1, 1917, joined the Mercy Community in heaven, referred to Sister Mary Veronica Doyle as "one whose hands had smoothed the pillows of many a weary soldier in the military hospitals of Washington, and who died in service, on April 10, 1863, and to whom was given a soldier's funeral."

With a nod, the aged Nun continued: "Yes, and within six months Sister Veronica Doyle had a beloved co-worker placed beside her in the 'Sisters' Circle' of Old Saint Peter's Cemetery in Baltimore."

After a pause, Sister Cephas continued: "Fifty-one years have come and gone since that lonely day, October 30, 1863, which registered the death of Sister Mary Regina Brown, for whose light step hundreds of the soldiers in the military hospitals of Washington, often in

the midnight hour, listened. At one cot she placed an additional pillow; at another, she applied a fresh poultice; at the bedside of a restless fever patient, she tucked in the bed clothes as a mother might do at a child's cradle. To this lad's neighbor a soothing drink was given; to another, with the doctor's permission, a sleeping medicine; up and down the long line until daybreak the Sister continued her work. On October 30, 1863, the great war-nurse, the second of four of the community to die in service, went to her reward, and her death seemed a personal loss to many a soldier of the North and of the South to whom the warm-hearted Sister Regina Brown had tried to fill a mother's place."

Again, in fancy, it was July 16, 1864 and the four gentlewomen were in "The Douglas" at the bedside of the dying Mother Collette O'Connor, the great hospital nurse, who had from the first days of the Civil War, nursed, cheered and consoled thousands of the sick, the wounded, and the discouraged soldiers of the North and of the Sunny South. With tearful gratitude the four survivors of the original group of twenty recalled the names of the military and civilian companies, the officers of which, many of them non-Catholics, decided that Mother Collette O'Connor must have special military honor paid to her memory. Accordingly the remains, with military etiquette, were tenderly borne from "The Douglas," the scene of her heroic service, to Baltimore, and reverently laid to rest beside her beloved Hospital co-laborers, Sister Veronica Doyle, and Sister Regina

Brown, who were joined on April 23, 1865, by Sister Bernadine Keefer, another martyr to charity, and one of the most capable as well as one of the most sympathetic and dearly beloved of Baltimore's group of martyrs to mercy.

The name of President Lincoln was mentioned with affectionate regard and recalled a time in "The Douglas" when provisions were short and government supplies were refused by one high in authority in the War Department.

"Is this your final decision?" asked the Sister. No reply was made and the Sister said, "Then, I shall see the President. The soldiers shall not want food if it is to be had for the asking."

And within the hour, this capable Sister and her companion were ushered into the office and the presence of the President, to whom the necessities of the sick and wounded soldiers were explained. The President was unusually pale, and was evidently ill, but nevertheless he listened to the Sister's petition with sympathetic attention, and wrote the following historic message, which he presented to the senior Sister:

> To Whom It May Concern:
>
> On application of the Sisters of Mercy in charge of the Military Hospital in Washington furnish such provisions as they desire to purchase, and charge same to the War Department.
>
> (Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The happy Sister and her companion hurried back to the hospital with the precious document in her possession.

Soon the "boys" in the convalescent ward heard the good news, and a cheer, feeble but sincere, was given for the great President. "One cheer more" suggested a grateful lad from Dixie in a wheel chair, "for our Sister-nurses of the Douglas," and we can readily understand it was given with a will. The supplies, which included many delicacies, were distributed among the Federals and Confederates alike, without prejudice and without favor.

In the glow of the firelight and the inspiration of the hour, many another incident was recalled. The Sisters were, soldier fashion, during these few delightful hours, under the magic of treasured memories. There were released from the community archives many important communications, which included a few faded newspapers of the war period, telegrams, special communications from the War Department, and letters of commendation from military officials, men of high sounding names, who held great authority in the executive family of the Commander-in-Chief.

These were modestly presented for inspection to the guests, who were carefully accumulating reliable statistics necessary to prove to the War Department at Washington the justice of the Hibernian appeal to the United States Government for official recognition, however belated, of the Sisters' hospital service in the War between the States.

Among the valuable documents found in the files, were many honorable discharge and pension papers. One of the most precious of the historic souvenirs was a bronze medal, which had been presented by a committee representing the Grand Army of the Republic to the deceased

Sister Mary Anastasia Quinn (died June 30, 1910). The medal rested in an exquisitely carved box of Irish oak, which also sheltered the dead veteran's tiny and faded flag of red, white and blue, a relic of war days, and which, with her precious medal, since the close of the struggle had been proudly worn on the patriotic festivals of the United States, the land of her adoption, by Sister Mary Anastasia Quinn, who, like her ancestors during a thousand generations had first seen the light of day in the Valley of Slievenamon.

Evening approached. Heavy curtains were drawn after the custom of the Southland. More logs were thrown on the fire. Candles were lighted and by their old-fashioned and fascinating radiance, a novice, in a young, sweet and clear voice, read the following extract from the *Baltimore Catholic Sun,* of May 21, 1910, on which date a committee, consisting of Past Commander-in-chief, John R. King, Past Department Commander, Major Frederick C. Tarr, and William J. Klugg, Past Commander of Wilson Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, visited Mount Saint Agnes' Convent in Baltimore for the purpose of presenting to Sister Anastasia Quinn a bronze medal in recognition of her services during the War of 1861:

In presenting the treasure, General King said: "Sister Anastasia, at the Thirty-eighth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held at San Francisco, an order was passed to have prepared a suitable medal to be presented to the Army nurses of the Civil War as a token of our appreciation of their self-sacrificing work and our undying gratitude for their price-

less services, a service rendered under most trying circumstances, when these noble women abandoned all thought of self and labored to aid the sick and wounded, to soothe the last hours of many a dying comrade. These badges, under the resolution, were to be presented to the members of the Army Nurses' Association. When I became Commander-in-Chief, it came to my knowledge that there were Catholic Sisters who were Army nurses, but not members of that Association.

"I thought they were also entitled to our consideration, so at the National Encampment at Denver, Colorado, provision was made to similarly honor those good Sisters. As you, dear Sister, were one of those noble women sent of God as ministering angels to alleviate the sufferings of the Union soldier and nurse him back to health, to soothe the dying hero and make smooth his pathway to the grave, we are here as representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic to present to you this small token of our gratitude for services you rendered. It is but a small bit of bronze, of no intrinsic value, but, oh, my dear Sister, how much it represents! The tears, the prayers, the gratitude that go with it from every survivor of the dreadful war.

"We feel that you were one of us; that your sacrifices were as great as ours, for it was not always that the greatest praise was due the man who stood on the firing line, for there were heroines with ever watchful eye and loving sympathy, waiting in the rear to minister to him who might fall in the shock of battle.

"Take this, dear Sister, and wear it, and as you wear it, a flood of memories will come back to you of the many

scenes through which you passed in those unhappy days of 'grim-visaged war.' With you, as with us, the shadows are lengthening, and we pray that He who 'covered our heads in the day of battle' will be with you through the remaining years of your journey and at last give you abundant entrance into those everlasting joys above, where there will be no more wars or rumors of war."

More eyes than those of the writer were moist as the Sister, having finished reading, turned to replace the paper to its alcove in Mercy's archives. Sister Anastasia, as already written, received the soldiers' token of gratitude on May 21. On May 30, the following Memorial Day, nine days after the veterans' visit, Sister wore above her heart the precious bit of bronze and her tiny service flag. On June 30, 1910, exactly one month after the presentation ceremony the warm heart of Sister Anastasia ceased to beat, and again the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic paid their visit of reverence to the modest, but, nevertheless illustrious dead, upon whose plain coffin they placed, with the soldiers' gratitude, their memorial wreath.

There was then removed from its imposing envelope a precious letter which had recently been received from the gentle Prince of the Primatial See of Baltimore, the well-beloved James Cardinal Gibbons, the immediate ecclesiastical Superior of the Baltimore Community.

By unanimous wish the Reverend Mother read the following historic message, every line of which gave evidence of the heart interest of his Eminence in a neglected cause:

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE

408 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

September 16, 1914.

Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly,
National President,
Ladies' Auxiliary of A. O. H.

My dear Mrs. Jolly:

I was delighted to hear of the beautiful memorial which the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians propose to erect in honor of the "Nuns of the Battlefield." Countless memorials proclaim in city and village the bravery and the sacrifices of patriotic soldiers who fell in defense of their country's rights and welfare. So far no monument proclaims the courage and devotion of those noble women who conquered first their own tender natures, and then followed in the cruel wake of war. They lessened, in some degree, the horrors of war. They comforted the dying, assisted the wounded and the crippled, cared for the sick and convalescent, comforted their families, and in this way shed on ten thousand beloved homes a solitary ray of consolation. Their bright deeds of Christian charity have long been a commonplace of history, song, and fiction. By the lips of many thousand veterans they have won for the Catholic religion the praise and recognition of grateful hearts in every section of the United States, regardless of creed or race or sectional strife. Without noise or contention our Catholic Sisters took up the only work left to woman on the grim fields of war, and moved like angels of mercy amid distressing scenes of carnage and death, superior to victory or defeat, to the rights or the wrong of the dread hour, thoughtful only of common humanity and of the image of our Redeemer Jesus, stamped indelibly on every broken and palpitating frame.

As the memory of each cruel war grows weaker, and the blessings of peace become dearer to men, the horrors of armed conflict grow dimmer and are eventually forgotten by a generation which has never experienced them.

But the glorious virtues of pity and resignation, of consolation and forgiveness, of self-denial and devotion; the constant assertion of the rights and duties of the charity of Jesus Christ among His followers: the indirect but powerful lessons of peace and concord and fraternal unity which radiated from the figures of God's lovely messengers, on the battlefield and in the hospitals, can never be forgotten, as long as gratitude beats in the human heart and

as long as the sense of our common Christian brotherhood still lives and urges us to realize one day the ideal of a world and a society wherein peace shall reign supreme, and men shall no longer appeal to the dread arbitrament of the sword.

I do not doubt that the monument you propose to erect on some national site will reflect in eloquent and artistic symbolism the merits, natural and supernatural of our noble Catholic Sisters who in times of war honored their holy religion and community, and at the same time served their country with a patriotic zeal as unique and useful as it was rare and exalted.

May Our Blessed Mother, Mary Immaculate, look with favor upon your holy project, and by her intercession bring to a happy ending an enterprise destined at once to reflect honor on the Catholic religion, on the members of the Hibernian Auxiliary, on our common humanity, and on all womankind.

Very sincerely yours in Xto.,
(Signed) J. CARD. GIBBONS.

Another pleasant surprise was in store for the Nuns. The delicate wrappings were carefully removed from a large and wonderfully fine photograph of an ocean steamship upon the deck of which was assembled a group of distinguished American ecclesiastics who had recently met in Rome, and who were, according to the title given to the historic scene, "hurrying home to attend the Hibernian Convention" at Norfolk, Virginia.

The "kindly Irish eyes" of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University of America, looked out upon the Sisters from his place beside Cardinal Gibbons. This superb Hibernian, during his official visit to the Holy Father, Pope Pius X was designated Bishop of Germanicopolis.

In the majestic dignity of his priesthood and manhood, the Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, the Chaplain of the Hibernians in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, was seen

at the extreme right; one who was present, and who spoke with authority said: "As a priest and a lover of Ireland, 'Father Phil' as he is affectionately called by his friends, has given proof abundant of his kinship to Columcille, while in his life-long defence of the rights of his race he has proved himself worthy of the blood of 'Dauntless Red Hugh.' "

His Eminence, it was explained, after a long absence in Europe, was obliged to go direct to his residence in Baltimore. To Bishop O'Connell, the National Chaplain of the Hibernians, another figure in the group, was entrusted the Cardinal's greetings to the convention delegates.

Monsignor Shahan and Father O'Donnell accompanied Bishop O'Connell to Norfolk and were among the guests present in the Auxiliary session during which the recommendation to erect the Nuns' Monument was presented and adopted by acclamation.

On that memorable day, these three ecclesiastics pledged their fealty to the Sisters' cause, beside which they stood valiantly during a struggle which extended beyond eleven years. Bishop Shahan and Father O'Donnell were rewarded for their years of hearty co-operation by being able to be present, and to participate in the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the monument to the "Nuns of the Battlefield."

Dear Bishop O'Connell, only recently deceased, was not sufficiently well to be present, but he sent his episcopal blessing to his Hibernian friends.

Another outstanding figure in the Norfolk Convention was the Rev. William A. Hickey, who was an official

delegate, by virtue of his office as the Chaplain to the Hibernians and Ladies' Auxiliary of Worcester County, Massachusetts.

Five years after the Norfolk Convention Father Hickey was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Providence and succeeded to the See of Providence, May 25, 1921. During the eleven years intervening between July 19, 1914, date of recommendation to erect the monument and September 20, 1924, the date of the unveiling of the Nuns' Memorial, this noble Hibernian, who comes naturally by his greatness of mind and of heart—was a tower of strength to the Monument Committee, upon whose invitation the Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D.D., was invited to make an address during the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the monument to the Nuns of the Battlefield, in which ceremony the warm-hearted prelate felt a personal interest. His Lordship received in Washington the quality of welcome which Hibernian hearts know so well how to give. By no one was the greeting more sincere and hearty than that extended by the National Chairman of the Nuns' Monument Committee, whose privilege it is to live under the immediate jurisdiction of the beloved Bishop of Providence, whose help was often sought and as often given.

But, to return to our friends in Mercy Convent. We have already written that Reverend Mother Catherine Wynne of the Baltimore Community, on the very day the Civil War was announced, transformed the "Old Infirmary" into a military hospital in which Mother Collette O'Connor remained in charge. Not including Mother Catherine's, the names of twenty Sister volun-

teers for army hospital service were at once entered upon the official military records. Four died on hospital duty during the war period as a result of hardships, borne without a suggestion of complaint and the years intervening between 1865 and 1914, twelve other patriots were laid in consecrated soil of the Sisters' cemetery beneath the shadow of the cross, now surmounting Mount Saint Agnes' College, Baltimore. On the above-mentioned memorable evening, only four Sister-nurses of the Civil War remained to enjoy the glow, the warmth and the cheer of the camp fire built in their honor.

In the general conversation, the Sisters referred in kindest words to those among whom they had labored in the hospitals of Washington and said: "The Sisters found friends in the doctors, beside whom the officers and orderlies were kind and considerate. The sick soldiers seemed to regard the Sisters as holding the place of their mothers."

The Sisters continued on duty in "The Douglas" even after the duration of the war and stood at their post of duty until every soldier had sufficiently recovered to make a homeward journey. Then without much ado, the Sisters returned to their usual duties, as if no military interruption had ever disturbed the holy seclusion of their consecrated lives.

One thoroughly familiar with the Baltimore Sisters' history of the Washington Military Hospitals has written: "While the great Civil War raged fiercely, numbers of mangled bodies were borne daily and nightly from the field of battle to the many hospitals under the Sisters' charge in and around Washington. It would require vol-

umes to detail the good effected at "The Douglas" during the war. While terrible battles were fought along the Potomac and around Washington, often, when the wearied Sisters sought a few hours repose, they were aroused by the words 'More wounded!' The floors of wards and corridors were strewn with fresh victims. Men lay on the mattresses in helpless agony. Many an ensign and drummer-boy called a beloved mother's name. Many a man of mature age for whom perhaps a devoted wife and children pleaded in a foreign land was snatched from death by the devoted care of the Sisters. Amid the awful fruits of war, the veiled spouses of Heaven passed from couch to couch, bathing the wan faces, staunching the flowing blood, speaking words of hope and sympathy scarcely less invigorating than the cordials they poured between the parched lips. And God alone knew the benedictions, often inaudible, the stricken soldiers of both sides called down upon their gentle nurses."

The only one of the original group of Civil War Sisters still living is Sister Mary Bernard O'Kane, who, notwithstanding her four years of Civil War hardships, was the first Sister in the Baltimore Community to offer her experience to the government for hospital duty when President McKinley, during the early days of the War of 1898, made his request to the Baltimore Community for Sisters to take care of the sick soldiers of the Spanish-American armies. The telegram from President McKinley was received at the "Mount" during the noon hour and at four o'clock on that same afternoon, the "valiant woman," Sister Mary Bernard O'Kane, and a corps of twelve capable and thoroughly trained nurses steamed

out of Baltimore en route to Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Georgia, where heavy duties but a generous welcome of government officials and sick soldiers awaited these Maryland nurses.

Sister Bernard O'Kane, who was the Superior of this group, is now living in the retirement of the Mercy Hospital, in Baltimore. In spite of her ninety years, and the hardships of two wars, Sister makes a daily tour of the institution, where the same charm which distinguished her in the wars of 1861 and 1898, is recognized by her friends of the present generation.

Were it not for the fear of violating the modesty and humility of Sister Bernard, the writer would make special mention of many particular incidents in which Sister Bernard is the war heroine.

We feel it a duty, however, to mention in passing, that the great spirit of Sister Bernard O'Kane is a part of her heritage. Born in royal Tyrone—a daughter of Clan O'Cahan, Sister can claim kinship with the princely O'Neills and O'Rourkes. Sister is also of the line which gave to history the queenly and martial Judith O'Cahan whose heroic deeds shall forever be associated with the battle of Benburb and with the name and the fame of Ireland's idol—"Owen Roe, our own O'Neill."

The following are the names of Baltimore's Sisters of Mercy as recorded on the war records on file in the War Office at Washington, brave gentlewomen, who, from the day war was declared, and far beyond its close, served God and the suffering soldiers of the two great

armies in "The Infirmary," "The Old Armory," and in the "Douglas Hospital" under the glow of the dome which crowns the nation's Capitol in Washington, D. C.:

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary Collette O'Connor	Westmoreland Co., Pa.
Sister Mary Catherine Brown	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Regina Brown	W. Alexandria, Pa.
Sister Mary Veronica Doyle	Co. Kildare, Ireland
Sister Mary Lucy Duffy	Co. Roscommon, Ireland
Sister Mary Martha Fitzgerald	Co. Limerick, Ireland
Sister Mary Agatha Flynn	Govans, Maryland
Sister Mary Veronica Flaherty	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Cephas Flynn	Govans, Maryland
Sister Mary Magdalen Healy	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary Bernadine Keefer	Washington, D. C.
Sister Mary Timothy Leddy	Co. Cavan, Ireland
Sister Mary Stanislaus Mathews	Cardenas, Cuba
Sister Mary Agnes Moran	Dublin, Ireland
Sister Mary Gonzaga Mulhare	Co. Wicklow, Ireland
Sister Mary Bernard O'Kane (living)	Co. Tyrone, Ireland
Sister Mary Anastasia Quinn	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Ann Rigney	Queens Co., Ireland
Sister Mary Patricia Smythe	Co. Galway, Ireland
Sister Mary Gertrude Wynne	Co. Carlow, Ireland

CHAPTER XVI

Sisters of Mercy, Vicksburg, Mississippi

THE journey from Baltimore, Maryland, to Vicksburg, Mississippi, in 1859, was long, dreary and difficult, and yet despite the knowledge that most excruciating hardships awaited them there, we find a group of heroic Sisters of Mercy of the Baltimore Community, in response to an appeal of Bishop William Henry Elder, leaving Maryland on the morning of the 9th of October, 1859, for Vicksburg, the "Hill City" of Mississippi. The Sisters who separated that evening in "the Land of Mary" never met again. On the evening of the 12th, 1859, these Daughters of Mother McAuley arrived in Vicksburg, where they soon recognized the distinct approach of the clash of arms. Their beginnings were in pain, sorrow and the cross. The fact that Civil War was declared soon after their establishment explains all. Perhaps no other Community of that period had so many obstacles in its incipient stages.

As early as December 29, 1862, the date which marks the opening of the expedition against Vicksburg, the Convent of Mercy and the Sisters' school were rapidly transformed into a hospital, and the Sisters were requested to take charge of the sick and wounded who were lying about the besieged city without sufficient care. Promptly the Sisters entered upon their task. They knew little

about the political situation, but they were letter perfect in their knowledge of the duties of a Sister of Mercy. This service they *repeated* from December 29, 1862, to and far beyond the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, six of the most tragic months in the history of the war, during which the Sisters labored strenuously under most appalling conditions.

Let the fireside philanthropist compare his life of selfishness and ease with the burning charity of the Vicksburg Sisters of Mercy, whose war history has received scant attention.

Let the reader in fancy, visit the improvised Convent Hospital and pass through the wards, and see the hundreds of sick and wounded, and the lonely men, with white, worn, still faces, pressed into the pillows. Here is one in an agony of pain, whose mangled arm has just been amputated, beside him a man burning with fever. In the next bed tosses one whose feet were badly burned by a bursting shell, while his neighbor across the aisle, sick at heart and totally discouraged, lies with his face towards the wall. Linger beside the Sister as she listens to a soldier's pathetic story, and hears his anxieties for wife and children, or for the dear mother whom he can hardly name without tears, and then observe the grace-given composure and heroic devotion of the Sisters to the soldier patients. Be sure to make at least one mental midnight visit as the Nuns, in their anxiety, are still making their visitations. Here a Sister stops to adjust a blanket, which has been tossed aside by a restless fever patient. Again she lifts a head and smooths the crumpled pillow. Here a cool drink, there a hot drink, or the medi-

cine, and beyond, it is time to change a poultice. Performing these acts of charity without a sigh of fatigue, she speaks of God to each sufferer.

Reliable historians have truly said: "Throughout the second siege of Vicksburg, which continued through forty-five days and nights and ended on July 4, 1863, the killed and wounded of the two great armies numbered twenty-one thousand and seventy eight. Food was very scarce. During the bombardment, many inhabitants had taken shelter in caves, dug in the clay hills, on which the city stands. In these caverns children were born, families lived and suffered, while famine attacked the people. Sickness, terror, and death reigned everywhere. The deserted homes of the town were filled with the sick and wounded soldiers to whom the Sisters of Mercy, amid shot and shell and without thought of personal danger, rendered services marked by tenderness and charity. Incessant work and incessant responsibility had no terrors for the Sisters, who never heard the tenth part of the blessings of the grateful soldiers and inhabitants as the Sisters continued their labors, forgetful of self."

A description once given of the battlefield of Antietam may be applied to Vicksburg: "The Sisters were in constant danger from bomb shells which had not exploded and which only required a slight jar to burst. The ground was covered with these and it was hard to distinguish them covered as they were with debris. Bullets could be gathered from the ground. The farms in the vicinity were laid waste. The quiet farmhouses contained none of their former inhabitants. Stock in the shape of cattle and fowl seemed to have disappeared from the face of the

earth. Even the dogs were either killed or had fled from the appalling scenes. Famine attacked the inhabitants, and mule meat was considered a savory dish.

"On this field of desolation houses and barns as well as caves were occupied as hospitals. Broken fences were strewn with bloody clothing while brave men, many of them dying, were only separated from the ground by coarse straw or by a weatherbeaten coat or an army blanket. Here and there one could also see a faded blanket sustained by sticks driven into the blood soaked ground and forming for the war-worn soldier a protection from the rays of the Southern sun."

For the purpose of removing the stricken soldiers from the "City of the Siege," the Confederate Government established a large hospital at Mississippi Springs, where members of this same Community presided amidst the most harassing difficulties, taking care of about eight hundred sick and wounded patients. From Mississippi Springs they went to Jackson to nurse several hundred men in the Deaf and Dumb Institute, but finding that these soldiers were receiving proper medical assistance, they proceeded to Oxford where their services were greatly needed in caring for a large number of men who lay sick and wounded in the buildings of the University of Mississippi. In each institution the Sisters shared every hardship endured by the soldiers, and their food consisted of the limited army rations served the men.

When famine and desolation stalked through Confederate camps and cities, the Sisters of Mercy remained on duty and even followed the ill-fated army in army wagons and ambulances, devoting themselves with all the

aspirations of their souls to the one absorbing purpose of solacing human misery, in attending to the sick and binding up the wounds of those who had fallen. In many places, pitched tents on the camp grounds served as hospitals with the Sisters of Mercy in charge, while the Catholic Army Chaplain, was always within call and as ready to cheer the despondent non-Catholic as he was to lift up the hearts of the boys of his own faith. In war, perhaps more clearly than at any time, the manliness of a man becomes more apparent.

During the siege of Jackson, the Sisters accompanied the wounded in a cross-country expedition, stopping by night wherever they could find shelter until they reached Shelby, Alabama, where the dark-robed Soldier-Sisters of the army continued their fatiguing services until the war finally came to a close. It is related that at Shelby, Alabama, the Superior, Mother de Sales Browne, in addition to nursing the wounded soldiers, often gathered wood during the night time to keep the fires burning in the deserted hotel upon which these pitying nurses prepared the early cup of gruel for the sick ones.

Reverend Thomas J. Kelly of Chicago, Chaplain of the Ninth Regiment, Illinois Infantry Volunteers, in the following private letter to Mother Mary Vincent McGirr, Superior of the Sisters of Mercy of Chicago, gives an accurate picture of moving away of the military fleet after the first siege of Vicksburg: "I never saw a more glorious sight than the departure of the fleet from Memphis. Twenty-four vessels carrying eight thousand infantry, six batteries of artillery and the wagons and the ammunition of the whole division; the flagship first, the

second vessel carried the Commandant of the Brigade. The vessels kept about a hundred yards from each other. After sailing three days and three nights, we reached the Yazoo, a narrow, deep river, full of alligators. Seven miles up the Yazoo is Haines' Bluff, three hundred feet high, the prettiest place I ever saw, one little hill topping another, with many delicious springs of pure transparent water. On the Bluff, thirty-five thousand troops are watching the movements of Johnston. Grant's line is only one hundred yards distant. I see every shell thrown. At one point, there are five one-hundred-twenty-pound mortar shells thrown into Vicksburg. At night the city is apparently burning from the light of the bursting shells. It is frightful to see them. Vicksburg will be taken within a few days. The people are starving. We are not in the fight. We have been ordered to hold Haines' Bluff." Continuing, Father Kelly expresses regret that he "is unable to give her any information regarding Mother de Sales Browne, Superior of the Vicksburg Sisters and her fearless companions all of whom are on duty." Mother Vincent McGirr and Mother de Sales Browne, seventeen years before, were young novices together at Saint Xavier's in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where they became very much attached to each other.

While the zealous Chaplain was filled with anxiety about their welfare and the city was ablaze with the brilliant horror of shot and shell of the siege of Vicksburg, the Sisters, as if by a miracle, remained unhurt while thousands of wounded filled the air with their cries of distress. "The Chaplain sent with the Sisters by Bishop Elder told me," said one who knew, "that the Bishop

often said to them, 'Sisters, do not go out all together, for I do not want you all to be killed. Divide, and work in different directions so that some of you may escape.' "

In the midst of the bombardment, while monster guns belched defiance and protest, accentuating their threat with a growl of thunder, the Sisters were again reminded by their Superior, Bishop Elder, that they might, if they so desired, return to the Mother House in Baltimore, as this arrangement had been decided upon before they left for the Vicksburg mission. With one accord, the Sisters replied in the negative, and immediately, while shot and shell were still bursting furiously around them, they turned with renewed devotion to minister to the wants of the suffering soldiers of both sides.

On Sunday, July 4, 1863, at 10 a. m., Vicksburg surrendered. Desolation was still ruling with tragic results when from many different directions on the Mississippi River, as if by a miracle, there appeared the government hospital ships bringing relief in the form of doctors and nurses and abundant supplies. On many of these ships there were members of the Sanitary Commission and zealous lay nurses, who, by their zeal for the soldiers' comfort, have earned a nation's gratitude. There were also other floating hospitals and other relief ships under the direction of Sister-nurses from many different states, and from several distinct religious orders and communities, which entered the Port of Vicksburg during those scorching days in early July of 1863. Side by side, the Religious and the lay nurses worked, and by this broad co-operation the soldiers of the two armies were the beneficiaries. The

supplies brought to the stricken city on government transports were received by the Vicksburg Sisters with gratitude.

Mother de Sales Browne in early days had received thorough training in Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in which she studied under the Doctors McGirr, the father and brother of Mother Vincent McGirr. This woman of gentle birth, refined training, and a thoroughly trained surgical nurse, assumed charge of the cooking, which had to be excellent, as many of the soldiers were sick, not from wounds, but from starvation and its debilitating diseases. The following extract is from a letter written at the time by a soldier patient: "The Sisters of Mercy are acting as our nurses and do much of the cooking for the sick, who are thus supplied with palatable food, prepared in the most scientific manner by those specially trained for this important part of hospital service."

In an address delivered in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1887, the Rev. John F. X. Canevin, later Archbishop of Pittsburgh, said: "At that time the Pittsburgh Sisters of Mercy were engaged in their work in hospitals and on the battlefields of the North, some of their companions, who left their side a few years before were under the shot and shell which were hurled from land and water when Grant besieged Vicksburg, and fear and famine stalked the Confederate camp and city. Driven from their convent home by the iron hand of war, they followed the ill-fated army through all the hard fortune of the struggle, nursed the sick, staunched the blood and spoke words of consolation and of hope to the

dying. We can read in the Military Annals how the dying soldiers fancied a mother or a wife or a sister to be supporting his head, as the black-robed Nun bade him confide in the Saviour of Calvary and poured refreshing drops upon his lips, parched and quivering in the throes of death."

An eye witness has written as follows: "Vicksburg at the close of the second siege, July 4, 1863, was a region devastated by war, parched by drought, both men and horses maddened by thirst, suffocated by dust and literally scorched by the July sun;" and yet, in the terror-stricken city we find Vicksburg's original group of Sister-nurses still valiantly performing their full duty, and earning a unique position of honor among God's devoted servants, the "Nuns of the Battlefield" of the Civil War.

During her service at Jackson Sister Mary Stephana Warde became completely broken in health as a result of a thousand hardships endured through the siege of Vicksburg, and was sent, under escort, to the Mother House in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Later, upon a partial recovery of her strength, this heroine joined the Pittsburgh Sisters whose charge was the historic Stanton Hospital at Washington, D. C. In after years Sister Stephana often said with a smile that for this double duty she had been doubly rewarded in this world, upon the evening when she met President Lincoln upon the occasion of his first visit to the Stanton Hospital, in the City of Washington.

On the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th of July, 1863, General Grant and General Johnston met at Vicksburg, while on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of the same month General Robert

E. Lee and General George G. Meade crossed swords at Gettysburg in one of the most disastrous battles of the war. Reliable historians state that on the two sides the wounded and the dead of Gettysburg numbered nearly fifty thousand. Fancy then the scene upon which the Sisters of Emmitsburg looked on Sunday morning, July 4th, as they picked their way, ankle deep in blood and mud on the battlefield. We make this deviation from the Vicksburg chapter for the purpose of accentuating the fact that North and South of the line of division and upon corresponding dates, the Daughters of Saint Vincent de Paul, of Saint Joseph's in the Valley, were proving their right to wear the holy habit of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, while the Vicksburg Sisters of Mercy, under the shot and shell of the two armies, gave an additional brilliancy to the name of their foundress, Mother Mary Catherine McAuley.

We may repeat that the Sisters of Mercy, of Vicksburg, were "Nuns of the Battlefield" in the broadest sense. Their title is their history. Their impartial service to the soldiers and the distracted people of a besieged city did more than towers of controversy to make the Catholic Church better known, and consequently loved by the American people. The convalescing soldier, with gratitude in his heart, spread the information throughout the land that the ministrations of hospital Sisters reminded him of a mother's love and a sister's tenderness.

"In more recent wars," it has been truthfully stated, "our Red Cross nurses have deserved from us the support, the love, the praise we have bestowed upon them.

There was however, in Civil War days no great and humane organization like the Red Cross of the gentle-hearted Clara Barton to meet a stupendous undertaking. In the emergency of 1861 the Catholic Sisterhoods, with their hundreds of volunteers, entered the war service—the only trained body of women in military hospital duty of that period. These Nuns served without pay, and with no desire for public favor. Their days were filled with homely and laborious duties which even the most skillful chronicler could not record, but they live forever in the memory of grateful men; they are painted on the unforgetting intelligence of the Angels and the story is written on the Books of God."

After four years of varied and continuous service, peace was proclaimed, and the Sisters, thanking God in their hearts that their lives had been spared, decided to continue to share the desolation of the people among whom before the war the Sisters had received the kind of welcome which Southern hearts know so well how to extend. Arriving at Vicksburg, they found themselves without a home. The convent, under the fortunes of war, had become the headquarters of General Slocum, and the Sisters a second time accepted the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Genella. After considerable delay the difficulty was adjusted by the Secretary of War, Honorable Edwin Stanton, upon the request of the Reverend Michael O'Connor, S.J., formerly Bishop of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who had only recently exchanged the episcopal purple for the austere garb of the Jesuit.

SISTERS OF MERCY

An attempt to describe the appearance of the Sisters at the close of the war would be presumption. Their religious habits and veils were in tatters, while their faces had grown prematurely old, and the health of several of the group was completely shattered. During four years of indescribable suffering they were indeed "Nuns of the Battlefield." They bound wounds which others had made. North and South received the best the Sisters could bestow and this without thought of payment on this earth. Their treasure was in heaven. Officials of the North and South often stated that in the midst of civil strife with the bombs and bullets flying thick and furiously around them, the Vicksburg Sisters of Mercy worked under one flag—the flag that was respected by North and South alike—the flag of Christian Mercy. It was under this banner that the Vicksburg Sisters were permitted to pass unquestioned between the two lines. Their religious habit was their certificate of honor and of service and by order of those in authority in the two armies, no countersign was ever demanded from these "Nuns of the Siege."

"From officers and soldiers," said Mother de Sales after the war, "from the men in Blue and in the Gray, the Catholic and non-Catholic, high officials, the rank and file, the Sisters always received the most profound respect, and no improper word was ever uttered in the presence of one of our Sisters."

Vicksburg, and its corps of brave Nuns, may have been in the mind of the Very Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell,

C.S.C., Ph.D., the soldier-poet-priest of Notre Dame University, when he wrote his "*Commemorative Verses.*"

In fever camp, in hospital, in prison,
And where the deadly hail of battle fell,
They moved these Virgin Mothers, a vision risen,
Of home and love, in the very murk of hell,
Take leave of them? Not till the heavens darken,
Not while America's high dreams abide,
Stand God and Country, so shall all men hearken
Their fame, their virtue and our rapturous pride.

In characters that will endure forever, the following names have been inscribed on Washington's war records of the "Hill City of the Mississippi":

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary de Sales Browne	Westmoreland Co., Pa.
Sister Mary Vincent Browne	Westmoreland Co., Pa.
Sister Mary Philomena Farmer	Baltimore, Md.
Sister Mary Agnes Madigan	Co. Wexford, Ireland
Sister Mary Teresa Newman	Warren Co., Miss.
Sister Mary Xavier Poursine	New Orleans, La.
Sister Mary Agnatia Sumner	Boston, Mass.
Sister Mary Stephana Warde	Co. Carlow, Ireland

CHAPTER XVII

Sisters of Mercy, Cincinnati, Ohio

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will.

THE truth in this couplet, written centuries ago by the "Bard of Avon" may be seen in the historic data which forms an extraordinary background for the war history of the Sisters of Mercy of Cincinnati, Ohio, a chapter which also connects, with golden links of charity, their Mother House in the "Old Head of Kinsale" with the Crimean War, in which the Sisters from this distinguished Irish Community served with zeal and ability.

It is well known that as early as 1852, previous to the opening of the world renowned Mater Misericordiae Hospital in Dublin, several Sisters of Mercy went to Amiens, to study its celebrated hospital system. From Amiens they made a tour of inspection of several noted hospitals in Europe that the great institution they projected, might have the benefit of recent improvements, and that those destined to conduct it should have the fullest knowledge of hospital management, a training which was soon turned to merciful use in the bleak hospitals of Turkey and Russia of 1854-56, and a few years later in the Civil War in this country.

In those far off days, the details incorporated in news-

paper reports from the distant Crimea, brought dismay to the hearts of the soldiers' friends. Reports of the dreadful condition of the sick and wounded after Alma (September 20, 1854) horrified the world.

The following is an extract from a letter written in a Turkish Hospital after the battle of Inkerman, November 1, 1854, by Mother Clare Moore of the original group of brave Sisters of Mercy who, on Tuesday morning, October 17, 1854, left the shelter of their convent home, in historic Bermondsy, then a recent foundation from Dublin, where stood the first convent built in London since the Reformation. With mercy as their watchword, these volunteers, the flower of Catholic womanhood, bravely faced the hardships they knew awaited them at the end of a long and perilous journey.

"The hospitals," wrote the Mother Superior, "teem with the dead and the dying; the trenches are filled with the stark and stiffening corpses of many a frozen warrior. No food, save the vilest, could the soldiers procure. Very often no medicine, no attendance."

The eagerness of the Sisters to hasten to the gruesome Eastern hospitals must have edified many who had not fully understood the pure motive underlying the Nuns' lives. The Superior of the London Community, the courageous Reverend Mother Clare Moore, was one of the first seven Sisters of Mercy who made their vows "under the authority and in the presence of" Reverend Mother Catherine McAuley in Mercy Convent, Baggot Street, Dublin.

In November, 1854, a terrible outbreak of cholera among the soldiers made a second call for nurses neces-

sary. The tragedy of the situation filled the souls of the Sisters of Mercy with a pity which was of the quality that meant more than idle words—it called for service and sacrifice. In response to another call from the government of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, a second group of Sisters of Mercy responded. This time they assembled from their Mother House in Dublin, and from other Irish Convents situated in Kinsale, the City of Cork, Carlow, Charleville, and from their local convents in London, Liverpool and Chelsea.

In these eight groups there were many Nuns, who had received hospital training in their own Mater Misericordiae in Dublin and in hospitals on the continent. There was not a Sister among the volunteers who stood that day upon the platform of the London Bridge Station, waiting for a train, who was not familiar with hospital conditions in the East, including the fact that the General Hospital was about a mile distant from the Barracks Hospital in Scutari and that it was situated upon a bleak, rocky hill, infested with wild dogs.

Peace having been proclaimed, and after eighteen months' heavy responsibilities, on May 16, 1856, leaving six Sisters of her Community in Russia to continue their work, and completely shattered in health, Mother Mary Clare Moore, under obedience returned to Bermondsey, where she found the following splendid letter from Florence Nightingale, dated Balaklava, awaiting her:

My Dearest Reverend Mother Clare:

Your going home is the greatest blow I have yet had, but God's blessing and my love and gratitude go with you, as you

well know. . . I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Reverend Mother, because it would look as I thought you had done the work, not unto God, but unto me.

Again, the great war-nurse wrote: Dearest Reverend Mother, what you have done for the work no one can say. But God will reward you for it. If I thought your valuable health would be restored by a return home I should not regret it. But I feel that unless you give up the work for a time, your return to Bermondsey will only be the signal for greater calls upon your strength. But I should be glad that the Bishop of Southwark might know that the gratitude of the army is yours. And believe me dearest Mother, ever gratefully, lovingly, overflowingly yours,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Again, Miss Nightingale, who had general charge of the work of nursing in the Crimea, in fitting language addressed the following affectionate tribute to Mother Francis Bridgman of the Kinsale Community:

"Only an eye witness can form any conception of the magnitude of your services or measure its value. No one of your children values you more than I do. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency, both in worldly talent and administration, and in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a superior."

Thirty years after the labors of these Sisters were concluded, the Victorian Golden Jubilee was celebrated, and during the ceremonials the four English surviving Sister War Nurses received the Royal Red Cross from the Queen. Ten years after the jubilee, Sister Aloysius Doyle, the sole surviving Irish war-nurse was summoned from the convent at Gort, County Galway, to receive the decoration. The following correspondence relative to conferring the honor passed between Her Majesty's representative and the veteran Sister of Mercy at the time:

Pall Mall, London, S. W.
February 15, 1897.

Sister Mary Aloysius:

Madam: The Queen having been pleased to bestow upon you the decoration of the Royal Red Cross, I have to inform you that in the case of such honors as this is it is the custom of Her Majesty to personally bestow the decoration upon the recipient when such a course is convenient to all concerned, and I have, therefore, to request that you will be so good as to inform me whether it would be convenient to you to attend at Windsor some time within the next few weeks. Should any circumstances prevent your receiving the Royal Red Cross from the hands of Her Majesty it would be transmitted by post to your present address.

I am, madam,

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE M. FARQUHARSON.

St. Patrick's, Gort, County Galway.

Sir: I have received your letter of the 15th, intimating to me that Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen is pleased to bestow on me the Order of the Royal Cross in recognition of the services of my Sisters in religion, and my own, in caring for the wounded soldiers at the Crimea during the war. My words cannot express my gratitude for the great honor which Her Majesty is pleased to confer on me. The favor is, if possible, enhanced by the permission to receive this public mark of favor at Her Majesty's own hands. The weight of 76 years and the infirmities of age will, I trust, dispense me from the journey to the palace. I will, therefore, with sentiments of deepest gratitude ask to be permitted to receive this mark of my Sovereign's favor in the less public and formal manner you have kindly indicated. I am, sir,

Faithfully yours in Jesus Christ,
SISTER M. ALOYSIUS.

All unconscious was the irony in the reply of Sister Aloysius Doyle, "the weight of 76 years and the infirmities of age will, I trust, dispense me from the journey to the palace." Forty-three years had passed since the Crimean War, and she herself was now in need of nursing.

It was a similar devotedness to duty that led the Sisters of Mercy of Cincinnati to answer the official call and go forth, accompanied by military officers and physicians, to labor cheerfully in camps and hospitals, and transport boats, during the Civil War. And, needless to say, they brought into the work a skill and discipline which had long been prominent features of their daily training and experience. Hence the unique character of the services they rendered during the entire period of the war.

At the very moment of their enlistment they were admirably equipped for the task, and a hard and laborious task it was, but they met and discharged it as a duty of sacrifice every moment of the day and night, animated only by the undying love of country and the spirit of Christian charity and zeal. And these qualifications for the service were characteristic of all the Orders of Sisters who participated in the work, for it is a self-evident truth that there is something about the religious life that makes it akin to military life—uniformity of action, community of interest, thorough organization, obedience, respect for authority, the discipline that governs by a look, a sign, or a suggestion—attributes which blend a number of individuals into one harmonious whole to promote a concert of purpose.

We have now reached the link which unites the Sisters of the Crimean War of 1854, with Kinsale and indirectly with Cincinnati and the Civil War of 1861. In Ireland's response to the appeal of the War Department of Great Britain for Sister-nurses, the Kinsale Community was recorded in the front ranks of those whose hearts were touched by the cry of the soldiers' anguish. Among the

Sister volunteers of "Old Kinsale" we find Mother Teresa Maher, the beloved foundress of the Order of Mercy in Cincinnati. Mother Teresa was not named, however, for duty in the Crimea. Rev. Mother Francis Bridgman, of the Kinsale Community, who became the chosen Superior of the Eastern Missionary Band, was selected, and with four of the Kinsale Community, joined the Legion of Mercy, composed of scores of valiant nurses, which was soon en route to the gruesome and dangerous mission among the sick and wounded in the hospitals of Turkey and Russia. Mother Teresa Maher was appointed Superior *pro tem* of the Kinsale Community during the voluntary absence of Rev. Mother Francis Bridgman in the Crimea. Late in April, 1856, a very brief letter from Mother Francis was received in Kinsale by Mother Teresa Maher. It was dated Balaklava, Russia, April 8, 1856, and read as follows:

"Peace is proclaimed, and we are going home at last. I have resigned my charge to Sir John Hall."

Within a month Mother Francis Bridgman returned to Kinsale where, in a systematic manner, she imparted to her Sisters the knowledge of the hospital methods, for the care of the sick and wounded men, she had acquired on the battlefields and in military hospitals of Scutari, Inkermann, etc.

Among the most interested and zealous pupils, we may mention Mothers Mary Teresa Maher, Sister Mary Baptist Kane and Sister Mary de Sales Douglas, who arrived in Cincinnati, August 18, 1858.

War, was therefore, an old story for the Cincinnati pioneer Sisters of Mercy. Early in 1861, the newly

arrived Community found itself requisitioned for service in another war, a war that had snapped the bonds that held together a nation.

Their first charge was the care of the hospital on Third Street, formerly their quiet convent, which they offered to the Government for hospital purposes. The sufferers were of both sides, Federal and Confederate, soldiers and sailors and prisoners. Those who received the Sisters' care in this auxiliary hospital remembered with affectionate gratitude the visits of the Sister-nurses as they moved from one patient to another. Here, it is time to administer medicine and to give attention to a sore stump, "which," the doctor said, "must be kept moist;" there, a poor sufferer says, "Sister, the bandage is tight and hurts;" a venerable nurse is giving out stimulants, a solemn proceeding, administered only under the doctor's orders. Another Sister is kneeling beside a non-Catholic who is very ill and very much depressed. Without any attempt to interfere with his religious belief, the Sister asks him, and not in vain, to lift up his heart with confidence to the God of compassion. In the next bed there is a wounded man just from the operating table who must have rest, and so Sister slips away to a night physician, tells her story and soon returns to the ward with a towel saturated in cold water into which a few harmless drops of some mysterious liquid have fallen. Tenderly brushing back the hair, the Sister places the cooling pad upon the hot forehead. The eyes of the bruised and broken man close wearily and soon the regular breathing denotes a refreshing sleep; and Sister glides away to the bedside of a young bugler, victim of a forced

march, who is sobbing bitterly and calling for his mother. Here Sister lingers awhile and soothes the lad by telling him to be good and to hurry up and get well as he is to receive a furlough. And then away to a fever patient who is delirious.

During the Sisters' long period of service on land and water, and in quarantine hospitals, there was never an hour, day or night, when the Catholic chaplain was not on active duty, or within immediate call. Many of these devoted priests were not regularly enlisted, as this position gave them a wide field in which to exercise their charity towards the soldiers of the two armies within the gates.

Early in April, 1862, upon invitation of Mayor Harris, of Cincinnati, and with the blessing of Archbishop Purcell upon them, Mother Teresa Maher and a group of Sisters responded to another official call. This time a mission of mercy to the battlefield of Shiloh, for the purpose of bringing to Cincinnati's fine hospitals the sick and wounded of the Ohio regiments. The Sisters made the journey southward on the boat "Superior." In assuming the particularly heavy responsibility of this new position, Mother Teresa used to great advantage the instruction and training, she as well as several others of her associates, had only recently received in the Kinsale Convent, along with an additional experience a few of them had acquired in their own renowned Misericordiae Hospital in Dublin.

Before leaving Cincinnati, and through the generosity of its citizens, the "Sisters' Hospital Boat" was laden with an abundance of supplies. Physicians of high standing

supervised the medical and surgical departments, which were splendidly equipped. A special kitchen, with a Sister executive in charge, was also an important feature of this model floating hospital.

At the close of the second day's struggle at Shiloh, ten thousand soldiers lay lifeless upon the battlefield. In their midst were dead horses in harness, broken caissons, abandoned blankets and muskets, scattered drums and haversacks; trees whose branches had been wrenched off by bursting shells, or by the rain, hail and sleet of the preceding night; while the air was heavy with the sulphurous breath of gunpowder, and tainted with the smell of blood. In this scene, which suggested to the Mercy Nuns the battles of Balaklava, Inkermann and Sebastopol, these "Angels of American Battlefields" directed and often assisted in carrying the stretcher with its groaning occupant to the decks of the "Superior."

On the steamer there were beds everywhere and an abundance of sheets, pillows, towels, and hospital shirts, which were large and soft and white, and other articles necessary for the comfort of the sick and wounded men. Among those carried on board the hospital steamer there were many particularly severe cases. The dangerously wounded were placed in a secluded section. Here was a flag-bearer whose arm was badly shattered, his neighbor had been shot through the lungs, and was bleeding to death. Another cot was occupied by an officer whose two mutilated legs had been amputated above the knee. He told the Sister that he had at home a dear mother, a fond wife and two young children. Near him was a colored soldier who was found lying on the field apparently in a

dying condition. Later his mother visited her son in Mercy's Military Hospital in Cincinnati. Through the proper channel the Sister secured a furlough for the young soldier—who had the joy of accompanying his mother to their home.

There were many pneumonia cases and every man on the ship seemed to be in need of cough medicine—and a Sister said, "They all seem to cough at one time."

One of the most pathetic cases was that of a young soldier whose festering wounds and consequent fever had unsettled a fine brain—for his recovery the doctors said there was no hope. The lad was wildly delirious and the tears rolled down the faces of those within hearing of his piteous cries for his mother. A Sister of Mercy from "Old Kinsale" with Nun-like pity and more than maternal devotion tried to fill her place. It proved to be a long battle with the giant called Death, in which the devoted Nun was the Victor.

In the midst of this tragedy Mother Theresa Maher was always calm and efficient. To each soldier, sick or wounded, she tried to distribute an equal share of attention, and wonderful success blessed her incessant devotion. We mention only one notable example.

A colored soldier, a fugitive slave, who was left for dead on Shiloh's battlefield, and who later had been found breathing by Mother Theresa as she groped among the dead with her lantern. Here and there she knelt beside the fallen heroes and disregarding the color of their uniform, turned their marble-like faces towards her, fearful lest the living might be left lying with the dead. When the steamer docked at Cincinnati the rescued soldier had

improved a little, and the doctor said, "With care he will soon be himself again." The prophecy was fulfilled.

With this weight of human woe the hospital steamer moved slowly northward on the Tennessee, and then turned its course north and east on the Ohio. As the vessel reached the home port, there was no ringing of the city's bells to announce the victory of Shiloh. In the presence of the sick and dying, yes, and the dead, of the Ohio regiments, a deep and significant silence ruled the occasion. Tenderly and with reverence the soldiers were transferred to the various hospitals in the "Queen City." Then strong men were at once engaged to put the vessel into a thoroughly sanitary condition for its returning journey for another boatload of sick and wounded for Cincinnati's hospitals.

In the midst of these heart-breaking scenes, which seemed the acme of human suffering, "smallpox in the hospital" was announced in whispers, and then as the dread disease advanced and invaded the ranks of the soldiers, many attendants fled in dismay. The Sisters, however, remained on duty during this awful calamity. With her own hands, Mother Teresa Maher dressed the wounds of the afflicted, and applied the soothing ointment to their bodies, masses of corruption, as the disease developed into the black confluent. In this death-laden atmosphere and in the strictest quarantine, Mother Teresa was not the only "laborer in the vineyard." There were other Sisters of Mercy of her community, who, actuated by divine love and pity, stood day and night by the cots of men writhing in the agonies of a gruesome affliction.

Cincinnati in those crucial years was glorious in its

devotion and generosity to the "soldier boys" and in its gratitude to the Sisters, who braved a horrfying death in their care of the victims of a loathsome, contagious and dangerous disease. During these weeks of terror, the non-Catholic physicians vied with the Catholic members of the staff in an effort to relieve the Sisters, as far as possible, from the heavy duties these devoted Nuns had assumed quietly, and without the slightest trace of ostentation.

"Sister," called the young voice of an emaciated lad that lay tossing on a cot toward the end of the contagious ward.

The Nun, bending over a dying man, did not hear the call.

"Sister"—here the pathos in the tones of a fever-tossed child was pathetic. He was querulous. This time the Nun heard. Her face was lined with the suffering of watching others suffer. Sleepless, toil-laden nights had left their impress on her countenance. But she smiled that the lad might be happy.

"What is it, John?" she asked. And quickly added, "Doctor says you shouldn't talk much, you know."

The lad tossed about seeking a better position. Then he said: "Sister, I want to ask you something."

"Yes, John, but be careful. You want to be strong and well again, don't you?"

"O, Sister," and a weary smile curved his lips, "you know I'm going to die." The boy knew and the Sister knew; but she had so wanted to cheer him.

"Well, John," she asked gently, "what is this question you wanted to ask me?"

Presented with the opportunity he had sought, the lad was silent, then he blurted out: "What wages do you get, Sister?"

The strange inquiry astounded the Nun. Then she looked at her questioner. Fever had reddened his brow to a death-beaconing flush. His eyes were dilated, his breathing rapid and difficult. She knew that he was very ill. And she remembered her younger brother with Rosecrans.

"Why, the Sisters do not receive pay, John."

"Don't receive pay?" The words, slowly echoed were more the verbal expression of his mind than a message for the Sister's ears. Then he asked abruptly, "Not a cent?"

"No, John, not even one penny. You see Catholic Sisters work for the love of God and not for money."

Looking at the peaceful face of his nurse, he began this story:

"Down where I come from, Sister, they all think that Catholics are bad people, we never saw many and I guess"—his voice trailed off. There was silence for a moment. Then bolt upright in his bed he started to order the Nun as he had ordered his company when he served under Lee.

"Sister, kindly tell the Catholic chaplain that Lieutenant John—wants him to report at Lieutenant's headquarters."

Sensing the situation Sister promptly left to search for a priest. In a few moments, she returned, bringing with her the chaplain. The stripling voiced his desire to

enroll in that army where Nuns served the suffering prisoners of war for the love of God.

Quickly he was baptized, quickly too, for his time was very short on the parole of the world, he was anointed. Then while he had scarcely strength to move, he received into his slow beating heart, His Commander, Christ the King.

After peace had been proclaimed Mother Teresa continued to be a ministering angel to the poor and the sick. In the prison, the hospital, the orphan asylum, the cellar, the garret, wherever there was want or sorrow, the refined, the gentle and kindly voice of this lady of the old school was heard and her generous hand extended.

On November 22nd, the feast of Saint Cecilia, the patroness of music, the distinguished musician, the generous-hearted woman worn out with hardships endured at home and abroad and whose heroic service include a brilliant chapter in Cincinnati's Civil War Journal, heard the summons of the Supreme Commander, Who found the veteran with her lamp burning brightly, and her heart ready to respond to the citation.

In the consecrated soil of St. Joseph's Cemetery the venerated remains of Mother Teresa Maher and her corps of "Soldier Nuns," who also "fought the good fight and kept the faith," are awaiting with her the call of the great Archangel. Irish juniper trees form a cloister for this "Sisters' Circle" over which, under quiet stars and a gentle sky, small crosses send their shadows over many green mounds.

In the center is the ivy-covered grave of the beloved foundress of the Order of Mercy in Ohio, in the midst of

the peaceful Sisterhood she established and very close to this historic shrine are the mortal remains of her fearless comrades of the Civil War, three of whom were a part of the Missionary band which sailed out of the Cove of Cork on a bright July day, 1858.

While scores of Sisters of Mercy of the Cincinnati Community did war service of heroic nature, the following eleven are the only names recorded on the nation's war files and in Mercy's Archives of the "Queen City of the West":

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary Teresa Maher	Co. Carlow, Ireland
Sister Mary Xavier Cosgrave	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sister Mary Madeline Curtin	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Teresa Dougherty	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sister Mary de Sales Douglas	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sister Mary Joseph Dowling	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary Baptist Kane	Co. Antrim, Ireland
Sister Mary Philomena Kenny	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sister Mary Stanislaus Murphy	Co. Antrim, Ireland
Sister Mary Francis Nunan	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Gertrude O'Dwyer	Co. Cork, Ireland

CHAPTER XVIII

Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, Charleston, S. C.

NINETEEN years after the death of the illustrious Bishop England, the Founder of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy in Charleston, that city felt the first shock of the four years' combat, when the guns of the Civil War were heard at half past four o'clock, Friday morning, April 12, 1861, as fire was opened upon Fort Sumter from all the adjacent Confederate forts and batteries, and the horrors of the shot and shell which at once were hurled upon the city from Southern gunboats.

The Sisters of Charleston, "Bishop England's Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy," with their thirty years' experience in the care of the sick, entered at once upon their heart-breaking duties, as Charleston's Sister-nurses, and royally earned their right to a position on the Hibernian monument, erected in Washington, to the memory and in the honor of the Nuns who served as Army nurses during a national tragedy.

From the opening attack on Sumter, under the Confederate General Peter G. T. Beauregard, to and far beyond the "Second Siege of Charleston," when, on April 6, 1863, the Federal Admiral Dupont crossed the Charleston Bar, with nine "Monitors" or turreted iron vessels, there stood between the determined combatants another Commander, a queen, who was known in religion as

Mother Mary Theresa Barry, whose watchword was "pity," and whose spiritual daughters, the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, had volunteered for war service, not "for three months, or three years," but until their services would no longer be required.

"On the 10th day of July, 1863, as the Federals unmasked their guns and opened a terrific fire on Morris Island, the memorable Siege of Charleston, South Carolina, began, and Mercy Convent at once became a hospital refuge. The bombardment lasted until Charleston's formal surrender on February 18, 1865, the city, during those fearful years, being practically all the while under fire, and distress and sorrow were widespread among all classes."

In describing this gloomy picture, General Sherman said: "Anyone who is not satisfied with the war should go and see Charleston and he will pray louder and deeper than ever that their country may in the long future be spared any more war."

The Ropen Military Hospital of Charleston, was among the first post-hospitals to be established during the conflict. This celebrated shelter was located within a short distance of Mercy Convent, and was soon densely crowded by the poor suffering soldiers of the North and South, to whom the Sisters' skilled attendance was given generously, irrespective of creed, color or uniform. They rendered, also, most timely and impartial aid to the distracted and stricken people, whose reliance upon the Sisters was touching.

Each day as the struggle continued, the number of soldiers requiring medical and surgical aid increased, and

it became necessary to erect temporary hospitals on the outskirts of the city, in which the Sisters did their utmost to alleviate the anguish of their countrymen. There were between thirty and thirty-five Sisters on duty at the Ropen Hospital and its scores of affiliated tent hospitals. In passing, one may state with regret, that only eighteen names of Charleston's heroines are on the Convent records. They are, however, remembered by Him who never forgets.

During the shelling of Charleston, the city suffered tremendously and as the Convent and Asylum were located on Queen Street, in the southern part of the city, they were much exposed. The Sisters decided to move to a distant shelter in Sumter, out of reach of the explosives that were being poured in from the water front.

Shells followed one another in rapid succession over the building, while within its enclosure the silence of death reigned. Delay meant danger to the lives of their little orphan charges for whose departure from the asylum the Sisters were making quiet, but hasty preparations. When all were in readiness the children and their protectors assembled in the chapel for a brief visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Then, each child with a bundle of clothing passed out through the portals of the orphanage, forming a very lonesome procession.

The very young and the sick children cuddled close to one another on the straw-covered floor of an old farm wagon. The solicitude of the Rt. Rev. Patrick Lynch was deep and paternal. In his great heart there was pity for the Nuns and the pupils of the Sisters' Academy, but for the orphans, he felt a special devotion which mani-

fested itself in many practical ways, including an arrangement for a comfortable home for the bereaved children, which was far away from the terrifying shrieks of the bursting bombs.

The Bishop and the Sisters felt an additional anxiety for the safety of the young ladies, pupils in the boarding school. Many of these students had been confided to their care for safety, their fathers being in the war. Truly terrified, they were hurriedly taken out of the city, accompanied by the Directress of the Academy, Sister Mary Joseph Kent. They found shelter at Sumter, South Carolina, where a house and fine property were given them by Edwin LaFitte, a charitable Catholic gentleman, who had genuine pity for the Sisters and their helpless pupils. Thus was founded the Saint Joseph's Academy of Sumter, South Carolina, today a large and celebrated boarding school.

When General Sherman's army arrived in Sumter soon after the capture of Columbia, South Carolina (Feb. 17, 1865), the Sisters were again fearful for the safety of their precious charges.

Sister Mary Joseph Kent, who was the senior Sister among the war-made exiles, felt the responsibility of a very difficult position, and promptly made her decision to meet the commander and to implore his protection for the children entrusted to her care.

Inviting Sister Mary Regis Larkin, a Nun of considerable experience, to be her companion, the anxious Superior soon appeared in the midst of the soldiers and surrounded by the gruesome implements of war. Regardless of danger, the Sisters walked almost under the feet

of spirited war horses and finally reached headquarters.

Intuitively Sherman seemed to know that some errand of Mercy brought these Nuns into the military camp, and would not be outdone in nobility of purpose, even by a Nun. Dismounting, he listened to the Sisters' petition for his protection of the daughters of the South, the orphans and students entrusted to their protection.

The General promised that no harm should befall the Academy, orphanage or their inmates, and closed the incident by appointing a military escort to conduct the two Sisters to their convent home. The kind message of the Commander of the Army of the Tennessee lifted a heavy load from young hearts, without interfering in the slightest degree with their fealty to the Stars and Bars.

The next morning in the name of the community and pupils, Sister Mary Joseph Kent sent an invitation to General Sherman and his officers to visit the Academy. The messenger returned, stating that the soldiers felt honored by the gracious message and had much pleasure in accepting the courtesy, mentioning the hour of that same afternoon when they would pay their respects to the Sisters and students. Provisions at this period were scarce. The Sisters' rations consisted of hard tack and coarse coffee, yet, out of their poverty, the Nuns prepared refreshments for the chivalrous general and his staff. The luncheon was followed by a musicale given by the pupils in the recreation room of the Academy.

When asked for a song, the pupils selected "The Home Spun Dress." In response to an encore the children lifted their young voices and with an emotion which denoted their allegiance to the Stars and Bars, and the

cause to which their nearest and dearest had pledged their lives, and in the soft and sweet tones which belong only to youth, they sang the love song of the South to "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

The gentlemen were evidently touched by the devotion displayed by their youthful entertainers and Sherman said with considerable feeling: "With women of such spirit is it any wonder that the men fight as they do?"

The orphans remained in Sumter until the guns were again silent. Then under the protection of the faithful guardians, the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, the refugees, Sisters and dependent children returned to Charleston to find their former home terribly shattered by the siege.

Sister Xavier Dunne, another outstanding figure in the military hospitals of Charleston, believed that nourishment was often more essential than medicine. An ambulance had been given the Sisters for hospital use and in this conveyance the energetic Sister made her tour for supplies. From a butcher she procured a beef's head, from which a nourishing soup was made; then, off again in her ambulance to distribute this and other luxuries to her "lonesome laddies."

One day the Sisters received a gift of apples. The cook had them baked for the frugal dinner; but Sister Xavier passed through the kitchen just then and, catching sight of the apples, they were quickly transported to the Ropen Hospital and distributed among the patients of the North and South. During the noon meal the Sisters joked about the loss of their rare delicacy.

The *Charleston Mercury*, during the siege of that

city, said: "There is probably no one in our midst whose eyes have not followed with interest the quiet and modest figure of some Sister of Our Lady of Mercy as she passed upon her rounds. It is in this gentle impersonation of Christian benevolence that our sick and wounded soldiers owe the tenderest of those ministrations which are better than medicine in their effect upon the languishing invalid. Nor is the large kindness of these ladies solely displayed in the personal cares which they bestow upon the sufferer. They give generously from their limited means at the same time and many a want is thus supplied which might otherwise have been left unsatisfied. Since the beginning of the siege of our city their presence has diffused its blessings in every hospital and their unmarred attentions to the soldiers have done incalculable good."

In December, 1861, Bishop John McGill, whose jurisdiction as Bishop of Richmond, extended over a vast area in which there were many over-crowded hospitals where hundreds of sick and wounded soldiers were in sore need of attention, in his distress, made an appeal for assistance to Bishop Michael N. Lynch, of Charleston, who explained the situation to the already overburdened Sisters of the Charleston Community. Sisters were promptly recorded as volunteers for service in Virginia, and within a few hours were en route to the neglected soldiers in the most unpromising hospitals of White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

Just a glimpse into the sufferings the Charleston Sisters endured during their more than four years service in Virginia may be obtained in the following extract from a letter written by a Sister of Our Lady of Mercy at

Charleston, under date of September 23, 1865, in which she makes a plea for help for the stricken people.

"Every phase of life has been so upturned here, that the once rich, who were wont to assist the poor, are now wretchedly poor themselves, and are grateful for a little of the common necessaries of life when given them. If my dear lady you can do aught in this emergency you will perform an act of charity. The city abounds in cases of real distress."

While the Charleston Nun was pleading for aid for her neighbors a large group of her Sisters in religion were feeling the effects of the cruel hand of war which weighed heavily upon White Sulphur Springs, Montgomery County, Virginia. In this section, during four years of appalling misery, these Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy attended the soldiers in the military hospitals, and in the midst of heart-breaking desolation and privations the Sisters endured, uncomplainingly, their full share of hardship.

According to the *New York News*, "At the time of Lee's surrender there were over three hundred sick and wounded at Sulphur Springs Military hospitals. Over sixty of these were Federal soldiers, and not more than two days' rations to meet their wants. The Sisters were among strangers, having neither money nor worldly influence, but compelled by the spirit of their holy calling they devised means to procure provisions enough to suffice for more than six weeks for the patients and remained with them until all had either convalesced or died."

About the 22nd of May they proceeded to Lynchburg. General Gregg received them at this port most courte-

ously, and offered them every means in his power to prosecute their journey to Washington, where they again applied to General Hardie for transportation to Charleston. In this they were not successful.

Another war official refused to send them, on the ground that, being non-combatants, no provision had been made by the authorities in Washington for such persons. Finally, through the kindness of some private gentlemen in Washington, Father Croghan, the Chaplain at White Sulphur Springs Hospital, was enabled to procure transportation to New York City, where they found themselves strangers and penniless, and with hardly sufficient wearing apparel to enable them to appear in public. On hearing of their embarrassing circumstances the Rev. William Quinn, pastor of "Old St. Peter's," Barclay Street, called a few of his parishioners together with a view of raising the necessary funds to enable these good Sisters to return to their homes. The result was that, aided by Judge Andrew Clarke, Esq., and a few other gentlemen, the sum of eleven hundred and forty-eight dollars was collected in a few days. This amount was presented to Sister de Sales Brennan at the Convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, Seventeenth Street, where, as the guests of the distinguished Mother Mary Aloysia Hardey, the welcome was genuine, while the compassion was deep and generous.

The Sisters then looked towards Charleston, and they found their buildings in disorder, their chattels, earned through toil of years, were destroyed or missing. Their

plight was the plight of the state. The government, in sympathy, through its chief executive, sent this plea:

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
Executive Department

Columbia, Jan. 20, 1869.

I earnestly recommend to the kind consideration and good offices of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, Sister M. Xavier, of the religious order of Our Lady of Mercy, who visits Washington City with a view of procuring appropriation from Congress for rebuilding their Orphan Asylum in Charleston, which was destroyed during the bombardment of that city. I was personally cognizant, during my imprisonment in Charleston, and subsequently while I was stationed in that city, their charitable offices being freely dealt out to all who needed them, without reference to class, condition, or nationality: and I know of many of my friends and acquaintances in the Federal Army who were the recipients of their beneficial and kind attentions.

Many a sick and wounded Federal prisoner was indebted to them for nourishment and attention, and frequently their dying pillows were soothed and comforted by the pious consolation of the Sisters. I earnestly hope that they may succeed in their application to Congress, to enable them to rebuild their desolated edifice, so long and sedulously devoted to the shelter and education of the Orphans of Charleston, as a slight recognition of their unselfish devotion to the alleviation of human suffering.

ROBERT K. SCOTT,
Governor of South Carolina.

In 1870 the Legislature of South Carolina adopted the resolution asking Congress to pay the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy of Charleston, the sum of $20,000 to rebuild their orphan asylum as a testimonial of appreciation of their multiplied offices of kindness and humanity rendered to the suffering soldiers during the Civil War. This was in response to a monster petition from business firms and citizens generally of that state.

Acting upon the advice of loyal and influential friends, Mother Theresa Barry decided to appoint a Sister of her Community to visit Washington in the interest of the Resolution. The Nun chosen for the delicate and important mission was Sister Xavier Dunne, the heroine of the rumbling ambulance, the Nun who on the soldiers' behalf confiscated the baked apples, the valiant woman who braved death again and again when the yellow fever plague ran rampant in the military prisons of Charleston. As a matter of future history, the following incident in Sister's life is both interesting and valuable.

In the nation's Capitol during her intercourse with the highest government officials, including President Grant, the Secretaries of State and War, she gave evidence of a statesmanship which confounded the unfriendly, and won the admiration of manly men, real Americans, whose official vote on the South Carolina Resolution made possible the following telegram:

To Mother Mary Theresa Maher,
Convent of Our Lady of Mercy,
Charleston, S. C.

Appropriation of $20,000 requested by the legislature of South Carolina has been made with a promptitude worthy of both branches of our National Government.

(Signed) SISTER MARY XAVIER DUNNE.

Affixed are the names of the twelve heroines, whose devotion to sufferers, the white man and Negro, without thought of favoritism, proved their claim to spiritual kinship to the founder of their Order, the majestic John England, first Bishop of Charleston. Their twelve graves

are in the Sunny Southland and are often visited by the children and the children's children of those to whom these Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy were Ministering Angels during Charleston's tragic years:

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Mary Theresa Barry	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Isidore Barry	Augusta, Georgia
Sister Mary de Sales Brennan	Co. Kilkenny, Ireland
Sister Mary Veronica Carney	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Ignatius Clarke	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary de Chantal Cleary	Troy, New York
Sister Mary Stanislaus Coventry	Charleston, S. C.
Sister Mary Xavier Dunne	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Bernard Frank	Statt, Germany
Sister Mary Vincent Jones	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Francis Kyte	Co. Tipperary, Ireland
Sister Mary Helena Marlow	Co. Antrim, Ireland
Sister Mary Alphonsus Moore	Westmeath, Ireland
Sister Mary Agatha McNamara	Salisbury, N. C.
Sister Mary Ann O'Dowd	Co. Cavan, Ireland
Sister Mary Martha O'Gorman	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Peter O'Sullivan	Co. Cork, Ireland
Sister Mary Evangelist Smith	Co. Cork, Ireland

CHAPTER XIX

Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, New Orleans, Louisiana

THE Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, in their desire to alleviate, as far as possible, the horrors of war, and to co-operate with different Civic Commissions, which had been organized for that humane purpose, volunteered as war-nurses in Louisiana, during the trying years of the conflict which divided a nation.

It was at this period, that many of Mount Carmel's young and devoted teachers dropped the work of education and went out from the seclusion of their cloister to become nurses for the soldiers of the two armies. During a long period of strife and bloodshed, they did all in their power to alleviate the pain and sorrow of the soldiers of the Blue and the Gray.

Nestling like pressed foliage, there was recently discovered among the leaves of an old diary, once the particular attachment of a deceased veteran Sister-nurse—a "Nun of the Battlefield" of Labadieville—in which, in a delightfully natural way, she had written a brief resume of Carmel's war experiences, during those distant days of a nation's anguish.

From this time-worn treasure we have made the following excerpt, adhering strictly to the original:

"On October 27, 1862," wrote Sister, "General Weit-

zel, with a large body of Federal troops, advanced from Donaldsonville, Louisiana, towards Labadieville, in Assumption parish. The Confederates, under General Alfred Moulton, were on both sides of Bayou Lafourche, and as there was no bridge they could not combine against the Federals. At Labadieville, however, Colonel Armant, with about five hundred men and a battery, opposed the advance of Weitzel's army, which numbered four thousand. The contest was furiously bitter. Many were killed and wounded on both sides: and Armant, having used all his ammunition, was forced to retire. The town of Thibodaux, Louisiana, was best able to take care of the wounded soldiers. So it was that an emergency hospital was established by Confederates under the Reverend Father Menard, pastor of Saint Joseph's Church in Thibodaux. This hospital was operated by our Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Several ladies of the Bon Secours Confraternity lent their aid to the Sisters."

Many a brave lad found the care and comfort he so sorely needed in this humble emergency hospital, which fortunately was not at a very great distance from the convent.

The noble-hearted Superior, Mother Saint Bernard Guerin, having offered the services of her Sisters to the Confederate General Moulton, devoted herself to the task of making the hospital as comfortable as possible for the suffering men of the two armies. It was not necessary to appeal for help to the generous-hearted women of the South. The stately carriages came with an abundance of supplies for the hospital wards. While the beds which had been sent hurriedly to the wards, were not uniform

in size, color or design, each cot was immaculate, and to the sick and wounded men, the purity of the picture was a suggestion of home.

The spacious old-fashioned kitchen of this hastily prepared emergency refuge was in charge of Mother Saint Patrick Heffernan, a woman of a distinguished family and superior education, who, in her quaint way stated, "That the world had lost many a fine soldier, because his nurse did not place a proper valuation upon nourishing and suitable food."

The generosity of Louisiana was again evinced in the abundance of the supplies, delicate and substantial, which Mother Saint Patrick, following the doctor's orders, soon converted into a menu suitable for the feeble, the wounded, and the man who was sick only at heart, but who had lost his appetite with his courage.

The ladies of the Bon Secours Confraternity were serious and capable assistants to the Nuns and found a natural pride in the generosity of their neighbors whose contributions for the hospital's general use were practical and abundant.

In the distribution of attention, there was no discrimination. Many officers of high station and the men in the ranks united in stating that not a trace of favoritism was evident. The boys who wore the Blue, and who were the victors in the skirmish at Labadieville, received from the Sisters the same attention which they bestowed upon those men who wore the Gray, many of whom were their own kinsmen. These Carmelites of Louisiana would not be surpassed in kindness by the Sister-nurses of the North. Unostentatiously as they passed from soldier to soldier,

the Blue or the Gray, these handmaids of the Lord were making some of the greatest Catholic history of the tragic years. Many a noble deed of these devoted Sisters failed to be chronicled, yet numerous heroic episodes could be recorded.

Sixty-five years have come and gone since these countrymen in anger faced one another at Labadieville. Since those distant days the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic and those of the Confederacy have become very thin, and yet, in the twilight of their lives many a surviving veteran who wore the Blue or the Gray during that clash of arms, can yet recall the soothing touch of the Carmelites' hand as he lay upon the pain-tossed hospital cot at Thibodaux. In fancy, the aged warriors can still see the tear-stained face of their Sister-nurse and they remember with affection her low, soft-spoken words of cheer, when the struggle between life and death, yet hung in the balance. It was then that the Nun reminded the faint-hearted man that "courage is half the battle."

With the advancing years and the liberality of many benefactors, the Sisters have been able to make the grounds surrounding the historic convent at Thibodaux very attractive.

In the plan of landscape gardening, the artist has never been permitted to conceal a very old and very large oven, over and around which vari-colored southern foliage and flowers cling most gracefully, without concealing the interesting fact that here in this garden of Southern charm and fragrance, the weather-worn, the broken and rusty old oven is the "Queen Regent." This is the story.

In the war days, conditions in the South were pitiful,

and of this poverty, the Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel accepted their full measure. Out of this destitution, the Nuns often shared their last meal with others. Here is only one of many generous deeds. Sister Veronica, one of the most devoted of war nurses, who was born in Thibodaux, and gloried in any event which brought credit to her home, often told the following story:

"Upon a dusky afternoon," said Sister, "a troop of soldiers, very tired and very hungry, marched before the convent, then across the campus and halted. Earlier in the day, the generous-hearted Mother Mary Teresa Chevrel, was notified of their coming, and told to have no fear. Without the loss of a minute, Mother assembled the Sisters of the household to whom she explained the message, and ended by asking the Sisters to assist her in making a sufficient amount of bread for distribution among the weary men. 'Many hands, and particularly willing hands, make work easy,' said Mother. Later, when the signal to 'halt' was given, in addition to a generous supply of snow-white loaves baked extra for the soldiers, each Sister in the house denied herself bread for the evening meal, and the next day's meal, so that no hungry soldier would pass beyond the convent gate still unfed. Canteens were filled with hot coffee, more bread hot from the oven was distributed, and with many a hearty 'God bless you, Sister,' the soldiers passed on where duty called. This incident occurred frequently, and many a war-worn and hungry soldier, who was the beneficiary of the Sisters of the Southland, was not wearing the Gray of the Confederacy."

Even the convent bell, from its shelter in the slender

and stately campanile above the Sisters' convent home, has its tale to tell, which runs as follows:

A body of Union soldiers encamped between the convent and the Thibodaux College grounds, heard its solemn tones and taking this as a warning given to the people of their presence in the vicinity, the General dispatched a squad of men to learn the reason for the ringing of the bell.

A very young Nun, known in religion as Sister Saint Hyacinth Judice, with her hand still on the rope, faced the soldiers and calmly answered: "Do you not know the sound of the Angelus? This is the call to prayer." The soldiers with apology for the intrusion, bowed reverently to the Sister, and were preparing to make a return march to their camping ground, when Mother Saint Patrick, who had overheard the dialogue between the officer and the Nun, invited the men to remain awhile and partake of the Sisters' hospitality. The luncheon was plain but substantial, and the soldiers said the welcome received, "Had a flavor found only at home." After this event, the convent angelus bell was heard regularly, in the early morning, at noon, and at eventide, and its soft and sweet tones comforted many a sick and dying soldier, who knew that during its tolling, fervent prayers, from the hearts of the holy Nuns, were ascending to the throne of God for him, with an additional petition that the Angel of Peace might soon and forever, spread her white wings of peace and unity over our fair land.

In Louisiana there were "no laggards in war." Almost to a man, its sons were in the Army of the Con-

federacy, and had sworn to stand or fall beside the Stars and Bars, in the cause they thought was right.

From reliable sources, including "Old Settlers" in this "Land of Evangeline," the writer has abundant reason to believe that the gentle Carmelites were in actual duty on the field of bloodshed, during the brief but terrific struggle of brother against brother, at Labadieville, and yet, on Sister's brief and modest record found in the diary above mentioned, there is no reference to the battlefield service rendered by the fearless Nuns of Mount Carmel, and this while the struggle raged in its fury. These philanthropists found in these hours of horror the time and courage and generosity to face death at the mouths of blazing cannon and rampant horses, but unfortunately, when peace was restored, they failed to write the thrilling story in which the Nuns were the heroines, scenes of pity and of valor which artists of renown might glory in reproducing upon canvas.

The Carmelites of Thibodaux, like the nursing Sisters of the Northland, shared every privation with their soldier patients, and this, without the slightest reference to any man's religious principles. To the stranger who lingered "within the gates" and to the life-long friends and neighbors in their sunny Southern homeland they were indeed the heaven-sent Ministering Angels.

"When peace was restored" there was little time for writing, as war had placed its iron hand of destruction on Louisiana. There were the sick and crippled soldiers who still needed kindly services. Then, too, there were the war-made widows and orphans. To each of these three groups the Carmelites were friends, indeed. Small

wonder, then, that the Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel of the present day, with reverence and affection, are held close to the souls of the warm-hearted people of historic Louisiana, over which, and at different periods, four distinct flags have been unfurled.

In the chronology of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, under date of July 16, 1917, we find an interesting tribute to the memory of the valiant and sympathetic Superior of the war-nurses which reads in part as follows:

"Early this morning, July 16, 1917, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel—the titular feast of our beloved order—and, while the birds were still singing their matins, and the historic bell—as in the war days, was still ringing out the Angelus, the soul of our dearly beloved Superior, Mother Saint Patrick Heffernan, whose name shall forever be linked with Labadieville, took its flight to join her battlefield companions in heaven, many of whom never fully recovered from the heart-breaking conditions which accompanied and then followed in the wake of a four years' mighty struggle.

"Mother Saint Patrick was the last of the Sister war-nurses of this Community. Of a frail constitution herself, she was ever on duty dressing wounds, administering or preparing nourishment, or in her own charming and maternal way, lifting up the spirits of the down-hearted.

"It is a well known fact that during these distant, dreary days, and the nights which were filled with moans, the sick soldiers, and not in vain, longed for the coming of Mother Saint Patrick Heffernan, whose soft footsteps, often after midnight, were welcome sounds

in the soldiers' hospital wards at Thibodaux. At some cot, and by the dim light, her form was often recognized as she bent her head to hear the faint breath, or the weak or fluttering heart-beat of somebody's kinsman. Then on to the bedside of a dying soldier, where she knelt, often the solitary figure, whispering God's holy name into ears soon to be deaf—or holding the Crucifix before eyes over which the film of death was fast gathering.

"The hearts of the Sisters of her Community are very sore this joyous feast of Our Lady—in our grief we remember that our dear Lord sanctified human affection when He wept at the grave of Lazarus, who was only His friend. May the soul of our beloved and lamented Mother Saint Patrick Heffernan rest in peace. When such another!"

Mount Carmel's company of Soldiers of Our Lady were messengers of compassion to the brave boys of the North and of the sunny South. Carmelites indeed, who had followed Cardinal Manning's advice, and made their "hospital a cloister, and their hearts a choir." And be it written to their everlasting credit, they never sought nor received any tangible reward for their services. Well did they know that the works of mercy which they so tenderly performed were beyond reimbursement by any measure which earthly recognition could bestow.

Who count the cost and parcel out devotion
With thrifty eye will never understand
These heroines—go measure me the ocean
With the small cup a child holds in his hand.

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

Following are the names of Mount Carmel's military roll of honor:

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Saint Patrick Heffernan	Queens Co., Ireland
Sister du Carmel Giroir	France
Sister Saint Bernard Guerin	France
Sister Saint John Baptist Ligier	France
Sister Mary Albertine Passon	France
Sister Mary Louise Pelen	France
Sister Mary Bridget Phelan	Co. Waterford, Ireland
Sister Mary Magdalen Seely	Louisiana
Sister Mary Veronica	Louisiana

CHAPTER XX

Sisters of Providence, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.

WHEN the Hibernian monument to the "Nuns of the Battlefield was proposed thirteen years ago, the Sisters of Providence, of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, did not think that they merited a remembrance on the group. "For," wrote the Mother General, "we did not serve on the battlefields." However, that was but the subterfuge of modesty. The Nuns of this Order had been regularly enlisted in the government service and their names have been found recorded in the War Department. The Sisters, from the moment of enlistment, were ready to serve on the battlefield, if obedience required it.

But, need was found for them nearer home. General Carrington ordered them to report at the Indianapolis Military Hospital. Here and in other hospitals, or ship hospitals, in contagious wards, hopeless wards, in prisons, the Nuns labored night and day, without discrimination and without complaint. They felt only compassion for the soldiers of the North and South. They were all children of Christ, children sorely wounded in the game of life; that was all.

So it was that the Sisters of Providence took their place in the monument's processional.

Cloistered by forest, the convent and academy at

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, in 1860, would seem to have been too remote, too securely enclosed, to hear the rumblings of approaching war. Echoes of the trouble, however, seeped into this cloistered home. Realizing that if the war must come, so too must service, the latent spirit of nursing was aroused. One and all stood in readiness to serve, and when the call did come, the Mother Superior wrote: "This is an eventful occasion for the Community. May our Divine Lord help us to perform well the duties we are now undertaking."

Indiana furnished its quota of soldiers, doubling that requested by the President. But hasty mobilization of ten thousand recruits resulted in chaotic conditions in camp hygiene. Accommodations were all too inadequate at the camp at Indianapolis. The City Hospital was taken over by the military but its management was unsuccessful. So the Sisters of Providence were asked to take over the burden. This request was made through Monsignor Bessonies, the pastor of Saint John's.

Mother Cecilia answered by coming immediately to Indianapolis to make arrangements. Two days later, May 17, 1861, and only twenty-eight days after the declaration of war, the Sisters of Providence were busy on military hospital duty.

Referring to the State records, it is stated: "They found the new hospital in a miserable condition and the sick in a woeful plight. The Sisters labored zealously to put the hospital in a proper condition; their exertions were crowned with the greatest success. The change they soon effected in making it a clean, comfortable house for

the sick soldiers filled the people with gratitude and admiration and inspired great confidence in them."

One month after the Sisters took command of the hospital the *Indianapolis Daily Journal* of June 18, 1861, had this editorial:

"Providence sometimes turns even our most foolish acts into real blessings, as it often confounds our wisest into follies. Our City Hospital is a striking illustration. When it was commenced there was no need of it. But the war came, and with it the gathering of forces and its accompanying evils and sickness, there were but very inadequate accommodations in the camp for the sick. The City Hospital seemed a special providence, sent in the very nick of time. It was exactly what was most needed. The frail, damp structures of the camp could protect the sick but little better than tents; and the dry, clean, airy bed chambers that cure far better than medicine were out of the question; the Hospital could supply all, and of the best construction.

"The breaking out of measles in the State encampment was the first demonstration of its necessity. The surgeons of that encampment, Doctors Jameson and Kitchen, speedily organized a hospital force, under the supervision of the Sisters of Providence of Terre Haute, who gave their invaluable services as those associations always do, without pay, purely in discharge of a high Christian duty. An appeal to our ladies of the city supplied it with an abundance of excellent bed-clothing, towels and other necessary articles. The Sisters took charge of the establishment and most admirably have they performed their unpleasant but noble duty. Now it is

as complete in its arrangement, clean, well-ventilated, well-provided and comfortable as any hospital in the country. We visited it the other day and were astonished to find how thoroughly all the needs of the sick had been provided for in the little time that has elapsed since the building was occupied. Everything is substantial, clean, orderly and complete. We doubt if the splendid hospitals of eastern cities can show a more perfect arrangement for the sick than the hastily organized hospital here."

Jacob Piott Dunn, in his *"Greater Indianapolis,"* tells us of the squalor that accompanied the assembling of volunteers at the State Fair Grounds. The first hospital was opened in a barracks ten by twenty feet. Soon overflowing with sick men, it found more space in cattle stalls.

An official document to the Inspector General of the United States Army signed by John Kitchen and P. H. Jameson, surgeons in charge of the hospital, attests the fact that the success of the Indianapolis Hospital was made possible "by the noble and self-sacrificing efforts of those meek and humble women, the Sisters of Providence." Governor Oliver Perry Morton in concluding his annual message in January, 1863, calls attention to this report. A special committee of the Indiana House of Representatives, headed by the Honorable Edward P. Ferris, bears witness to the vigilance and untiring ministrations of the good Sisters of Providence.

Of course, even in the steady mill of woe that flooded over the Sisters there were contrasting notes of humor.

On one occasion an Indiana soldier was hailed before court-martial for pilfering a Confederate goose. His plea, made in hurt, pained tones was, to say the least, the

quintessence of patriotism. "Sir," quoth he to the board, "this bird was hissing the American flag, so I arrested it for treason."

In a Sister's diary we read the following story of a conversion: "A young soldier was asked on his deathbed, 'Are you a Catholic?' 'No,' replied the young man, 'but my mother was. She died when I was quite a child; still, I believe it to be the true religion.' He was asked if he knew any prayers. 'Yes, I know one taught me by my mother; one which she made me promise to recite daily, no matter where I was. Sometimes I forgot it, but I always thought of it when on the march. Then I would tell my mother of my forgetfulness and the cause of it.' 'What is that prayer?' he was asked. The young man recited the 'Memorare.' A few hours later he was baptized, and received the last Sacraments. The gentle Virgin Mother remembered him in his dying hour, although he only repeated this prayer to her for the sake of his earthly mother."

There is something chivalrous in the following communication to the *Indianapolis Sentinel,* which appeared on the editorial page in the issue of February 25, 1862:

> Editor Sentinel:
>
> I consider it a fact worthy of notice that the Sisters of Providence, who have charge of the Military Hospital, are not furnished with a conveyance to and from the city, but are obliged to wade through mud and mire on foot. A carriage is furnished them on Sundays, it is true, but the religious duties of the Sisters make it necessary that they should come in town every day, and it is a crying shame that they should be forced to walk. I can safely say that on the greater part of the way to the hospital the mud is very deep. A small, one-horse spring wagon would be of great use, and where so much money is spent, why not a little be invested to this

good purpose. The Sisters are uncomplaining, and for that reason their comfort should be the more carefully looked after. I would be glad if you would call attention to the matter through the columns of the Sentinel.

Respectfully,

L. D.

The people of Indianapolis, true to tradition, promptly and generously answered the appeal.

Two Sisters were on duty at the temporary hospital at Vincennes. This hospital was the erstwhile Catholic Seminary. Besides Indiana soldiers, the sick of the Nineteenth Illinois Regiment were also cared for at this emergency hospital.

The community annals relate that at the camp formed near Vincennes to receive recruits some of the men became very sick. It became necessary to segregate them. Bishop St. Palais offered the College building and asked for two Sisters of Providence to take charge of the stricken soldiers. There were no sisters available at the mother-house. So Sister St. Felix Buchanan and Sister Sophie Glenn were called from their respective establishments to Vincennes to be employed according to the request of the Bishop.

The Evansville *Journal*, referring to this, said: "We learn that the Sisters of Charity in Vincennes (they were Sisters of Providence) with a kindness characteristic of the order, have offered their commodious building as a hospital to the Vincennes regiment. They have also volunteered their services as nurses. Such conduct will be remembered and appreciated by the soldiers."

This Emergency Hospital was opened about the middle of April and closed at the end of July. The three

months of service were equal to as many years or more of ordinary hospital work because of the hardships endured. An epidemic had broken out. The contagion created a panic, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that supplies could be obtained. Persons who were willing to assist were obliged to go at night and leave what they brought outside the hospital. The hired help fled at the approach of danger, leaving the Sisters alone to care for the stricken. The lives of the Nuns were often endangered by delirious fever patients, as well as from the epidemic. Defenseless and isolated, these gentlewomen still remained at their post, even washing the linen at night, and cutting the wood for the fires. The doctors succeeded, after a while, in getting an old man to care for the fires and carry water. He could do little else. After the first terror had somewhat subsided, the people of Vincennes ventured to the relief of the Sisters.

Sister Mary Joseph says: "We have another hospital in Indiana. It is at Vincennes. A hundred poor patients were huddled together in one room. Last week two of our Sisters went to take charge."

The two Sisters, as stated above, were Sister St. Felix Buchanan, and Sister Sophie Glenn, the former, Superior of the school at Madison, the latter, a teacher in Cannelton. It is said of Sister Sophie that she had great strength and courage. She was born at Bellefontaine, Pennsylvania, February 7, 1837; she entered the order April 14, 1857, and died April 2, 1873.

Sister St. Felix, Margaret Buchanan, a relative of President Buchanan, was born at Somerset, Ohio, July

13, 1836; she entered at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods in the fall of 1852, and died November 9, 1879.

The first of the war-nurses to depart this life was Sister Mary Rose (Margaret O'Donaghue) daughter of James O'Donaghue and Mary Toomey. She was born in Southern Indiana, and was one of four Sisters who consecrated their lives to the service of God, two in the Benedictine Order, the others as Sisters of Providence. Two of their brothers became priests, Fathers Timothy and Denis; the latter became Bishop of Louisville. Sister Mary Rose went to the Military Hospital in 1861, one year after her entrance into religion. The records say "she had a very happy disposition and was ready for any service." However, overwork, exposure and the witnessing of scenes of great suffering, during the war, reacted on her sensitive nature. In her twenty-sixth year, with her hands filled to overflowing with deeds of kindness, Sister Rose O'Donaghue responded to the final call.

Sister Athanasius (Margaret Fogarty) daughter of Edward Fogarty and Eliza Burns, was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, May 15, 1834; she entered at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, November 7, 1855, and died April 11, 1900. Often when she was supposed to be taking her rest she was busy washing blankets. It happened sometimes that suspected cases of contagion were taken from the trains that brought in the wounded, outside the city, and were put on flatboats and sent up the river to Indianapolis. Sister Athanasius, hearing about it, and fearing, not without good reason, that they might be left without attention, would go with a Sister companion, her basket of supplies and dainties in hand, to look after her

"separated brethren" as she called them. She had a standing permit to leave the enclosure at any time she wished. Lest the more timid should be fearful did they know of these trips, she always made them at dusk. They were extremely perilous as she could only reach the boats by passing over a plank placed on logs. On one occasion a poor victim was so glad to see Sister that he offered to shake hands with her. She warmly grasped his hand, declaring afterwards that she would rather have been stricken herself than refuse that little comfort to a dying soldier. Awed by this heroic act, the guards made no comment, too deeply touched by the human kindness they witnessed in her charity. She improvised a "fumigation camp" for herself, where she removed any cause of exposure to the hospital before entering again.

It is said there were seven thousand Confederate prisoners in Indianapolis at one time, many of whom were sick. Sister went to them also and ministered to their needs with unquestioning devotion. One of them said to her: "Sister, don't you know that we are Confederates? See the Gray." Sister smiled. "You are a wounded soldier and a Christian, I hope." "What is a Christian, Sister?" "One who believes in Christ, the Son of God. You believe in Him, do you not?" "Why, do you, Sister?" "Of course I do." "Well, then if you do, so do I." He was growing faint, but he wished to be a Christian, and averred that he would be a "mighty good one" when he "got out." Baptism was administered. He then fixed his eyes upon Sister with a bright smile and said: "Goodbye, good friend; I must obey orders."

The advancing years have not preserved the names

of all the Sisters of Providence of Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, who silently and uncomplainingly solaced the stricken soldiers in the Civil War. All of their number have passed out of this life, but their memory is preserved by many an old veteran who pays a pilgrimage annually on Decoration Day to lay a garland on their graves.

At the end of the war the Indianapolis Hospital was closed. The Sisters opened a soldiers' home, called Saint John's Infirmary, for convalescent soldiers who had no place to go, or who were not as yet sufficiently recovered to be able to travel.

From time to time, while in the war service, Sister Athanasius Fogarty suffered from rheumatism. Severe attacks soon followed with increasing frequency. Finally, eighteen years before her death, she became completely disabled and suffered intense pain, though everything was done to alleviate it. Throughout these long years of suffering many a kindly visit and many a friendly token from the "soldier boys" of other days gave cheer to the heart of this noble woman. When she learned, in 1887, that the people of Indianapolis purposed a monument as a memorial to the fallen heroes, her delight was enthusiastic. She talked about it frequently, and she wanted it to be "grand, worthy." Her heart would have it, just as the beloved James Whitcomb Riley expressed it:

> And the answer came, we would build it
> Out of our hopes made sure,
> And out of our purest prayers and tears,
> And out of our faith secure.
> And see that ye build it stately,
> In pillar and niche and gate,
> And high in pose as the souls of those
> It would commemorate.

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE

Throughout Indiana, but particularly in Indianapolis, the great charity of Sister Athanasius and her brave but gentle band of Sister-nurses, above mentioned, are still revered memories.

To live in hearts we leave behind
is not to die.

The following names of the Sisters of Providence of Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, who faithfully administered to the soldiers during the war between the states, 1861-1865, have been copied from the files of the War Department at Washington, D. C., and from their honorable discharge papers which are enshrined in the Archives of the Order, to which their war service brought a generous share of commendation from those in high places in the armies of the North and of the South:

Name	Place of Birth
Sister Mary Rose O'Donaghue	Indiana
Sister Mary Felix Buchanan	Somerset, Ohio
Sister Mary Sophie Glenn	Bellefontaine, Pa.
Sister Mary Athanasius Fogarty	Co. Roscommon, Ireland
Sister Mary Eugenia Gorman	Indiana Co., Pa.
Sister Mary Francis Guthneck	Strasburg, Germany
Sister Mary Mathilda Swimley	Wertenberg, Germany
Sister Mary Frances Ann Carney	Ireland
Sister Mary Henrietta McKenzie	Indiana
Sister Mary Louise Maloney	Ireland
Sister Mary Helena Burns	Ireland

CHAPTER XXI

Sisters of Saint Ursula, Galveston, Texas

LONG before the tocsin of war sounded in 1861, Ursuline Sisters had well earned their right to the title, "Nuns of the Battlefield," and this during three distinct wars on our continent.

When John Harvard, in the year 1639, was laying the foundation of what is today Harvard University, the Ursulines from France, under the leadership of Mother Mary of the Incarnation, had already gathered about them on the heights of Quebec above the St. Lawrence River, the daughters of the French settlers, as well as the maidens of the Indian tribes, in their newly established work of religion and education. The institution that they founded there was the first religious house that appeared on the American continent.

In those distant days, as early as September 14, 1759, when the opposing armies of Generals Montcalm and Wolfe faced each other on the Plains of Abraham, the Ursulines of "Old Quebec" hurriedly transformed their monastery into a military hospital, in which they nursed their opponents with a heaven-born and an equal charity.

More than half a century later, during the Siege of New Orleans, when the Ursulines saw from their convent windows the smoke arising from the Plains of Chalmette, they did not confine their patriotism and charity to the

offering up of vows and prayers in behalf of their country's defenders. On that ever memorable eighth of January, 1815, the convent portals were thrown open to admit a long train of wounded soldiers, who, irrespective of creed, nationality, or color of uniform, were warmly welcomed and tenderly cared for by the members of the Community under whose charge some of them remained several months. During this time the study halls and class-rooms were converted into hospital wards, and the Ursulines were transformed into Sister-war-nurses, "Angels of the Siege of New Orleans," who had organized what was probably the first military hospital in this nation.

Tenderly these cultured Daughters of Saint Angela de Merici, cared for the sick and wounded who were brought in from the scenes of destruction, wrought by the continuous shelling of the walls of the town.

In appreciation of the charitable and merciful services rendered by the first group of American Sister-nurses, General Andrew Jackson, soon after the memorable battle, paid an official visit to the "Cloister Hospital" and thanked the Ursuline Nuns most cordially for their prayers in their country's cause and for their impartial care of the sick and wounded of the American and the British Armies.

As a public manifestation of gratitude, the victorious General also attended the religious services which were held in the old Spanish Cathedral, which were conducted by the Apostolic Prefect, the Abbe du Bourg. The ceremonies included the chanting of the Te Deum Laudamus in thanksgiving for the victory.

NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

In 1829, when the "Victor of New Orleans," who is recorded in history among the most valiant of the Revolutionary heroes of inherited mettle, was elected the seventh President of the United States, and as a proof of his gratitude to the friends of earlier days, he paid another official visit to the Ursulines of New Orleans. The General was accompanied by his staff and a great number of ladies and gentlemen of distinction. Among the Ursuline Nuns who extended a welcome to the President-elect and his suite were two venerated Sisters who lived to the close of 1890, and they found particular satisfaction in relating to the Nuns of a younger generation the incidents of that memorable occasion when the gallant Jackson, whose parents emigrated from Carrickfergus, County Antrim, Ireland, in 1765, was the honored guest of the Sisters of Saint Ursula.

The late lamented and dearly beloved Right Reverend Monsignor James Ryan Kirwin, LL.D., Vicar General of the Diocese of Galveston, Texas, formerly Chaplain of the First United States Volunteer Infantry of the Spanish-American War, once said: "The spirit of service, of the Ursulines of New Orleans, was bequeathed to their spiritual kin, the Ursulines of Galveston, Texas. To tell the complete war story of those days of 1861-65, days of bloodshed, is impossible, but here and there, and at frequent intervals, the flash of the heroic, or the historic appears, and in the gentle ministrations they knew neither friend nor foe."

It was in the New Orleans cloister, of war fame, that Mother Saint Pierre Harrington, to whom Monsignor Kirwin referred, was educated, and in its ancient chapel

she made her vows of profession. From this patriotic environment she offered her services as a volunteer in the "Island City," to which she brought her rare qualifications of heart and mind, which were turned to great advantage during our desperately dark years of war.

On September 10, 1861, when the war clouds burst over Galveston, the new wing of the Ursuline Monastery was nearing completion, and with sympathy as her watchword, Mother Saint Pierre offered the institution to General Magruder of the Confederate Army, then in command of the department of Texas. With the building, she proffered the services of the Sisters as nurses. At once, the Ursuline military institution took its place among the Confederate hospitals and the Sisters in charge devoted themselves earnestly and with equal devotion to the care of the soldiers, and faithfully the gentle Daughters of St. Angela nursed stricken men, who were sick in soul and body, during and beyond the years of strife. It was, however, while the Battle of Galveston raged on New Year's day, 1863, that the Ursuline Nuns displayed a fearlessness which attracted the admiration of the world. The Siege of Galveston was conducted by land and naval forces. The shelling of the town continued during the night of January 1st. Before daylight on January 2nd, the "Island City" was deluged with the blood of the brave men of the Union and Confederate armies.

On the morning of the Battle of Galveston, when the kindly offer of General Magruder to conduct the Sisters in the army ambulance to a place of safety was made, the Sisters quietly refused to leave the stricken city and, ac-

cording to the statement of this Southern officer: "The noble women of the convent expressed a preference to remain and nurse the wounded, offering their building as a hospital."

During the scenes of destruction which were the result of the continuous shelling of Galveston, the Sisters were in the midst of the danger on the field of blood. All through the night they passed silently among the shattered frames of the gallant soldiers left dying on the war-swept ground. Their old-fashioned lantern was often the only glimmer of light that lit the tragic shadows where death ruled the hour.

The groans of the wounded of Galveston's field lingered many years in the memories of the Sisters who had picked their steps through armies of wounded and dying, and who had assisted in carrying the sufferers to the Ursuline Monastery, the first base hospital in Texas, in which the homesick little drummer boy crying for his mother, received not a whit less attention than that which was generously given to many an officer in high station, some of whom, wore the Blue, and others whose glory it was to wear the Gray.

The following eloquent tribute, an extract from the address of a Confederate veteran at a reunion some years since, adds another leaf of laurel to Saint Angela's crown:

"The first fight I was in was one at Galveston, and a pretty stiff little fight it was. Both sides kept up a hot fire and the air above our heads seemed thick with bullets. I had been shot in the face and was pretty badly hurt myself. It was gathering light now and one could see

fairly well. I raised my head and looked down the line, and I saw to my great bewilderment some women moving down there. I said to my companion lying beside me, 'My God! Look at those women. What are they doing down there? They'll get killed.' He raised his head a little and said, 'Oh, those are the Sisters. They are looking for the wounded. They are not afraid of anything.'

"After the fight was over, I went to the Ursuline Convent, which was now our hospital, to have my wounds dressed. The Sisters had turned their convent into a hospital ward and had the wounded laid out in rows on blankets—more than eighty of them—when I went in, the boys in Blue and the boys in Gray. They treated them all alike, didn't make any difference to them, they were suffering brothers. They had even picked up a few Negroes that had got shot somehow and had them laid out there too. The doctors had more than they could do, and mighty little help except the Sisters. One of them held the basin under my face while the doctor was dressing my wound, and she wasn't excited a bit, just as cool as if she had been used to such sights and such work all her life. And these Sisters were not nurses by profession, though all had some training in the art of nursing; they kept a girls' school. They had sent all the girls home long before, but they remained themselves to help anybody who needed them. I am not a Catholic, but ever since then I've been a friend to the Sisters, and I've always been glad and willing to help them when I have a chance. I went to the convent several times to have my wounds dressed by the Sisters, who afterwards took entire charge of wounds that were not to be operated on.

I wrote my mother that what we heard about Catholics was far from the truth, and she, like myself, was ever grateful for the good Sisters' care of me."

The following item taken from the Galveston *News* of May 31, 1878, under the heading of "Mother St. Pierre, the Soldiers' Friend and Ministering Angel in Galveston, 1860-1863," refers to the tribute delivered at her grave on Memorial Day, 1878, shows how gratitude kept fresh the memory of her beneficence:

"Twice each year are the portals of the Ursuline Convent thrown open to delegates, commissioned respectively by the Confederate Veterans and the G. A. R., to decorate Mother St. Pierre's humble grave in the Convent Cemetery. Why this honor, conferred with bared heads and respectful mien, as to a departed comrade, the memory of whose service to God and Country even death cannot obliterate?

"True, Mother St. Pierre Harrington was not a soldier in the common acceptance of the term; but she was a noble woman, a true patriot, who when war swayed his bloody sceptre in our land, opened heart and home to the sick and wounded and dying soldiers, irrespective of creed or nationality, race or party."

In September, 1861, the Confederate Government determined to station troops on Galveston Island, which was being surrounded by blockading vessels and was constantly exposed to attack. This necessitated the establishment of a hospital in some quiet spot, remote from the city. Saint Mary's Infirmary, which, under the able direction of the Sisters of Charity, has, since 1867, become the chosen asylum for the sick and suffering of all

classes, was then a thing of the future. The Sealy Hospital, which now stands a noble monument to the memory of a revered philanthropist, was not even in embryo. No Sisters or trained nurses had as yet found their way into our "Island City;" so all eyes were turned to Mother St. Pierre, the Superioress of the Ursuline Convent, at that time the only educational institution in Galveston.

No sooner was the subject mentioned than her great generous heart took in the situation. She unhesitatingly offered the building, now known as the Ursuline Academy, then in course of construction, for hospital services. With the building she offered a staff of competent Sister-nurses. The offer was gratefully accepted by Dr. Heard, in the name of the commanding officer and the leading physicians of Galveston. Thus, until political reasons induced the government to remove the hospital to Houston, the Ursuline Ladies generously devoted themselves to the onerous duties of a twofold vocation, namely, the keeping up their schools and the nursing of sick soldiers. The removal of troops to the mainland enabled the good Ladies to resume with greater ease and freedom their more quiet duties as educators; but they were not long to enjoy the peaceful seclusion of their convent home.

On January 1, 1864, the tocsin gave the dread alarm: Galveston was to be the scene of a second sharp conflict. Mother St. Pierre again threw open the doors of the academy as an asylum for the wounded. Here she and her self-sacrificing daughters nobly performed the task assigned to them, bringing into requisition everything that was needed. Mother St. Pierre's courage never once failed during those awful hours of strife and carnage.

Young Lieutenant Sherman was the first to expire in her motherly arms. Who can tell the number of those whose awful death agony was eased within the walls of dear St. Ursula by the tender ministrations of the Ursuline Nuns of Galveston? Both invader and defender yielded to the sweet influence of those Angels of Mercy; and, forgetting all rancor and strife, friend and foe lay peaceably side by side, conversing freely with one another. Each recognized in his kind and gentle Ursuline nurse the disinterested follower of the Great Master, Whom they served in each suffering form, whether his wounds had been inflicted under the standard of the Stars and Stripes or under the Stars and Bars. Many went from the sanctuary of peace, cured in soul and body, determined to be loyal to God and duty and thus prove themselves real and powerful defenders of their country's interests.

It is most just then that touching reminiscences of the historic past be transmitted to our childrens' children, and thus insure the gratitude of future generations towards that noble woman, whose memory we strive to perpetuate by this our yearly floral tribute, laid on her silent grave, while all proclaim with heart and voice: "Honor to Whom Honor is Due."

The "Young Lieutenant Sherman," to whom the chivalrous Confederate officer referred, was the son of General Sydney Sherman, of San Jacinto fame. This distinguished youth was taken from the battlefield mortally wounded, and was carried dying, to the Ursuline Convent and to the tender care of Mother Saint Pierre Harrington. With gratitude in his eyes, and with a prayer upon his lips, the young hero entered eternity.

Familiarity with many battlefield scenes of this character must have inspired Captain Jack Crawford, the famous poet-scout of the Union Army during the Civil War, to pay the following tribute to the "Nuns of the Battlefield":

"My friends, on all God's green and beautiful earth there are no purer, no nobler, no more kind-hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of Catholic Sisters. During the war I had many opportunities for observing their noble and heroic work, not only in the camp and hospital, but on the death-swept field of battle. Right in the fiery front of war, where bullets hissed in maddening glee, and shot and shell flew madly by with demoniac shrieks, where dead and mangled forms lay with pale, blood-flecked faces, yet wear the scowl of battle, I have seen the black-robed Sisters moving over the field, their solicitous faces wet with the tears of sympathy, administering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into the ears soon to be deafened by the cold implacable hand of death. Now kneeling on this blood-bespattered sod to moisten with water the bloodless lips on which the icy kiss of the death angel has left its pale imprint; now breathing words of hope of an immortality beyond the grave into the ear of some mangled hero; now holding the crucifix to receive the last kiss from somebody's darling boy, from whose breast the life blood was splashing; now with tender touch and tear-dimmed eye binding gaping wounds, from which most women must have shrunk in horror; now scraping together a pillow of forest leaves upon which some pain-racked head might rest until its spirit took its flight to

other realms—brave, fearless of danger, trusting implicitly in the Master whose overshadowing eye was noting their every movement, standing as shielding, prayerful angels between the dying soldiers and the horrors of death. Their only recompense the sweet, soul-soothing consciousness that they were doing their duty; their only hope of reward that peace and eternal happiness which awaited them beyond the star-emblazoned battlements above. Oh! my friends, I am not a Catholic, but I stand ready at any and all times to defend these noble women with my life, for I owe that life to them."

Through several interviews with many of Galveston's old residents, and from correspondence with reliable authorities, the writer has reason to believe that every Ursuline of the Galveston Community during those bitter years, did hospital duty in some form, and yet from the Convent records of those distant days one finds only the following six names inscribed no doubt, by some dear Nun who preferred to tell too little, in the fear of claiming a full measure on this earth.

The names of the Ursuline Nuns of Galveston whose graves are annually decorated by the surviving veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Confederacy, are:

Name	Place of Birth
Mother Saint Pierre Harrington	Montreal, Canada
Sister Saint Anne Stohl	Germany
Sister Mary Anastasia Goux	Montpelier, France
Sister Mary Ambrose Bennett	Boston, Mass.
Sister Saint Mary Nolte	Hanover, Germany
Sister Saint Ursula Prenard	Lyons, France

SISTERS OF SAINT URSULA

Several years ago during ceremonies observed in commemoration of the "Nuns of the Battlefield," a great priest paid a brilliant and well earned tribute to all the Sister-nurses of the war between the states.

The orator of the occasion was the world-renowned Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., D.D., President of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, who was the friend and the advisor to the "Nuns' Monument Committee" during more than a decade of strenuous years.

As many of its historic statements are particularly applicable to the Ursulines of the "Island City," we shall quote the following:

"Their skill as nurses made them invaluable to the overworked physicians; their holy sympathy and divine absorption in duty made them God's Mercy to the sick. How many a flushed and fevered boy in the delirium of illness thought he recognized in their watchful, kindly eyes the love of an absent mother? How many a tattered veteran discovered for the first time the sacramental influence of a good woman? How many a wanderer was led along the paths of peace and the piety he had forgot or perhaps never known. Vicissitudes there were in abundance. I am not unmindful that sometimes they failed to nurse either body or soul back to health in spite of superhuman efforts. I do not forget that even the holy devotion of these consecrated Sisters did not always protect them from the ingratitude of officers and the tedious red tape of high organization and the bullying and

tyranny of the little martinets who infest the armies of the world. On the other hand, to the honor of human nature, be it said that even in the hearts of those who least understood the Sisters, there sprang up such a reverential love for them as their poor hearts had never known before: and men, whatever their past or their prejudices, conceived for the Sisters an adoring love and gratitude which they bore undiminished to the grave.

"In the hearts of the old soldiers there is a sanctuary whose worship is gratitude and whose high priest is memory and within that shrine, until the final roll call, grateful men shall keep alive the fires of remembrance in reverence and admiration for the Sisters who assuaged their pain and restored their health.

"The remnants of the two contending armies, the Blue and the Gray, halt and stumble as they march among the Sisters' humble graves in the Nuns' 'Cloister of the Dead,' whereon with reverent hands they place their floral tributes from manly hearts. Yes, they have grown old in all respects save one, for within their hearts, imperishable as human gratitude, immortal as human love, perennial as the stars, they cherish the beautiful memory of the Sisters who labored for them in privation and devotion. Peace to the souls of our beloved dead and may they all, the Sisters and the soldiers, hold happy reunion in the fields of heaven."

Father Cavanaugh's Eulogy of the war Nuns and of the Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic and

the Confederacy suggests the poet's prophecy, with whom we lift up our hearts and repeat:

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

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